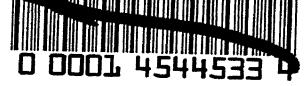


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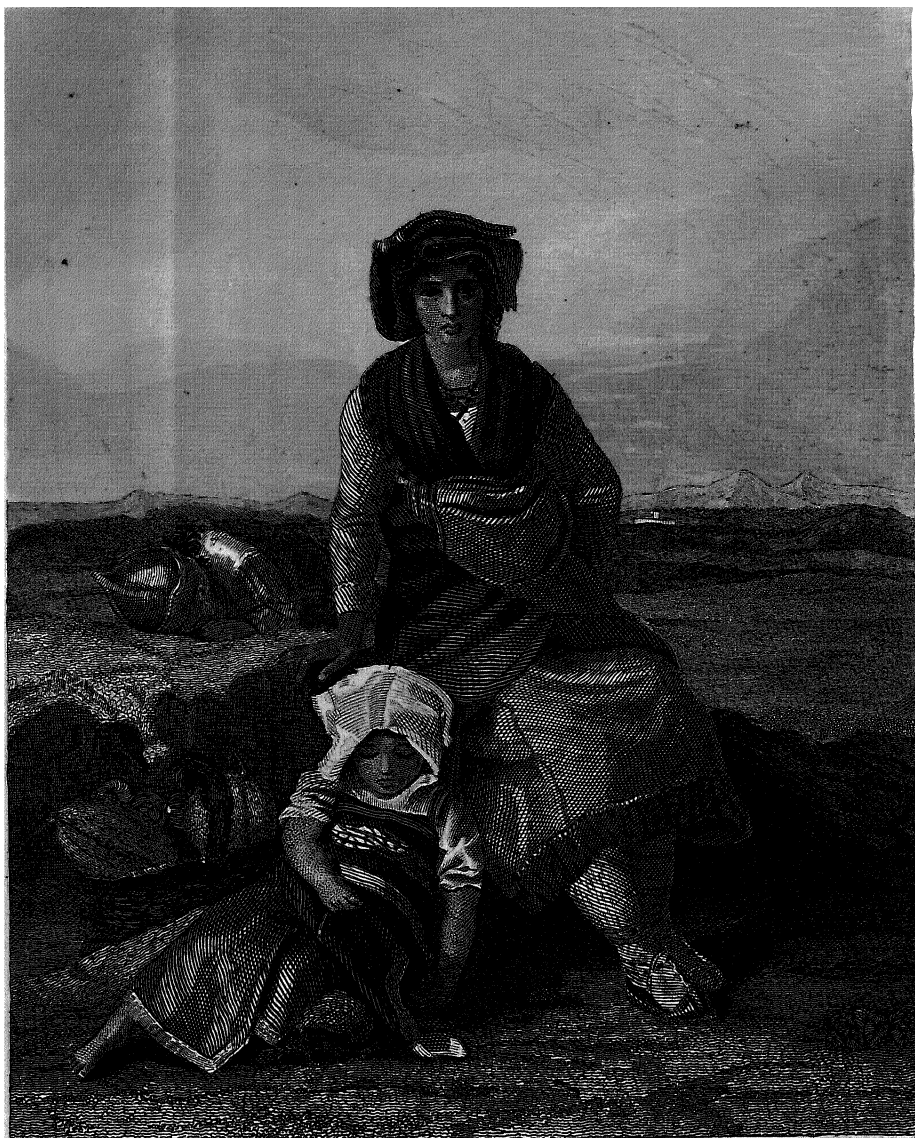
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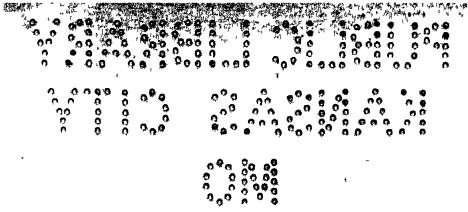
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HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

LONGFELLOW is a household name in England as well as in America; in translation he is read in almost every civilized language of Europe. Dom Pedro II., the enlightened and philanthropic emperor of Brazil, made versions of his principal poems in Portuguese with his own hand, and said, on his visit to the United States, in 1876, that one of the two things he most desired to see was Longfellow.

The poet was born in Portland, Maine, on the 27th of February, 1807. He was the son of the Hon. Stephen W. Longfellow, by whose care he was well trained from his infancy. He graduated at Bowdoin College in 1825, and for a time studied law. He was soon, however, appointed to the chair of modern languages in his own college; in order to prepare himself for which, he travelled more than three years in Europe. In 1835 he received and accepted a similar appointment at Harvard, succeeding that accomplished scholar Mr. George Ticknor. Again he travelled extensively, and especially in the North of Europe. On his return he purchased the Craigie House—the old headquarters of Washington at Cambridge—where he resided until his death, and which he has mentioned in his poems in its historical and domestic connections.

With no purpose to give a list of Longfellow's works, let us say a word as to the character and the critical estimate of his poetry. Every true poet at some time issues his view of the poet's functions. In one of his best-known pieces Longfellow has instructively, and perhaps unconsciously, set forth his poetic canons and forecast his own brilliant career :

"God sent his singers upon earth
With songs of sadness and of mirth,
That they might touch the hearts of men
And bring them back to heaven again.

"The first, a youth with soul of fire,
Held in his hand a golden lyre;
Through groves he wandered and by streams,
Playing the music of our dreams.

"The second, with a bearded face,
Stood singing in the market-place,
And stirred with accents deep and loud
The hearts of all the listening crowd.

"A gray old man, the third and last,
Sang in cathedrals dim and vast,
While the majestic organ rolled
Contribution from its mouths of gold.

"And those who heard the singers three
Disputed which the best might be,
For still their music seemed to start
Discordant echoes in each heart.

"But the great Master said, "I see
No best in kind, but in degree;
I gave a various gift to each,
To charm, to strengthen and to teach.

"These are the three great chords of night,
And he whose ear is tuned aright
Will hear no discord in the three,
But the most perfect harmony."

Such is his ideal of the poet's functions, and he is himself the best illustration of their noble employment. As a youth, he touched indeed a golden lyre in groves and by streams, by the light of stars, on Alpine pinnacles straining toward the voice which cried "Excelsior!" He sang the beautiful psalm of life—"what the heart of the young man said to the psalmist;" with bated breath he heard the "footsteps of angels," "when the forms of the departed enter at the open door."

Then the music changes. As a bearded man he stirs the listening crowd in the market-place with his tearful story of *Evangeline*, addressed to all hearts; with his "Building of the Ship," addressed to all patriots; with his Indian song of "*Hiawatha*."

Then as a gray old man, like him who sang in cathedrals dim and vast, he took up the chant of the mystery of Christ; he sang in English accordant with the *terza rima* of Dante of hell, purgatory and paradise; and at last, on the fiftieth anniversary of the day of his graduation, he sounded for himself and his classmates a farewell to his alma mater in his "*Morituri te Salutamus*."

There was no discord in the changes of his poet-life. He always sang to "charm, to strengthen and to teach," and every ear was intent to catch the harmonious notes. There is no affectation of hidden meanings: he takes the serious, tender thoughts of our common humanity and puts them into the fittest words; so that when in our moods we think them again we speak them in his own language. This may not be in itself the highest poetry, but it is better, as the true singer is more useful and more satisfying than the poet. The simple singer gives

counsel, sympathy, consolation, instruction. Instead of being forced into an attitude of intellectual acuteness and resistance, we go out to meet him; we crave and accept.

Such is an explanation of the success of "*Evangeline*." It is an American subject; it is a sentimental subject—the exile and wanderings of two lovers of that Acadian band expatriated by the British; it is a pastoral, pleasing by the simple charms of the quaint country-side and country-personages of the French colonists, pure in sentiment, liberal in religion, full of gospel charity. In addition to all this, it presents a curious study in prosody—the use of hexameters, always so doubtful in English and by no means entirely successful in the poet's hands. It may indeed be claimed as the most ambitious of his works, and yet it can hardly be doubted that he owed the suggestion to Goethe's "*Hermann and Dorothea*." And yet what would our literature be without "*Evangeline*"?

Another *tour-de-force*, so gracefully managed and so strikingly presented that there is nothing disagreeable in the stratagem, is the "*Song of Hiawatha*," in which we have somewhat of the Indian mythology, not departing much from the authorities, but securing attention from its national and popular interest. The somewhat unusual measure—the trochaic tetrameter—seems not ill-applied to the utterances of Indian wisdom and pathos. It contains a few descriptions of men and women more grotesque than ideal, too theatrical to be real, and yet with some exquisite touches of that nature which makes the whole world kin.

Unlike most poets who make their doubt-

ful first essays in translation, Longfellow counts among his most finished and effective pieces versions of European poems which do more than justice to the originals. Such is "The Children of the Lord's Supper," from Bishop Tegnér; such his "Into the Silent Land," the "Coplas de Manrique," the "Blind Girl of the Castel Quillé," by Jasmin, "the last of the troubadours." Everybody knows "a maiden fair to see," but everybody does not "beware!" Of his "Building of the Ship" the enthusiastic popular verdict is heard from a thousand voices as they chant,

"Thou too sail on, O Ship of State!
Sail on, O Union, strong and great!
Humanity, with all its fears,
With all its hopes for future years,
Is hanging breathless on thy fate."

It is with no feeling of detraction that we cannot fail to observe how it must have been suggested by the poem of Schiller, "Das Lied von der Glocke" ("The Song of the Bell"). As the bell is founded the ship is built; the fortunes of multitudes are figured in both; and, while upon the bell "Concordia" is inscribed, the name of the good ship, built of "cedar of Maine and Georgia pine," is "The Union." With these features the resemblance ceases: the handling is his own and the diction simply perfect.

The genial nature of the poet is everywhere adorned, though never overloaded, with the charms of an extensive scholarship and the skill of a consummate rhetorician, and yet he is always simple and intelligible to all.

Unfortunately, much of the apparent mysticism of poetry is found in the fact that many poets, not content with the natural ex-

pression of their thoughts, veil them in figures of speech and forms of rhetoric which require the reader to study before he can understand and enjoy. To use a figure, they pose for purpose; they count upon the effect of a rapt air, a look of inspiration, a wand of mystery. This is to be observed in Byron and in Thomas Moore. Such is often the case with Wordsworth in his forced simplicity; such is eminently true of Browning in his larger poems; of Tennyson in his "Two Voices," "The Talking Oak," and even in those exquisite poems "Ænone" and "A Dream of Fair Women." This fault is never Longfellow's; he comes to you at once presenting his clear thought, and thus he reaches the hearts of men as with the salutation of a friend and the hearty grasp of a loving brother. Thus genial, pure, dignified, he uses neither force nor legerdemain to bring you into his moods; what has affected him acts upon you—now a star-influence, now "the trailing garments of the night" and its solemn voices, and anon the domestic hearth in a thousand homes "when the shadows of the fitful firelight dance upon the parlor wall." It is probably due to this simplicity of expression that so many of his best pieces have been so easily parodied.

Most liberal in his religious views, Longfellow has constantly felt the divine life, and his poetry abounds in a love for the beautiful in the ritual and ceremonial of worship. Like Milton, he enjoys "the dim religious light of storied windows richly dight," the apostles carved in stone at Nuremberg, the great bells which rejoice at weddings and mourn at funerals. He had but little dramatic power. His only drama—*The Spanish Student*—although it abounds in beauti-

ful descriptions and effective monologues, was perhaps never intended for the stage.

Of his prose-works little need be said: They are, in *Outre Mer*, *Hyperion*, autobiographic, and thus far valuable; in *Kavanagh*, descriptive of New England life. His lectures at Harvard he utilized in preparing his *Poets and Poetry of Europe*, which presents a sketch of each national literature and language with illustrations by the best translations, many of them from his own pen. The work, while it presents the result of his studies and travels, explains the beautiful facility with which he has touched many of the languages of Europe in his own poetry.

After a life of singular completeness and of an ideal happiness—checkered, indeed, with a few great sorrows—Longfellow waited for the gentle clasp which should lead him into the silent land of which he had sung in low and tender notes which have at once saddened and strengthened those whose loved ones have gone before and will stand at its portal to beckon us all in God's good time:

"Into the silent land!

Ah! who shall lead us thither?
Clouds in the evening sky more darkly gather,
And shattered wrecks lie thicker on the strand:

Who leads us with a gentle hand
Thither—oh, thither,
Into the silent land?

"Into the silent land—

To you, ye boundless regions
Of all perfection, tender morning visions
Of beauteous souls, the future's pledge and band!

Who in life's battle firm doth stand
Shall bear Hope's tender blossoms
Into the silent land.

"O land! O land!

For all the broken-hearted
The mildest herald by our fate allotted

Beckons, and with inverted torch doth stand
To lead us with a gentle hand
To the land of the great departed,
Into the silent land."

Thither, on the 24th of March, 1882; after a life of purity, peace, benevolence and high imaginings, the poet was led with gentle hand to join in "the seven-fold chorus of hallelujahs and harping symphonies," the echoes of which he had caught on earth and discoursed of to his fellow-men.

HENRY COPPÉE.

NOTE.—A beautiful serial edition of the poet's works is in course of publication by his publishers, Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.

THE RED MAN.

THERE is in the fate of these unfortunate beings much to awaken our sympathy and much to disturb the sobriety of our judgment, much which may be urged to excuse their own atrocities, much in their characters which betrays us into an involuntary admiration. What can be more melancholy than their history? By a law of their nature, they seem destined to a slow but sure extinction. Everywhere, at the approach of the white man, they fade away. We hear the rustling of their footsteps, like that of the withered leaves of autumn, and they are gone for ever. They pass mournfully by us, and they return no more.

Two centuries ago the smoke of their wigwams and the fires of their councils rose in every valley from Hudson's Bay to the farthest Florida, from the ocean to the Mississippi and the lakes. The shouts of victory

and the war-dance rang through the mountains and the glades. The thick arrows and the deadly tomahawk whistled through the forests, and the hunter's trace and dark encampment startled the wild beasts in their lairs. The warriors stood forth in their glory.

The young listened to the songs of other days. The mothers played with their infants and gazed on the scene with warm hopes of the future. The aged sat down, but they wept not. They would soon be at rest in fairer regions, where the Great Spirit dwelt, in a home prepared for the brave, beyond the western skies. Braver men never lived, truer men never drew the bow. They had courage and fortitude and sagacity and perseverance beyond most of the human race. They shrank from no dangers, and they feared no hardships. If they had the vices of savage life, they had the virtues also. They were true to their country, their friends and their homes. If they forgave not injury, neither did they forget kindness. If their vengeance was terrible, their fidelity and generosity were unconquerable also. Their love, like their hate, stopped not on this side of the grave.

But where are they? Where are the villagers and warriors and youth, the sachems and the tribes, the hunters and their families? They have perished. They are consumed. The wasting pestilence has not alone done the mighty work. No, nor famine, nor war. There has been a mightier power—a moral canker which has eaten into their heart-cores, a plague which the touch of the white man communicated, a poison which betrayed them into a lingering ruin.

The winds of the Atlantic fan not a single region which they may now call their own. I see them leave their miserable homes—the aged, the helpless, the women and the warriors—"few and faint, yet fearless still." The ashes are cold on their native hearths. The smoke no longer curls round their lowly cabins. They move on with a slow, unsteady step. The white man is upon their heels for terror or despatch, but they heed him not. They turn to take a last look of their deserted villages. They cast a last glance upon the graves of their fathers. They shed no tears, they utter no cries, they heave no groans. There is something in their hearts which passes speech. There is something in their looks, not of vengeance or submission, but of hard necessity, which stifles both, which chokes all utterance, which has no aim or method. It is courage absorbed in despair. They linger but for a moment. Their look is onward. They have passed the fatal stream. It shall never be repassed by them—no, never. Yet there lies not between us and them an impassable gulf. They know and feel that there is for them still one remove farther, not distant nor unseen. It is to the general burial-ground of their race.

Reason as we may, it is impossible not to read in such a fate much that we know not how to interpret, much of provocation to cruel deeds and deep resentments, much of apology for wrong and perfidy, much of pity mingling with indignation, much of doubt and misgiving as to the past, much of painful recollections, much of dark forebodings.

JUDGE STORY.

THE DREAM OF ARBACES.

FROM THE LAST DAYS OF POMPEII.



HE sleep of the Egyptian had been unusually profound during the night, but as the dawn approached it was disturbed by strange and unquiet dreams which impressed him the more as they were colored by the peculiar philosophy he embraced. He thought that he was transported to the bowels of the earth, and that he stood alone in a mighty cavern supported by enormous columns of rough and primeval rock, lost, as they ascended, in the vastness of a shadow athwart whose eternal darkness no beam of day had ever glanced. And in the space between these columns were huge wheels that whirled round and round unceasingly and with a rushing and roaring noise. Only to the right and left extremities of the cavern the space between the pillars was left bare, and the apertures stretched away into galleries not wholly dark, but dimly lighted by wandering and erratic fires, that, meteor-like, now crept (as the snake creeps) along the rugged and dank soil, and now leaped fiercely to and fro, darting across the vast gloom in wild gambols, suddenly disappearing, and as suddenly bursting into tenfold brilliancy and power. And while he gazed wonderingly upon the gallery to the left, thin mistlike, ærial shapes passed slowly up; and when they had gained the hall, they

seemed to rise aloft and to vanish, as the smoke vanishes, in the measureless ascent. He turned in fear toward the opposite extremity, and, behold! there came swiftly from the gloom above similar shadows, which swept hurriedly along the gallery to the right, as if borne involuntarily adown the tides of some invisible stream, and the faces of these spectres were more distinct than those that emerged from the opposite passage, and on some was joy, and on others sorrow; some were vivid with expectation and hope, some unutterably dejected by awe and horror. And so they passed swift and constantly on, till the eyes of the gazer grew dizzy and blinded with the whirl of an ever-varying succession of things impelled by a power apparently not their own.

Arbaces turned away, and in the recess of the hall he saw the mighty form of a giantess seated upon a pile of skulls, and her hands were busy upon a pale and shadowy woof; and he saw that the woof communicated with the numberless wheels, as if it guided the machinery of their movements. He thought his feet, by some secret agency, were impelled toward the female, and that he was borne onward till he stood before her, face to face. The countenance of the giantess was solemn and hushed and beautifully serene. It was as the face of some colossal sculpture of his own ancestral sphinx. No passion, no human emotion, disturbed its brooding and unwrinkled brow; there was

neither sadness, nor joy, nor memory, nor hope: it was free from all with which the wild human heart can sympathize. The mystery of mysteries rested on its beauty; it awed, but terrified not: it was the incarnation of the Sublime. And Arbaces felt the voice leave his lips without an impulse of his own, and the voice asked,

"Who art thou, and what is thy task?"

"I am that which thou hast acknowledged," answered, without desisting from its work, the mighty phantom. "My name is Nature. These are the wheels of the world, and my hand guides them for the life of all things."

"And what," said the voice of Arbaces, "are these galleries that, strangely and fitfully illumined, stretch on either hand into the abyss of gloom?"

"That," answered the giant-mother, "which thou beholdest to the left is the gallery of the unborn. The shadows that flit onward and upward into the world are the souls that pass from the long eternity of being to their destined pilgrimage on earth. That which thou beholdest to thy right, wherein the shadows descending from above sweep on, equally unknown and dim, is the gallery of the dead."

"And wherefore," said the voice of Arbaces, "yon wandering lights, that so wildly break the darkness, but only break, not reveal?"

"Dark fool of the human sciences! dreamer of the stars and would-be decipherer of the heart and origin of things! those lights are but the glimmerings of such knowledge as is vouchsafed to Nature to work her way, to trace enough of the past and future to give providence to her designs. Judge, then, puppet as thou art, what lights are reserved for thee."

Arbaces felt himself tremble as he asked again,

"Wherefore am I here?"

"It is the forecast of thy soul, the prescience of thy rushing doom, the shadow of thy fate lengthening into eternity as it declines from earth."

Ere he could answer Arbaces felt a rushing wind sweep down the cavern, as the wings of a giant god. Borne aloft from the ground and whirled on high as a leaf in the storms of autumn, he beheld himself in the midst of the spectres of the dead and hurrying with them along the length of gloom. As in vain and impotent despair he struggled against the impelling power, he thought the wind grew into something like a shape—a spectral outline of the wings and talons of an eagle, with limbs floating far and indistinctly along the air, and eyes that, alone clearly and vividly seen, glared stonily and remorselessly on his own.

"What art thou?" again said the voice of the Egyptian.

"I am that which thou hast acknowledged"—and the spectre laughed aloud—"and my name is Necessity."

"To what dost thou bear me?"

"To the unknown."

"To happiness or to woe?"

"As thou hast sown, so shalt thou reap."

"Dread thing, not so! If thou art the ruler of life, thine are my misdeeds, not mine."

"I am but the breath of God," answered the mighty wind.

"Then is my wisdom vain!" groaned the dreamer.

"The husbandman accuses not fate when, having sown thistles, he reaps not corn."

Thou hast sown crime : accuse not fate if thou reapest not the harvest of virtue."

The scene suddenly changed. Arbaces was in a place of human bones ; and, lo ! in the midst of them was a skull, and the skull, still retaining its fleshless hollows, assumed slowly and in the mysterious confusion of a dream the face of Apæcides, and forth from the grinning jaws there crept a small worm, and it crawled to the feet of Arbaces. He attempted to stamp on it and crush it, but it became longer and larger with that attempt. It swelled and bloated till it grew into a vast serpent ; it coiled itself round the limbs of Arbaces ; it crunched his bones ; it raised its glaring eyes and poisonous jaws to his face. He writhed in vain ; he withered ; he gasped beneath the influence of the blighting breath ; he felt himself blasted into death. And then a voice came from the reptile, which still bore the face of Apæcides, and rang in his reeling ear : "Thy victim is thy judge ! The worm thou wouldst crush becomes the serpent that devours thee."

With a shriek of wrath and woe and despairing resistance, Arbaces awoke, his hair on end, his brow bathed in dew, his eyes glazed and staring, his mighty frame quivering as an infant's beneath the agony of that dream. He awoke ; he collected himself ; he blessed the gods whom he disbelieved that he was in a dream. EDWARD BULWER LYTTON.

HEALTH.

THE ingredients of health and long life are
Great temperance, open air,
Easy labor, little care. SIE PHILIP SYDNEY.

THE SUICIDE.

IF death were nothing and naught after death,

If when men died at once they ceased to be,
Returning to the barren womb of nothing,
Whence first they sprung, then might the
debauchee

Untrembling mouth the heavens ; then might
the drunkard

Reel over his full bowl, and when 'tis drained
Fill up another to the brim and laugh
At the poor bugbear Death ; then might the
wretch

That's weary of the world and tired of life
At once give each inquietude the slip
By stealing out of being when he pleased,
And by what way, whether by hemp or
steel,

Death's thousand doors stand open. Who
could force

The ill-pleased guest to sit out his full time
Or blame him if he goes ? Sure he does well
That helps himself as timely as he can
When able. But if there's an Hereafter—
And that there is, conscience, uninfluenced
And suffered to speak out, tells every man—
Then must it be an awful thing to die,
More horrid yet to die by one's own hand.
Self-murder ! Name it not.

Shall Nature, swerving from her earliest dic-
tate,

Self-preservation, fall by her own act ?
Forbid it, Heaven ! Let not upon disgust
The shameless hand be foully crimsoned o'er
With blood of its own lord. Dreadful at-
tempt !

Just reeking from self-slaughter, in a rage
To rush into the presence of our Judge,
As if we challenged him to do his worst,
And mattered not his wrath !

Our time is fixed, and all our days are numbered—

How long, how short, we know not; this we know:

Duty requires we calmly wait the summons,
Nor dare to stir till Heaven shall give permission,

Like sentries that must keep their destined stand

And wait the appointed hour till they're relieved.

Those only are the brave who keep their ground,

And keep it to the last. To run away

Is but a coward's trick; to run away

From this world's ills, that at the very worst
Will soon blow o'er, thinking to mend ourselves

By boldly venturing on a world unknown
And plunging headlong in the dark—'tis mad!
No frenzy half so desperate as this.

ROBERT BLAIR.

ISLE OF BEAUTY, FARE THEE WELL!

SHADES of ev'ning, close not o'er us;
Leave our lonely bark a while!

Morn, alas! will not restore us

Yonder dim and distant isle.

Still my fancy can discover

Sunny spots where friends may dwell;

Darker shadows round us hover:

Isle of Beauty, fare thee well!

'Tis the hour when happy faces

Smile around the taper's light:

Who will fill our vacant places,

Who will sing our songs, to-night?

Through the mist that floats above us

Faintly sounds the vesper-bell

Like a voice from those who love us,
Breathing fondly, "Fare thee well!"

When the waves are round me breaking

As I pace the deck alone,

And my eye in vain is seeking

Some green leaf to rest upon,

What would not I give to wander

Where my old companions dwell?

Absence makes the heart grow fonder:

Isle of Beauty, fare thee well!

THOMAS HAYNES BAYLY.

THE POET'S EPITAPH.

ESCAPED the gloom of mortal life, a
soul

Here leaves its mouldering tenement of
clay

Safe where no cares their whelming billows
roll,

No doubts bewilder and no hopes betray.

Like thee I once have stemmed the sea of
life,

Like thee have languished after empty
joys,

Like thee have labored in the stormy strife,

Been grieved for trifles and amused with
toys.

Yet for a while 'gainst Passion's threatful
blast

Let steady Reason urge the struggling oar;

Shot through the dreary gloom, the morn at
last

Gives to thy longing eye the blissful shore.

Forget my frailties: thou art also frail;

Forgive my lapses, for thyself mayst fall;

Nor read unmoved my artless tender tale:

I was a friend, O man! to thee—to all.

JAMES BEATTIE.

THE GRAVE OF COLUMBUS.

SILENCE, solemn, awful, deep,
Doth in that hall of Death her empire
keep.

Save when at times the hollow pavement,
smote

By solitary wanderer's foot, amain
From lofty dome and arch and isle remote

A circling loud response receives again.
The stranger starts to hear the growing
sound,

And sees the blazoned trophies waving
near:

"Ha! tread my feet so near that sacred
ground?"

He stops and bows his head. "Columbus
resteth here!"

Some ardent youth, perhaps, ere from his
home

He launch his venturous bark, will hither
come,

Read fondly o'er and o'er his graven name
With feelings keenly touched, with heart of
flame,

Till, wrapped in Fancy's wild delusive dream,
Times past and long forgotten present seem.
To his charmed ear the east wind, rising
shrill,

Seems through the hero's shroud to whistle
still;

The clock's deep pendulum, swinging through
the blast,

Sounds like the rocking of the lofty mast;
While fitful gusts rave like his clamorous
band,

Mixed with the accents of his high com-
mand.

Slowly the stripling quits the pensive scene,
And burns and sighs and weeps to be what
he has been.

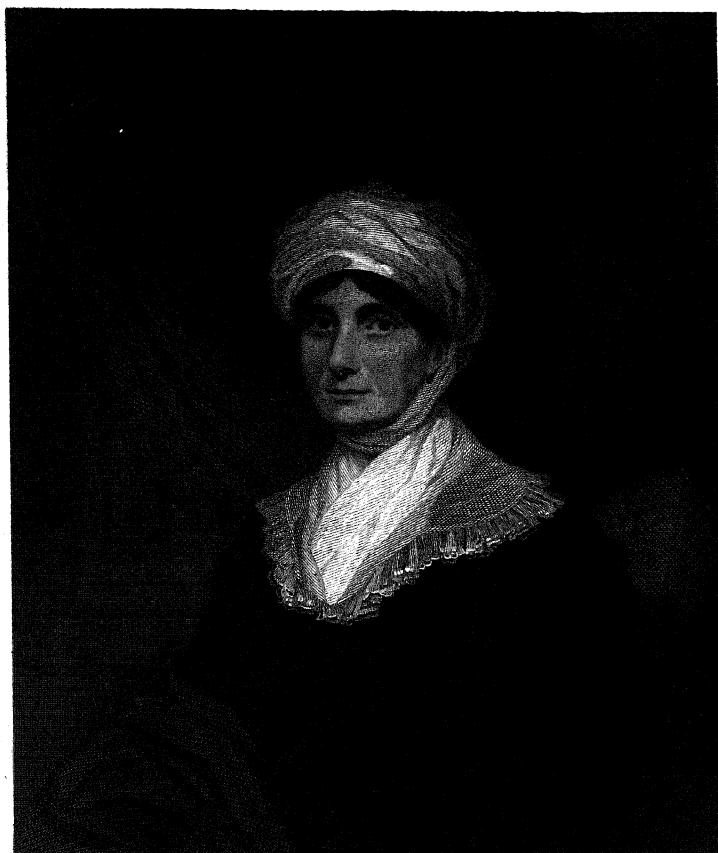
Oh, who shall lightly say that fame
Is nothing but an empty name
Whilst in that sound there is a charm
The nerves to brace, the heart to warm,
As, thinking of the mighty dead,
The young from slothful couch will start,
And vow, with lifted hands outspread,
Like them to act a noble part?

Oh, who shall lightly say that fame
Is nothing but an empty name.
When but for those our mighty dead
All ages past a blank would be,
Sunk in Oblivion's murky bed,
A desert bare, a shipless sea?
They are the distant objects seen,
The lofty marks of what hath been.

Oh, who shall lightly say that fame
Is nothing but an empty name,
When memory of the mighty dead,
To earth-worn pilgrims' wistful eye,
The brightest rays of cheering shed
That point to immortality?

A twinkling speck, but fixed and bright,
To guide us through the dreary night,
Each hero shines, and lures the soul
To gain the distant happy goal.
For is there one who, musing o'er the grave
Where lies interred the good, the wise, the
brave,
Can poorly think beneath the mouldering
heap
That noble being shall for ever sleep?
"No!" saith the generous heart, and proudly
swells;
"Though his cered corpse lies here, with
God his spirit dwells."

JOANNA BAILLIE.



Sir W. Newton

W.H. Mote Sc.

J Baillie

ST. CRISPIN'S DAY.



WESTMORELAND. Oh that
we now had here
But one ten thousand of
those men in England
That do no work to-day !

King Henry. What's he
that wishes so ?

My cousin Westmoreland ?

No, my fair cousin :

If we are marked to die, we
are enow

To do our country loss ; and
if to live,

The fewer men, the greater share of honor.
God's will ! I pray thee wish not one man
more.

By Jove ! I am not covetous for gold,
Nor care I who doth feed upon my cost ;
It yearns me not if men my garments wear :
Such outward things dwell not in my desires ;
But if it be a sin to covet honor,
I am the most offending soul alive.

No, faith, my coz, wish not a man from Eng-
land :

God's peace ! I would not lose so great an
honor

As one man more, methinks, would share
from me

For the best hope I have. Oh, do not wish
one more !

Rather proclaim it, Westmoreland, through
my host,

That he which hath no stomach to this fight,
Let him depart ; his passport shall be made,
And crowns for convoy put into his purse :
We would not die in that man's company

That fears his fellowship to die with us.

This day is called the feast of Crispian :

He that outlives this day and comes safe hom
Will stand a-tiptoe when this day is named,
And rouse him at the name of Crispian.

He that shall live this day and see old age
Will yearly on the vigil feast his neighbors,
And say, " To-morrow is Saint Crispian ; "

Then he will strip his sleeve and show hi
scars,

And say, " These wounds I had on Crispin's
day. "

Old men forget, yet all shall be forgot,

But he'll remember with advantages

What feats he did that day ; then shall our
names,

Familiar in their mouths as household words—
Harry the king, Bedford and Exeter,
Warwick and Talbot, Salisbury and Glos-
ter—

Be in their flowing cups freshly remembered.

This story shall the good man teach his son,

And Crispin Crispian shall ne'er go by,

From this day to the ending of the world,

But we in it shall be remembered—

We few, we happy few, we band of brothers ;

For he to-day that sheds his blood with me

Shall be my brother ; be he ne'er so vile,

This day shall gentle his condition ;

And gentlemen in England now abed

Shall think themselves accursed they were
not here,

And hold their manhoods cheap whiles any
speaks

That fought with us upon Saint Crispin's
day.

SHAKESPEARE.

RETALIATION.¹

A POEM.



S the cause of writing the following printed poem called "Retaliation" has not yet been fully explained, a person concerned in the business begs leave to give the following just and minute account of the whole affair.

At a meeting² of a company of gentlemen who were well known to each other, and diverting themselves,

among many other things, with the peculiar oddities of Dr. Goldsmith, who never would allow a superior in any art, from writing poetry down to dancing a hornpipe, the doctor with great eagerness insisted upon trying his epigrammatic powers with Mr. Garrick, and each of them was to write the other's epitaph. Mr. Garrick immediately said that his epitaph was finished, and spoke the following distich extempore :

"Here lies NOLLY Goldsmith, for shortness called Noll,
Who wrote like an angel, but talked like poor Poll."

Goldsmith, upon the company's laughing very heartily, grew very thoughtful, and either would not or could not write anything at that time. However, he went to work, and some weeks after produced the following printed poem

¹ Printed for G. Kearsly, at No. 46 in Fleet Street, A. D. 1774. 4to.

² At the St. James's coffee-house, in St. James's Street. See Art. "James's (St.) Coffee-House," in Cunningham's *Hand-Book of London*, 2d ed., 1850, p. 254.

called "Retaliation," which has been much admired and gone through several editions. The public in general have been mistaken in imagining that this poem was written in anger by the doctor: it was just the contrary. The whole on all sides was done with the greatest good humor, and the poems in manuscript were written by several of the gentlemen on purpose to provoke the doctor to an answer, which came forth at last with great credit to him in "Retaliation." D. GARRICK [MS.].³

OF old, when Scarron⁴ his companions invited,

Each guest brought his dish, and the feast was united ;

If our landlord⁵ supplies us with beef and with fish,

Let each guest bring himself—and he brings the best dish.

³ For this highly interesting account (now first printed, or even referred to, by any biographer or editor of Goldsmith) I am indebted to my friend Mr. George Daniel of Islington, who allowed me to transcribe it from the original in Garrick's own handwriting discovered among the Garrick papers, and evidently designed as a preface to a collected edition of the poems which grew out of Goldsmith's trying his epigrammatic powers with Garrick. I may observe also that Garrick's epitaph or distich on Goldsmith is (through this very paper) for the first time printed as it was spoken by its author.

"Retaliation" was the last work of Goldsmith and a posthumous publication, appearing for the first time on the 18th of April, 1774. PETER CUNNINGHAM.

⁴ Paul Scarron, a popular French writer of burlesque. Died 1660.

⁵ The landlord of the St. James's coffee-house.

Our Dean¹ shall be venison, just fresh from
the plains ;
Our Burke² shall be tongue with the garnish
of brains ;
Our Will³ shall be wild-fowl of excellent
flavor,
And Dick⁴ with his pepper shall heighten the
savor ;
Our Cumberland's⁵ sweet-bread its place
shall obtain,
And Douglas⁶ is pudding substantial and
plain ;
Our Garrick's⁷ a salad, for in him we see
Oil, vinegar, sugar and saltiness agree.
To make out the dinner, full certain I am
That Ridge⁸ is anchovy, and Reynolds⁹ is
lamb ;
That Hickey's¹⁰ a capon, and, by the same
rule,
Magnanimous Goldsmith a gooseberry fool.
At a dinner so various, at such a repast,
Who'd not be a glutton and stick to the
last ?—
Here, waiter, more wine ! Let me sit while
I'm able,
Till all my companions sink under the ta-
ble ;

¹ Thomas Barnard, then (1774) dean of Derry, afterward (1780) bishop of Killaloe and (in 1794) bishop of Limerick. He died in 1806, in his eightieth year.

² The Right Hon. Edmund Burke.

³ Mr. William Burke, a kinsman of Edmund Burke. Died 1798.

⁴ Mr. Richard Burke, a barrister, and younger brother of Edmund Burke. He died, recorder of Bristol, in 1794.

⁵ Richard Cumberland, the dramatist. Died 1811.

⁶ John Douglas, a Scotchman by birth, then (1774) canon of Windsor, afterward (1787) bishop of Carlisle and (1791) bishop of Salisbury. He died in 1807.

⁷ David Garrick.

⁸ John Ridge, a member of the Irish bar.

⁹ Sir Joshua Reynolds

¹⁰ "Honest Tom Hickey," an Irish attorney. Died 1794.

Then, with chaos and blunders encircling my
head,
Let me ponder, and tell what I think of the
dead.

Here lies the good Dean,¹¹ reunited to earth,
Who mixed reason with pleasure and wisdom
with mirth :

If he had any faults, he has left us in doubt—
At least, in six weeks I could not find 'em out ;
Yet some have declared—and it can't be de-
nied 'em—

Thatslyboots was cursedly cunning to hide 'em.

Here lies our good Edmund,¹² whose genius
was such

We scarcely can praise it, or blame it too
much ;

Who, born for the universe, narrowed his mind,
And to party gave up what was meant for
mankind.

Though fraught with all learning, yet strain-
ing his throat

To persuade Tommy Townshend¹³ to lend him
a vote ;

Who, too deep for his hearers, still went on
refining,

And thought of convincing while they thought
of dining ;

Though equal to all things, for all things
unfit ;

Too nice for a statesman, too proud for a wit ;
For a patriot too cool ; for a drudge, disobe-
dient ;

And too fond of the right to pursue the ex-
pedient.

¹¹ Dean Barnard. See note 1.

¹² Edmund Burke.

¹³ Thomas Townshend, M. P. for Whitechurch, afterward Lord Sydney. Died 1803.



Goldsmith and his friends

When Goldsmith was living in his parlour

In short, 'twas his fate, unemployed or in
place, sir,
To eat mutton cold and cut blocks with a
razor.

Here lies honest William,¹ whose heart was
a mint,

While the owner ne'er knew half the good
that was in't;

The pupil of impulse, it forced him along,
His conduct still right with his argument
wrong;

Still aiming at honor, yet fearing to roam,
The coachman was tipsy, the chariot drove
home:

Would you ask for his merits? Alas! he
had none:

What was good was spontaneous; his faults
were his own.

Here lies honest Richard,² whose fate I must
sigh at;

Alas that such frolic should now be so
quiet!

What spirits were his! what wit and what
whim!

Now breaking a jest and now breaking a
limb,³

Now wrangling and grumbling to keep up
the ball,

Now teasing and vexing, yet laughing at all.

In short, so provoking a devil was Dick
That we wished him full ten times a day at
Old Nick;

But, missing his mirth and agreeable vein,
As often we wished to have Dick back again.

Here Cumberland lies, having acted his
parts—

The Terence of England, the mender of
hearts;

A flattering painter, who made it his care
To draw men as they ought to be, not as
they are.

His gallants are all faultless, his women di-
vine,

And Comedy wonders at being so fine;
Like a tragedy queen he has dizen'd her
out,

Or rather like Tragedy giving a rout.
His fools have their follies so lost in a
crowd

Of virtues and feelings that Folly grows
proud,

And coxcombs, alike in their failings alone,
Adopting his portraits, are pleased with their
own.

Say, where has our poet this malady caught,
Or wherefore his characters thus without
fault?

Say, was it that, vainly directing his view
To find out men's virtues and finding them
few,

Quite sick of pursuing each troublesome elf,
He grew lazy at last and drew from him-
self?

Here Douglas retires from his toils to relax—
The scourge of impostors, the terror of
quacks.—

Come, all ye quack bards and ye quacking
divines,

Come and dance on the spot where your ty-
rant reclines.

When satire and censure encircled his throne,
I feared for your safety, I feared for my
own;

¹ William Burke. See note 3, p. 22.

² Mr. Richard Burke. See note 4, p. 22.

³ Richard Burke was fond of a jest, and was unfortunate enough to fracture both an arm and a leg.

But, now he has gone and we want a detector,
Our Dodds¹ shall be pious, our Kenricks²
shall lecture ;
Macpherson³ write bombast and call it a style ;
Our Townshend make speeches, and I shall
compile ;
New Lauders and Bowers the Tweed shall
cross over,⁴
No countryman living their tricks to discover ;
Detection her taper shall quench to a spark,
And Scotchman meet Scotchman and cheat
in the dark.

Here lies David Garrick—describe me who
can—
An abridgment of all that was pleasant in
man ;
As an actor, confest without rival to shine ;
As a wit, if not first, in the very first line.
Yet, with talents like these and an excellent
heart,
The man had his failings, a dupe to his art.
Like an ill-judging beauty, his colors he
spread,
And beplastered with rouge his own natural
red.

¹ The Rev. Dr. William Dodd, afterward (1777) hanged for forgery.

² William Kenrick, LL.D. (died 1779), lexicographer, reviewer, dramatist, and the bitter enemy of Goldsmith. He read *lectures* at the Devil Tavern under the title of "The School of Shakespeare."

"I remember, one evening, when some of Kenrick's works were mentioned, Dr. Goldsmith said he had never heard of them; upon which Dr. Johnson observed, 'Sir, he is one of the many who have made themselves *public* without making themselves known.'"—"*Boswell*," by Croaker, p. 171.

³ James Macpherson, Esq. Died 1796. Goldsmith alludes to his prose translation of Homer.

⁴ William Lauder (died 1771) and Archibald Bower (died 1766) were two Scotch authors of very indifferent moral and literary reputations.

On the stage he was natural, simple, affecting ;
'Twas only that when he was off he was acting.

With no reason on earth to go out of his way,
He turned and he varied full ten times a day ;
Though secure of our hearts, yet confound-
edly sick

If they were not his own by finessing and
trick :

He cast off his friends as a huntsman his
pack,

For he knew when he pleased he could
whistle them back.

Of praise a mere glutton, he swallowed what
came,

And the puff of a dunce, he mistook it for
fame ;

Till, his relish grown callous almost to dis-
ease,

Who peppered the highest was surest to
please.

But let us be candid and speak out our mind :
If dunces applauded, he paid them in kind.

Ye Kenricks, ye Kellys,⁵ and Woodfalls⁶ so
grave,

What a commerce was yours while you got
and you gave !

How did Grub Street re-echo the shouts that
you raised,

While he was be-Roscius'd and you were be-
praised !

But peace to his spirit wherever it flies,
To act as an angel and mix with the skies.

Those poets who owe their best fame to his
skill

Shall still be his flatterers, go where he will—

⁵ Hugh Kelly, author of *False Delicacy*, *Word to the Wise*, *Clementina*, *School for Wives*. Died 1777.

⁶ William Woodfall, printer of the *Morning Chronicle*. Died 1803.

Old Shakespeare receive him with praise and
with love,
And Beaumonts and Bens be his Kellys
above.¹

Here Hickey reclines, a most blunt pleasant
creature,
And slander itself must allow him good na-
ture ;
He cherished his friend, and he relished a
bumper ;
Yet one fault he had, and that one was a
thumper.

Perhaps you may ask if the man was a
miser ?

I answer, No, no ! for he always was wiser.
Too courteous, perhaps, or obligingly flat ?
His very worst foe can't accuse him of that.
Perhaps he confided in men as they go,
And so was too foolishly honest ? Ah, no !
Then what was his failing ? Come, tell it,
and burn ye !

He was—could he help it ?—a special at-
torney.

Here Reynolds is laid, and, to tell you my
mind,

He has not left a wiser or better behind ;
His pencil was striking, resistless and grand,
His manners were gentle, complying and
bland,²

Still born to improve us in every part—
His pencil our faces, his manners our heart ;

¹ "The sum of all that can be said for and against Gar-
rick, some people think, may be found in these lines of
Goldsmith."—*Davies, "Life of Garrick,"* ii. 159 ; ed. 1780.

² "To his gentle and happy composure of mind our com-
mon friend Goldsmith alludes when, in describing Sir
Joshua Reynolds, he employed the epithet *bland*—a word
eminently happy and characteristic of his easy and placid
manner."—*Malone, "Life of Sir Joshua Reynolds."*

To coxcombs averse, yet, most civilly steer-
ing,

When they judged without skill he was still
hard of hearing ;

When they talked of their Raphaels, Cor-
reggios and stuff,

He shifted his trumpet and only took snuff.³

POSTSCRIPT.⁴

Here Whitefoord reclines, and, deny it who
can,

Though he merrily lived, he is now a grave
man ;

Rare compound of oddity, frolic and fun,
Who relished a joke and rejoiced in a pun ;
Whose temper was generous, open, sincere ;
A stranger to flatt'ry, a stranger to fear ;
Who scattered around wit and humor at
will ;

Whose daily *bon mots* half a column might
fill ;

A Scotchman, from pride and from prejudice
free ;

A scholar, yet surely no pedant was he.

What pity, alas ! that so lib'ral a mind
Should so long be to newspaper essays con-
fined !

Who perhaps to the summit of science could
soar,

Yet content "if the table he set on a roar ;"

³ Sir Joshua Reynolds was very deaf and used an ear-
trumpet. He was also a great taker of snuff. These were
the last lines Goldsmith ever wrote. He intended to have
concluded with his own character.

⁴ After the fourth edition of "Retaliation" was printed,
Kearsly, the publisher, received from a friend of Gold-
smith's an epitaph on Caleb Whitefoord, a Scot, and so no-
torious a punster that Goldsmith used to say it was impos-
sible to keep him company without being infected with the
itch of punning. He died in 1810, and has been immor-
talized by Wilkie in his admirable "Letter of Introduction."



Here Reynolds is Laid.

They please, are pleas'd, they give to get esteem.

Whose talents to fill any station were fit,
Yet happy if Woodfall¹ confessed him a wit.

Ye newspaper witlings, ye pert scribbling
folks,

Who copied his squibs and re-echoed his jokes,
Ye tame imitators, ye servile herd, come,
Still follow your master and visit his tomb.
To deck it, bring with you festoons of the vine,
And copious libations bestow on his shrine;
Then strew all around it (you can do no less)
"Cross-Readings," "Ship News" and "Mis-
takes of the Press."²

Merry Whitefoord, farewell! For thy sake
I admit

That a Scot may have humor—I had almost
said wit.

This debt to thy mem'ry I cannot refuse:
"Thou best-humored man with the worst-
humored Muse."

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

JEU D'ESPRIT ON DR. GOLDSMITH'S CHARACTERISTICAL COOKERY.³

ARE these the choice dishes the doctor
has sent us?

Is this the great poet whose works so con-
tent us?

This Goldsmith's fine feast, who has written
fine books?

Heaven sends us good meat, but the devil
sends cooks.

DAVID GARRICK.

¹ Henry Samson Woodfall—the "Woodfall" of Junius.
Died 1805.

² Whitefoord's "Errors of the Press," printed in *The Public Advertiser*, were signed "Papyrius Cursor"—a happy designation, because a real Roman name.

³ Printed in Davies's *Life of Garrick*, ii. 157, ed. 1780.

THE SLEEPING FIGURE OF MODENA.

UPON a couch of silk and gold
A pale enchanted lady lies,
And o'er her many a frowning fold
Of crimson shades her closed eyes;
And shadowy creatures round her rise;
And ghosts of women masqued in woe;
And many a phantom pleasure flies;
And lovers slain—ah, long ago!

The lady, pale as now she sleeps,
An age upon that couch hath lain,
Yet in one spot a spirit keeps
His mansion, like a red-rose stain,
And when lovers' ghosts complain
Blushes like a new-born flower,
Or as some bright dream of pain
Dawnest through the darkest hour.

Once—but many a thought hath fled
Since the time whereof I speak—
Once the sleeping lady bred
Beauty in her burning cheek,
And the lovely morn did break
Through the azure of her eyes,
And her heart was warm and meek,
And her hope was in the skies.

But the lady loved at last,
And the passion pained her soul,
And her hope away was cast
Far beyond her own control,
And the clouded thoughts that roll
Through the midnight of the mind
O'er her eyes of azure stole,
Till they grew deject and blind.

He to whom her heart was given
When May music was in tune

Dared forsake that amorous heaven,
 Changed and careless soon.
 Oh what is all beneath the moon
 When his heart will answer not?
 What are all the dreams of noon
 With our love forgot?

Heedless of the world she went,
 Sorrow's daughter, meek and lone,
 Till some spirit downward bent
 And struck her to this sleep of stone.
 Look! Did old Pygmalion
 Sculpture thus, or more prevail,
 When he drew the living tone
 From the marble pale?

BRYAN WALLER PROCTER.

THE BRAMBLE-FLOWER.

THY fruit full well the schoolboy knows,
 Wild bramble of the brake!
 So put thou forth thy small white rose:
 I love it for his sake.
 Though woodbines flaunt and roses glow
 O'er all the fragrant bowers,
 Thou needst not be ashamed to show
 Thy satin-threaded flowers;
 For dull the eye, the heart is dull,
 That cannot feel how fair,
 Amid all beauty beautiful,
 Thy tender blossoms are.
 How delicate thy gauzy frill!
 How rich thy branchy stem!
 How soft thy voice when woods are still
 And thou sing'st hymns to them,
 While silent showers are falling slow,
 And 'mid the general hush
 A sweet air lifts the little bough,
 Lone whispering through the bush!

The primrose to the grave is gone:
 The hawthorn flower is dead;
 The violet by the mossed gray stone
 Hath laid her weary head;
 But thou, wild bramble, back dost bring,
 In all their beauteous power,
 The fresh green days of life's fair spring
 And boyhood's blossomy hour.
 Scorned bramble of the brake, once more
 Thou biddest me be a boy,
 To gad with thee the woodlands o'er
 In freedom and in joy.

EBENEZER ELLIOTT.

THE MAID'S LAMENT.

I LOVED him not, and yet, now he is gone,
 I feel I am alone.
 I checked him while he spoke; yet, could
 he speak,
 Alas! I would not check.
 For reasons not to love him once I sought,
 And wearied all my thought
 To vex myself and him: I now would give
 My love could he but live
 Who lately lived for me; and when he found
 'Twas vain, in holy ground
 He hid his face amid the shades of death.
 I waste for him my breath
 Who wasted his for me; but mine returns,
 And this lone bosom burns
 With stifling heat, heaving it up in sleep,
 And waking me to weep
 Tears that had melted his soft heart: for years
 Wept he as bitter tears.
 "Merciful God"—such was his latest prayer—
 "These may she never share!"
 Quieter is his breath, his breast more cold,
 Than daisies in the mould

Where children spell athwart the churchyard
gate

His name and life's brief date.

Pray for him, gentle souls, whoe'er ye be,
And oh pray, too, for me!

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

FORMER DAYS.

FROM THE FRENCH OF PHILIPPE THÉOLIER.

DIDST thou linger in the country of our
dreams

When I was forced from thee and that
dear land?

Dost wander still by those now lonely streams
Where every eve our future course we
planned?

Sitting to-day in sadness near those trees
Where happy hours we shared, dost ever
sigh

For hopes we framed while drinking in the
breeze?

Ah! they were bright, those dreams of
days gone by.

Call back those years to mind when, children
both,

Our life ran on all shadowed o'er with joy;
When day by day the radiant star of troth
Shone through our heart in gleams without
alloy.

Then, when thou sang'st, in Nature's bosom
shrined,

Each feathered songster paused to drink
thy lay,

Whilst I thy waist with blooming garlands
twined:

How fresh they were, those flowers of
childhood's day!

Oft through the forest's dim mysterious shade.
Tracking each hidden path, we loved to
trip,

While in each spring, half laughing, half
afraid,

Thy dimpled dainty feet were wont to dip:
Nests, too, we sought which woodland gales
caress

As 'neath the friendly boughs they shel-
tering lie;

My lips scarce dared thy snowy hand to
press,

Though it was pure, that kiss of days
gone by.

Translation of MARWOOD TUCKER.

THE SCHOLAR.

A CLERK there was of Oxenford also,
That unto logic haddè long ygo,

As lenè was his horse as is a rake,

And *he* was not right fat, I undertake;

But looked hollow, and thereto soberly.

Full threadbare was his overest courtiepy;

For he had gotten him yet no benefice,

Ne was not worldly to have office;

For him was liefer han at his bed's head

A twenty books, clothèd in black and red,

Of Aristotle and his philosophie

Than robès rich, or fiddle, or sautrie.

But, albe that he was a philosópher,

Yet haddè he but little gold in coffer;

But all that he might of his friendès hent

On bookès and on learning he it spent,

And busily 'gan for the soulès pray

Of hem that gave him wherewith to scho-
lay.

Of study took he moste cure and heed;

Not ae word spake he more than was need;

And that was said in form and reverence,
And short and quick, and full of high sen-
tence ;

Sounding in moral virtue was his speech,
And gladly would he learn, and gladly teach.

GEOFFREY CHAUCER
(Dan Chaucer).

FREEDOM IS A NOBLE THING.

AH! freedom is a noble thing!
Freedom makes man to have liking ;
Freedom all solace to man gives ;
He lives at ease that freely lives.
A noble heart may have nane ease,
Ne ellys aught that him may please
Gif freedom faileth : for free liking
Is yearnit ower all other thing ;
Nor he that aye has livit free
May not know weel the propertie,
The anger, ne the wretched doom,
That is coupled to foul thirldom ;
But, gif he had essayed it,
Then all perquere he should it wit,
And should think freedom mair to prize
Than all the gold in the world that is.

JOHN BARBOUR.

THE COMBAT.

OF old, when fiery warriors met,
On edge of steel their lives were set ;
Eye watching eye, shield crossing shield,
Foot wedged to foot, they fought the field,
Dealt and withstood as many strokes
As might have felled two forest-oaks,
Till one between the harness-joint
Felt the resistless weapon's point
Quick through his heart, and in a flood
Poured his hot spirit with his blood.

The victor, rising from the blow
That laid his brave assailant low,
Then blushed not from his height to bend
Foully a gallant deed to end,
But whirled in fetters round the plain—
Whirled at his chariot-wheels—the slain,
Beneath the silent curse of eyes
That looked for vengeance to the skies ;
While shame that could not reach the dead
Poured its whole vial on his head.

Who falls in honorable strife
Surrenders nothing but his life ;
Who basely triumphs casts away
The glory of the well-won day :
Rather than feel the joy he feels,
Commend me to his chariot-wheels.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

THE PENSIONER.

FROM THE GERMAN OF PFEFFEL.

“OLD man, God bless you! Does your
pipe taste sweetly?
A beauty, O my soul!
A red clay flower-pot rimmed with gold so
neatly:
What ask you for the bowl?”

“Oh, sir, that bowl for worlds I would not
part with ;
A brave man gave it me,
Who won it—now what think you?—of a
bashaw
At Belgrade's victory.

“There, sir, ah! there was booty worth the
showing :
Long life to Prince Eugene!

Like after-grass you might have seen us
mowing
The Turkish ranks down clean."

"Another time I'll hear your story.
Come, old man, be no fool;
Take these two ducats—gold for glory—
And let me have the bowl."

"I'm a poor churl, as you may say, sir:
My pension's all I'm worth;
Yet I'd not give that bowl away, sir,
For all the gold on earth.

"Just hear now. Once, as we hussars, all
merry,
Hard on the foe's rear pressed,
A blundering rascal of a janizary
Shot through our captain's breast.

"At once across my horse I hove him—
The same would he have done—
And from the smoke and tumult drove him
Safe to a nobleman.

"I nursed him, and, before his end bequeath-
ing
His money and this bowl
To me, he pressed my hand, just ceased his
breathing;
And so he died, brave soul!

"The money thou must give mine host: so
thought I;
Three plunderings suffered he;
And in remembrance of my old friend brought
I
The pipe away with me.

"Henceforth in all campaigns with me I bore
it,
In flight or in pursuit;

It was a holy thing, sir, and I wore it
Safe-sheltered in my boot.

"This very limb, I lost it by a shot, sir,
Under the walls of Prague:
First at my precious pipe, be sure, I caught,
sir,
And then picked up my leg."

"You move me even to tears, old sire.
What was the brave man's name?
Tell me, that I too may admire
And venerate his fame."

"They called him only the brave Walter;
His farm lay near the Rhine."
"God bless your old eyes! 'twas my father,
And that same farm is mine.

"Come, friend! You've seen some stormy
weather:
With me is now your bed;
We'll drink of Walter's grapes together,
And eat of Walter's bread."

"Now, done! I march in, then, to-morrow;
You're his true heir, I see;
And when I die, your thanks, kind master,
The Turkish pipe shall be."

Translation of CHARLES T. BROOKS.

VILLAGE COURTSHIP.

TAPPING at the window,
Peeping o'er the blind:
'Tis really most surprising
He *never* learns to mind!
'Twas only yester evening,
As in the dark we sat,
My mother asked me sharply,
"Pray, Mary, who is that?"

Who's that? indeed! You're certain
 How much you made me start;
 Men seem to lose their wisdom
 Whene'er they lose their heart.

Yes, there he is: I see him;
 The lamp his shadow throws
 Across the curtained window;
 He's stepping on his toes.
 He'll never think of tapping,
 Or making any din;
 A knock, though e'en the slightest,
 Is worse than looking in.
 Tap! tap! Would any think it?
 He never learns to mind;
 'Tis surely most surprising:
 He thinks my mother blind.

'Tis plain I *must* go to him:
 It's no use *now* to cough;
 I'll ope the door just softly,
 If but to send him off.
 'Tis well if from the doorstep
 He be not shortly hurled;
 Oh, men, there ne'er was trouble
 Till ye came in the world!
 Tapping at the window
 And peeping o'er the blind,
 Oh, man, but you're a trouble,
 And that we maidens find.

CHARLES SWAIN.

THE EPOCH ENDS.

THE epoch ends, the world is still;
 The age has talked and worked its fill:
 The famous orators have done,
 The famous poets sung and gone,
 The famous men of war have fought,
 The famous speculators thought,
 The famous players, sculptors, wrought,

The famous painters filled their wall,
 The famous critics judged it all.

The combatants are parted now,
 Uphung the spear, unbent the bow,
 The puissant crowned, the weak laid low;
 And in the after-silence sweet,
 Now strife is hushed, our ears doth meet,
 Ascending pure, the bell-like fame
 Of this or that downtrodden name—
 Delicate spirits pushed away
 In the hot-press of the noonday.

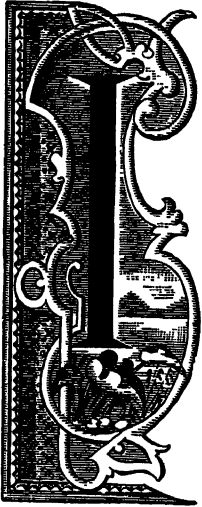
And o'er the plain where the dead age
 Did its now-silent warfare wage—
 O'er that wide plain, now wrapped in gloom,
 Where many a splendor finds its tomb,
 Many spent fames and fallen might—
 The one or two immortal lights
 Rise slowly up into the sky
 To shine there everlastingly,
 Like stars over the bounding hill.
 The epoch ends: the world is still.

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

TRUTH.

ALL truth is calm—
 Refuge and rock and tower;
 The more of truth, the more of calm:
 Its calmness is its power.
 Truth is not strife,
 Nor is to strife allied;
 It is the error that is bred
 Of storm by rage and pride.
 Calmness is truth,
 And truth is calmness still;
 Truth lifts its forehead to the storm
 Like some eternal hill.

HORATIUS BONAR.



HANNIBAL TO HIS SOLDIERS.

I KNOW not, soldiers, whether you or your prisoners be encompassed by Fortune with the stricter bonds and necessities. Two^d seas enclose you on the right and left; not a ship to flee to for escaping. Before you is the Po, a river broader and more rapid than the Rhone; behind you are the Alps, over which, even when your numbers were undiminished, you were hardly able to force a passage.

Here, then, soldiers, you must either conquer or die the very first hour you meet the enemy. But the same fortune which has laid you under the necessity of fighting has set before your eyes those rewards of victory than which no men are ever wont to wish for greater from the immortal gods. Should we by our valor recover only Sicily and Sardinia, which were ravished from our fathers, those would be no inconsiderable prizes. Yet what are these? The wealth of Rome, whatever riches she has heaped together in the spoils of nations, all these, with the masters of them, will be yours. You have been long enough employed in driving the cattle upon the vast mountains of Lusitania and Celtiberia; you have hitherto met with no reward worthy the labors and dangers you have undergone. The time is now come to reap the full recompense of your toilsome marches over so many mountains and rivers and through so many nations, all of them in

arms. This is the place which Fortune has appointed to be the limits of your labors; it is here that you will finish your glorious warfare and receive an ample recompense of your completed service. For I would not have you imagine that victory will be as difficult as the name of a Roman war is great and sounding. It has often happened that a despised enemy has given a bloody battle, and the most renowned kings and nations have by a small force been overthrown. And if you but take away the glitter of the Roman name, what is there wherein they may stand in competition with you? For—to say nothing of your service in war for twenty years together with so much valor and success—from the very Pillars of Hercules, from the ocean, from the utmost bounds of the earth, through so many warlike nations of Spain and Gaul, are you not come hither victorious? And with whom are you now to fight? With raw soldiers, an undisciplined army, beaten, vanquished, besieged by the Gauls the very last summer, an army unknown to their leader and unacquainted with him.

Or shall I, who was—born, I might almost say, but certainly—brought up in the tent of my father, that most excellent general; shall I, the conqueror of Spain and Gaul, and not only of the Alpine nations, but, which is greater yet, of the Alps themselves,—shall I compare myself with this half-year captain?—a captain before whom should one place the two armies without their ensigns, I am persuaded he would not know to which of them he is consul. I es-

tem it no small advantage, soldiers, that there is not one among you who has not often been an eye-witness of my exploits in war—not one of whose valor I myself have not been a spectator, so as to be able to name the times and places of his noble achievements; that with soldiers whom I have a thousand times praised and rewarded, and whose pupil I was before I became their general, I shall march against an army of men strangers to one another.

On what side soever I turn my eyes, I behold all full of courage and strength—a veteran infantry; a most gallant cavalry; you, my allies, most faithful and valiant; you, Carthaginians, whom not only your country's cause, but the justest anger, impels to battle. The hope, the courage, of assailants is always greater than of those who act upon the defensive. With hostile banners displayed you are come down upon Italy; you bring the war. Grief, injuries, indignities, fire your minds and spur you forward to revenge. First they demanded me—that I, your general, should be delivered up to them; next all of you, who had fought at the siege of Saguntum; and we were to be put to death by the extremest tortures. Proud and cruel nation! Everything must be yours and at your disposal. You are to prescribe to us with whom we shall make war, with whom we shall make peace! You are to set us bounds, to shut us up within hills and rivers, but you—you are not to observe the limits which yourselves have fixed! “Pass not the Iberus.” What next? “Touch not the Saguntines.” Saguntum is upon the Iberus. “Move not a step toward that city.” Is it a small matter, then, that you have deprived us of our ancient possessions, Sicily and Sar-

dinia? You would have Spain too? Well, we shall yield Spain; and then you will pass into Africa. “Will pass,” did I say? This very year they ordered one of their consuls into Africa; the other, into Spain.

No, soldiers, there is nothing left for us but what we can vindicate with our swords. Come on, then! Be men! The Romans may with more safety be cowards. They have their own country behind them, have places of refuge to flee to, and are secure from danger in the roads thither; but for you there is no middle fortune between death and victory. Let this be but well fixed in your minds, and once again, I say, you are conquerors.

TITUS LIVIUS.
(Livy.)

BOOKS.

IN that most interesting and instructive book Boswell's *Life of Johnson* an incident is mentioned which I beg leave to quote in illustration of this part of my subject. The doctor and his biographer were going down the Thames in a boat to Greenwich, and the conversation turned upon the benefits of learning, which Dr. Johnson maintained to be of use to all men.

“‘And yet,’ said Boswell, ‘people go through the world very well, and carry on the business of life to good advantage, without learning.’

“‘Why, sir,’ replied Dr. Johnson, ‘that may be true in cases where learning cannot possibly be of any use; for instance, this boy rows us as well without learning as if he could sing the song of Orpheus to the Argonauts, who were the first sailors.’ He then called to the boy, ‘What would you give my lad, to know about the Argonauts?’

“‘Sir,’ said the boy, ‘I would give what I have.’

“Johnson was much pleased with this answer, and we gave him a double fare.

“Dr. Johnson then turning to me, ‘Sir,’ said he, ‘a desire of knowledge is the natural feeling of mankind, and every human being whose mind is not debauched will be willing to give all that he has to get knowledge.’”

For the knowledge that comes from books I would claim no more than it is fairly entitled to. I am well aware that there is no inevitable connection between intellectual cultivation, on the one hand, and individual virtue or social well-being on the other. “The tree of knowledge is not the tree of life.” I admit that genius and learning are sometimes found in combination with gross vices and not unfrequently with contemptible weaknesses, and that a community at once cultivated and corrupt is no impossible monster. But it is no overstatement to say that, other things being equal, the man who has the greatest amount of intellectual resources is in the least danger from inferior temptations—if for no other reason, because he has fewer idle moments. The ruin of most men dates from some vacant hour. Occupation is the armor of the soul, and the train of Idleness is borne up by all the vices. I remember a satirical poem in which the devil is represented as fishing for men and adapting his baits to the tastes and temperament of his prey; but the idler, he said, pleased him most, because he bit the naked hook. To a young man away from home, friendless and forlorn in a great city, the hours of peril are those between sunset and bedtime, for the moon and stars see more of evil in a

single hour than the sun in his whole day’s circuit. The poet’s visions of evening are all compact of tender and soothing images. It brings the wanderer to his home, the child to his mother’s arms, the ox to his stall and the weary laborer to his rest. But to the gentle-hearted youth who is thrown upon the rocks of a pitiless city, and stands “homeless amid a thousand homes,” the approach of evening brings with it an aching sense of loneliness and desolation which comes down upon the spirit like darkness upon the earth. In this mood his best impulses become a snare to him, and he is led astray because he is social, affectionate, sympathetic and warm-hearted. If there be a young man thus circumstanced within the sound of my voice, let me say to him that books are the friends of the friendless, and that a library is the home of the homeless. A taste for reading will always carry you into the best possible company and enable you to converse with men who will instruct you by their wisdom and charm you by their wit, who will soothe you when fretted, refresh you when weary, counsel you when perplexed, and sympathize with you at all times. Evil spirits, in the Middle Ages, were exorcised and driven away by bell, book and candle; you want but two of these agents—the book and the candle.

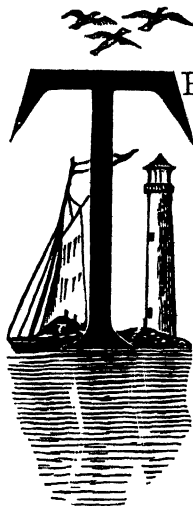
GEORGE S. HILLARD.

AFFECTION.

OH, cast thou not
Affection from thee! In this bitter world
Hold to thy heart that only treasure fast;
Watch, guard it; suffer not a breath to dim
The bright gem’s purity. FELICIA HEMANS.

HEAT A MODE OF MOTION.

SELECTED FROM LECTURES ON HEAT.



THE aspects of Nature provoke in man the spirit of inquiry. As the eye is formed to see and the ear to hear, so the human mind is formed to explore and understand the basis and relationship of natural phenomena.

The human mind began its operations among the powers of Nature, winning first a little knowledge and a little strength, and then turning the knowledge and the strength so won back upon Nature, with the view of winning more. Action and reaction have thus gone on from prehistoric ages to the present time. The result is that stored body of scientific knowledge and that developed power of scientific investigation which have revolutionized philosophy and begotten those marvels of practical science in the midst of which we dwell.

There are friends before me who have stood amid the foam of Niagara, and I have done so myself. Had we dipped sufficiently sensitive thermometers into the water at the top and at the bottom of the cataract, we should have found the latter warmer than the former. The sailor's tradition, also, is theoretically correct: the sea is rendered warmer by a storm, the mechanical dash of its billows being ultimately converted into heat.*

* I say "theoretically correct," because it would require far more care and instrumental delicacy than appear to have

Whenever friction is overcome heat is produced, and the heat produced is the exact measure of the power expended in overcoming the friction. The heat is simply the original power in another form; and if we wish to postpone this conversion, we must abolish the friction. We place oil upon the surface of a hone, we grease a saw and we are careful to lubricate the axles of our railway carriages. What is the real meaning of these acts? It is the object of a railway engineer to urge his train from one place to another, and it is not his interest to allow any portion of his force to be applied in a manner which would not promote the attainment of his object. He does not want his axles heated, and hence he avoids as much as possible expending his power in heating them. He has obtained his force from heat, and it is not his object to reconvert by friction the force thus obtained into its primitive form. For every degree of temperature generated in his axles a definite amount would be withdrawn from

been invoked to prove that the observed differences of temperature between sea and air were due solely to mechanical action. Nevertheless, the tradition is an old one, as the following quotation proves: "In one of those gales on September 12, Dr. Irving tried the temperature of the sea in that state of agitation, and found it considerably warmer than that of the atmosphere. This observation is the more interesting, as it agrees with a passage in Plutarch's *Natural Questions*—not, I believe, before taken notice of or confirmed by experiment—in which he remarks that the sea becomes warmer by being agitated in waves."—*A Voyage to the North Pole, undertaken by His Majesty's Commands 1773, by Constantine John Phipps.*

his urging force. There would be no absolute loss. Could he gather up all the heat generated by the friction and apply it mechanically, he would by it be able to impart to the train the precise amount of speed which it had lost by the friction. Every one of those railway porters whom you see moving about with his can of yellow grease and opening the little boxes which surround the carriage-axles is, without knowing it, illustrating a principle which forms the very soldier of Nature. In the long run, however, the generation of heat cannot be avoided. All the force of our locomotives eventually takes this form. To maintain the proper speed, the friction of the train must be continually overcome, and the force spent in overcoming it is entirely converted into heat. An eminent writer has compared the process to one of distillation: the heat of the furnace distils into the mechanical motion of the train, and this motion recondenses as heat in the wheels, axles and rails.

So also with regard to the greasing of a saw by a carpenter. He applies his force with the express object of cutting through the wood. He wishes to overcome mechanical cohesion by the teeth of his saw, and when it moves stiffly the same amount of effort may produce a much smaller effect than when the implement moves without friction. But in what sense smaller? Not absolutely so, but smaller as regards the act of sawing. The force not expended in sawing is misapplied, not lost; it is converted into heat. Here, again, if we could collect the heat engendered by the friction and apply it to the urging of the saw, we should make

good the precise amount of work which the carpenter, by neglecting the lubrication of his implement, had simply converted into another form of power.

We warm our hands by rubbing, and in cases of frost-bite we thus restore animation to the injured parts. By friction a lucifer match is raised to the temperature of ignition. In the common flint and steel the particles of the metal struck off are so much heated by the collision that they take fire and burn in the air. But the heat precedes the combustion. Hooke proved this, and Davy found that when a gunlock with a flint was discharged in *vacuo* no sparks were produced, but the particles of steel struck off, when examined under the microscope, showed signs of fusion. Before the safety-lamp was invented the workers in our coal-mines derived their light from showers of sparks generated by the friction of flint against the edge of a swiftly rotating steel wheel, the sparks having been considered incompetent to ignite the "fire-damp." Aristotle refers to the heating of arrows by the friction of the air, and the most probable theory of shooting-stars is that they are small planetary bodies revolving round the sun, which, being caused to swerve from their orbits by the attraction of the earth, are raised to incandescence by friction against our atmosphere. Chladni propounded this view, and Dr. Joule has confirmed it by calculation. He may, moreover, be correct in believing that the earth is spared bombardment through the breaking up of our *aërolites* by heat. These bodies move at planetary rates. The orbital velocities of the four interior planets are as follows:

| | Miles per Second. |
|-------------------|-------------------|
| Mercury | 30.40 |
| Venus | 22.24 |
| Earth | 18.91 |
| Mars | 15.32 |

while the velocity of the *aërolites* varies from eighteen to thirty-six miles a second. The friction engendered by this enormous speed is no doubt competent to produce the effects ascribed to it.

Knowing the velocity and weight of any projectile, we shall subsequently learn how to calculate the amount of heat developed by the destruction of its motion. For example, knowing as we do the weight of the earth and the velocity with which it moves through space, a simple calculation enables us to state the exact amount of heat which would be developed, supposing the earth to strike against a target strong enough to stop its motion. We could tell, for example, the number of degrees which this amount of heat would impart to a globe of water equal to the earth in size. Mayer, Helmholtz and Thomson have made this calculation and found that the quantity of heat corresponding to this colossal shock would be quite sufficient not only to fuse the entire earth, but to reduce it, in great part, to vapor. Thus, by the simple stoppage of our planet in its orbit, "the elements" might be caused "to melt with fervent heat." The amount of heat thus developed would be equal to that derived from the combustion of fourteen globes of coal, each equal to the earth in magnitude. And if, after the stoppage of its orbital motion, the earth should fall into the sun, as it assuredly would, the amount of heat generated by the blow would be equal to that developed by the combustion of five thousand six hundred worlds of solid

carbon. Knowledge such as that which you now possess has caused philosophers, in speculating on the mode in which the sun's power is maintained, to suppose solar light and heat to be caused by the showering down of meteoric matter upon the sun's surface.

The life of the human race may be divided into two great periods—the prehistoric and historic. But human beings had done great things before they learnt to write about their doings. Among other things, they had discovered the use of fire both as a means of warming their bodies and cooking their food. Nobody can tell how or when fire was first introduced. Lucretius has a story which ascribes its origin to the rubbing together of dry tree-branches, but this is not a likely source of ignition. Forests are sometimes set ablaze by lightning, and this is a possible origin of our domestic fires. Again, savages have everywhere employed stone implements, shaping pieces of flint with sharp edges for knives, and with sharp points for arrow-heads and spears. Sparks were certainly thus produced, and such sparks may have been the ancestors of our fires. At the present hour the inhabitants of *Tierra del Fuego* employ two stones, the one a hard flinty pebble, the other a lump of iron pyrites. Friction, however, is the skilful savage's ordinary resource.

HISTORIC NOTICES.

The tendency to explain the seen by reference to the unseen is continually manifested in the efforts of curious and penetrative minds to obtain a notion of the nature of heat. They had constant recourse to the scientific imagination. Heat-atoms and fire-atoms were pictured as driving fiercely into the pores of bodies, loosening their molecules and shaking them

asunder, thus reducing solids to liquids and liquids to vapors. The notion that heat was a kind of motion was vaguely entertained by Plato, who made Socrates say, "For heat and fire, which generate and sustain other things, are themselves begotten by impact and friction; but this is motion. Are not these the origin of fire?" The same thought was clearly formulated by Bacon, who defined heat to be "a motion acting in its strife upon the smaller particles of bodies." His illustrations of this motion were not, however, 'always happy ones. Descartes, and others in his day, had a clear conception that the sensation of heat arose from a kind of motion communicated to the nerves, and some of these early writers were also clear as to the fact that the sensation was derived from the molecular motion of the warm body. They, however, for the most part assumed a special igneous matter, which produced the molecular motion. The illustrious Robert Boyle, for example, affirmed *heat* to be molecular motion, but to account for *fire* he assumed a special igneous matter. Euler and Newton curiously changed places with regard to their respective notions of light and heat. Euler was one of the most ardent defenders of the undulatory theory, which ascribes light to vibratory motion, but he regarded heat as a kind of matter. Newton supported the emission theory, which assumed light to be a kind of matter, while he considered heat to be vibratory motion. Hobbes, it may be added, was very distinct in his affirmation that heat is motion, and with regard to solar heat he avows his disbelief that anything material is emitted by the sun.

Robert Boyle appears to have seen as clearly as we do to-day that when heat is generated

by mechanical means *new heat* is called into existence.* In describing one of his experiments he uses the following remarkable language, "It will be convenient to begin with an instance or two of the production of heat wherein there appears not to intervene anything in the part of the agent or patient but local motion and the natural effects of it. When, for example, a smith does hastily hammer a nail or such-like piece of iron, the hammered metal will grow exceedingly hot; and yet there appears not anything to make it so, save the forcible motion of the hammer, which impresses a vehement and variously determined agitation of the small parts of the iron, which, being a cold body before, by that superinduced commotion of its small parts becomes in divers senses hot—first, in a more lax acceptation of the word in reference to some other bodies, in respect of whom it was cold before, and then sensibly hot, because this newly-gained agitation surpasses that of the parts of our fingers. And in this instance it is not to be overlooked that oftentimes neither [both?] the hammer by which nor [and?] the anvil on which a cold piece of iron is forged continue cold after the operation is ended, which shows that the heat acquired by the forged piece of iron was not communicated by the hammer or anvil as heat, but produced in it by motion, which was great enough to put so small a body as the piece of iron into a strong and confused motion of its parts without being able to have the like operation upon so much greater masses of metal as the hammer and the anvil. And now I

* On this point Bacon also was perfectly clear. "Heat," he says, "is produced by the motion of attrition, without any preceding heat."

am put in mind of an observation that seems to contradict, but does indeed confirm, our theory—namely, that if a somewhat large nail be driven by a hammer into a plank or piece of wood, it will receive divers strokes on the head before it grows hot; but when it is driven to the head, so that it can go no farther, a few strokes will suffice to give it a considerable heat; for whilst at every blow of the hammer the nail enters farther and farther into the wood, the motion that is produced is chiefly progressive, and is of the whole nail tending one way; whereas, when that motion is stopped, then the impulse given by the stroke, being unable either to drive the nail farther on or destroy its entireness, must be spent in making a various, vehement and intestine commotion of the parts among themselves, and in such an one we formerly observed the nature of heat to consist.”

After “the nimble hammering of iron by three lusty men” accustomed to the work, Boyle found the metal so hot that it could not be safely touched. To the wonder of the bystanders, it was able to ignite the sulphur of gunpowder and to cause it to burn with a blue flame. He also refers to the heat produced in cold iron by a rough file causing an intestine commotion of its parts. Nothing can be clearer or more to the point than these utterances and illustrations.

Among the philosophers of the seventeenth century none, however, possessed a greater power of symbolizing the phenomena of heat than Robert Hooke. His illustration of the manner in which fluidity is produced by the motion of heat is a fine example of his penetration. “First,” he says, “what is the cause

of fluidness? This I conceive to be nothing else but a certain pulse or shake of heat; for, heat being nothing else but a very brisk and vehement agitation of the parts of a body (as I have elsewhere made probable), the parts of a body are thereby made so loose from one another that they easily move any way and become fluid. That I may explain this a little by a gross similitude, let us suppose a dish of sand set upon some body that is very much agitated and shaken with some quick and strong vibrating motion, as on a millstone turned round upon the under stone very violently whilst it is empty, or on a very stiff drumhead, which is vehemently or very nimbly beaten with the drumsticks. By this means the sand in the dish, which before lay like a dull and unactive body, becomes a perfect fluid; and ye can no sooner make a hole in it with your finger but it is immediately filled up again and the upper surface of it levelled. Nor can you bury a light body, as a piece of cork, under it but it presently emerges or swims as ’twere on the top; nor can you lay a heavier on the top of it, as a piece of lead, but it is immediately buried in sand, and (as ’twere) sinks to the bottom. Nor can you make a hole in the side of the dish but the sand shall run out of it to a level. Not an obvious property of a fluid body, as such, but this does imitate; and all this meerly caused by the vehement agitation of the containing vessel, for by this means each sand becomes to have a vibrative or dancing motion, so as no other heavier body can rest on it, unless sustained by some other on either side; nor will it suffer any body to be beneath it, unless it be a heavier than itself.”

By this power of making the seen the

symbol of the unseen Hooke illuminated to a marvellous extent every subject touched by his genius. He refers to his own observations on the shining sparks of steel produced by a quick and violent motion, proving them to be perfectly similar to the sparks produced by heating the steel particles in a flame. Like Boyle, he also refers to the heating of iron by filing. He compares the vibrations of heat with sonorous vibrations, and adds the following remark: "Now, that the parts of all bodies, though never so solid, do yet vibrate, I think we need go no farther for proof than that all bodies have some degrees of heat in them, and that there has not yet been found anything perfectly cold."

These notions regarding the nature of heat were generally prevalent among the scientific writers of the seventeenth century. They were also shared by philosophical writers. In his *Essay on the Human Understanding*, Locke frequently refers to heat as being a kind of motion. But the very remarkable utterance which of late years has been most widely circulated is the following. "Heat," says Locke, "is a very brisk agitation of the insensible parts of the object, which produces in us that sensation from whence we denominate the object hot; so what in our sensation is heat, in the object is nothing but motion. This appears by the way heat is produced; for we see that the rubbing of a brass nail upon a board will make it very hot, and the axletrees of carts and coaches are often hot, and sometimes to a degree that it sets them on fire, by the rubbing of the naves of the wheels upon them. On the other side, the utmost degree of cold is the cessation of that motion of the insensible particles which to our touch is heat."

Despite these utterances and arguments, so clear, and, it might be added, so conclusive, in favor of the mechanical or dynamical theory of heat, its rival, the material theory, found a firm lodgment in many scientific minds. Within certain limits this theory involved conceptions of a very simple kind, and this simplicity secured for it a century ago universal acceptance. It was then assailed by Benjamin Thompson, better known as Count Rumford; but, despite his assault, it held its ground until quite recently among the chemists of our own day. The laborious Gmelin, for example, in his great *Handbook of Chemistry*, defines heat to be that substance whose entrance into our bodies causes the sensation of warmth and its egress the sensation of cold. He also speaks of heat combining with bodies as one ponderable substance does with another, and I have frequently heard other eminent chemists treat the subject from the same point of view.

RUMFORD ON THE FRICTION OF IRON.—DAVY ON THE FRICTION OF ICE.

With Rumford, however, a new and powerful factor appeared on the scene. He began by proving the hypothetical matter of heat to be imponderable, but the main drift of his experiments was to prove friction to be an inexhaustible source of heat, while the whole force of his logic went to show that an inexhaustible emission is irreconcilable with the notion that heat is a kind of matter. By those who held the material theory the matter of heat was supposed to hide itself in the inter-atomic spaces of bodies, out of which it could be squeezed by compression or percussion, as water is squeezed from a sponge. They were acquainted with the

fact that different bodies possess different powers of holding heat, if such a term may be employed. Take, for example, the two liquids water and mercury, and warm a pound of each of them, say from fifty degrees to sixty. The absolute quantity of heat required by the water to raise its temperature ten degrees is fully thirty times the quantity required by the mercury. Technically speaking, water was said to have a greater *capacity* for heat than mercury, and this term "capacity" suggests the views of those who invented it. Water was supposed to possess an enormous power of storing up caloric or the matter of heat—of hiding heat, in fact—to such an extent that it required thirty measures of this caloric to produce the same sensible effect on it that one measure could produce upon the same weight of mercury.

All substances possess, in a greater or lesser degree, this apparent power of storing up heat. Lead, for example, possesses it; and our experiment with the lead bullet, in which heat was generated by compression, was explained by those who held the material theory in the following way: The uncompressed lead, they said (without, however, proving what they said), has a higher capacity for heat than the compressed substance; the size of its atomic storehouse is diminished by compression, and hence, when the lead is squeezed, a portion of that heat which previous to compression was hidden must make its appearance, for the compressed substance can no longer hold it all. In some similar way the experiments on friction and percussion were accounted for, the idea of calling *new heat* into existence being rejected by the believers in the material theory. According to their views, the

quantity of heat in the universe is as constant as the quantity of ordinary matter, and the utmost we can do by mechanical and chemical means is to store up this heat or to drive it from its lurking-places into the open day.

Such views were rudely shaken by the experiments and arguments of Rumford. Surprised by the degree of heat which a brass gun acquires in a short time on being bored, and the still more intense heat, "much greater than boiling water, of the metallic chips separated from it by the borer," he proposed to himself the following questions:

"Whence comes the heat actually produced in the mechanical operation above mentioned?

"Is it furnished by the metallic chips which are separated from the metal?"

If this were the case, then the capacity for heat of the parts of the metal so reduced to chips ought not only to be changed, but the change undergone by them should be sufficiently great to account for *all* the heat produced. No such change, however, had taken place; for the chips were found to have the same capacity as slices of the same metal cut by a fine saw where heating was avoided. Hence, it is evident that the heat produced could not possibly have been furnished at the expense of the latent heat of the metallic chips. Rumford describes these experiments at length, and they are conclusive.

He then designed a gun-metal cylinder for the express purpose of generating heat by friction. A blunt rectangular piece of hardened steel, called by Rumford a borer, was forced edgewise against the solid bottom of the cylinder while the latter was turned round its axis by the force of horses. To measure the heat developed, a small round

hole was bored in the cylinder, into which was introduced a small mercurial thermometer. The weight of the cylinder was 113.13 lbs. avoirdupois. The borer was 0.63 of an inch thick, 4 inches long, and nearly as wide as the cavity of the bore of the cylinder—namely, $3\frac{1}{2}$ inches. The area of the surface by which its end was in contact with the bottom of the bore was therefore nearly $2\frac{1}{2}$ inches. At the beginning of the experiment the temperature of the air in the shade, and also that of the cylinder, was 60° F. At the end of thirty minutes, after the cylinder had made nine hundred and sixty revolutions round its axis, the temperature was found to be 130° .

Having taken away the borer, he now removed the metallic dust, or scaly matter, which had been detached from the bottom of the cylinder, and found its weight to be 837 grains troy. "Is it possible," he exclaims, "that the very considerable quantity of heat produced in this experiment—a quantity which actually raised the temperature of above 113 pounds of gun-metal at least 70° of Fahrenheit's thermometer—could have been furnished by so inconsiderable a quantity of metallic dust, and this merely in consequence of a change in its capacity for heat? But, without insisting on the improbability of this supposition, we have only to recollect that, from the results of actual and decisive experiments made for the express purpose of ascertaining that fact, the capacity for heat of the metal of which great guns are cast is *not sensibly changed* by being reduced to the form of metallic chips, and there does not seem to be any reason to think that it can be much changed, if it be changed at all, in

being reduced to much smaller pieces by a borer which is less sharp."

Rumford next surrounded his cylinder by an oblong deal box, so that the cylinder could turn water-tight in the centre of the box, while the borer was pressed against the bottom of the cylinder. The box was filled with water until the entire cylinder was covered, and then the apparatus was set in action. The temperature of the water on commencing was 60° Fahrenheit.

"The result of this beautiful experiment," writes Rumford, "was very striking, and the pleasure it afforded me amply repaid me for all the trouble I had had in contriving and arranging the complicated machinery used in making it. The cylinder had been in motion but a short time when I perceived, by putting my hand into the water and touching the outside of the cylinder, that heat was generated.

"At the end of one hour the fluid, which weighed 18.77 lbs., or $2\frac{1}{2}$ gallons, had its temperature raised 47° , being now 107° .

"In thirty minutes more, or one hour and thirty minutes after the machinery had been set in motion, the heat of the water was 142° .

"At the end of two hours from the beginning, the temperature was 178° .

"At two hours and twenty minutes it was 200° , and at two hours and thirty minutes it ACTUALLY BOILED.

"It would be difficult," says Rumford, "to describe the surprise and astonishment expressed in the countenances of the bystanders on seeing so large a quantity of water heated and actually made to boil without any fire. Though there was noth-

ing that could be considered very surprising in this matter, yet I acknowledge fairly that it afforded me a degree of childish pleasure which, were I ambitious of the reputation of a grave philosopher, I ought most certainly rather to hide than to discover." I am sure we can dispense with the application of any philosophy which would stifle such emotion as Rumford here avowed.

Rumford carefully estimated the quantity of heat possessed by each portion of his apparatus at the conclusion of his experiment, and, adding all together, found a total sufficient to raise 26.58 lbs. of ice-cold water to its boiling-point, or through 180° Fahrenheit. By careful calculation he found this heat equal to that given out by the combustion of 2303.8 grains (= 4 $\frac{1}{8}$ oz. troy) of wax. He then determined the "*celerity*" with which the heat was generated, summing up thus: "From the results of these computations, it appears that the quantity of heat produced equably—or in a continuous stream, if I may use the expression—by the friction of the blunt steel borer against the bottom of the hollow metallic cylinder was *greater* than that produced in the combustion of nine *wax candles*, each three-quarters of an inch in diameter, all burning together with clear, bright flames.

"One horse," he continues, "would have been equal to the work performed, though two were actually employed. Heat may thus be produced merely by the strength of a horse, and in a case of necessity this heat might be used in cooking victuals. But no circumstances could be imagined in which this method of procuring heat would be advantageous, for more heat might be obtained by using the fodder necessary for the support of a horse as fuel."

This is an extremely significant passage, intimating, as it does, that Rumford saw clearly that the force of animals was derived from the food, *no creation of force* taking place in the animal's body.

"By meditating on the results of all these experiments we are naturally," he says, "brought to the great question which has so often been the subject of speculation among philosophers—namely. What is heat? Is there any such thing as an *igneous fluid*? Is there anything that with propriety can be called caloric?

"We have seen that a very considerable quantity of heat may be excited by the friction of two metallic surfaces, and given off in a constant stream or flux *in all directions* without interruption or intermission, and without any signs of *diminution* or *exhaustion*. In reasoning on this subject we must not forget *that most remarkable circumstance* that the source of the heat generated by friction in these experiments appeared evidently to be *inexhaustible*. [The italics are Rumford's.] It is hardly necessary to add that anything which any *insulated* body or system of bodies can continue to furnish *without limitation* cannot possibly be a *material substance*; and it appears to me to be extremely difficult, if not quite impossible, to form any distinct idea of anything capable of being excited and communicated in those experiments, except it be MOTION."

With regard to the illustration which compared heat to water contained in a sponge, Rumford replied thus: "A sponge filled with water and hung by a thread in the middle of a room filled with dry air communicates its moisture to the air, it is true, but soon the water evaporates and the sponge can no

longer give out moisture." The case, he contended, is not at all similar to heat, for here, by renewed mechanical action, we can cause the heat to flow out at will. "A bell," he says, "sounds without intermission when it is struck, and gives out its sound as often as we please, without any perceptible loss. Moisture is a substance; sound is not." Heat, he contended, was typified by the vibrating bell, and not by the evaporating sponge.

The conclusion drawn from these experiments by Rumford was contested by Bertholet, who stood forth as the champion "of the received theory of caloric." His arguments were fully set forth by Rumford, and totally overthrown. When the history of the dynamical theory of heat is completely written, the man who, in opposition to the scientific belief of his time, could experiment, and reason upon experiment, as Rumford did in the investigation here referred to, may count upon a foremost place. Hardly anything more powerful against the materiality of heat has been since adduced, hardly anything more conclusive in the way of establishing that heat is what Boyle, Hooke and Locke considered it to be—*motion*.

And here we may refer to an observation of Rumford's which indicates at once his penetration and the limit of his knowledge. In 1778 he was engaged in experiments on the force of gunpowder, employing a musket-barrel, which he sometimes fired without any bullet and sometimes with one, two, three, or even four, bullets. Immediately after each discharge it was his practice to seize the barrel in his hand while it was wiped out, and he was astonished to notice that the barrel was always hotter when the charge consisted

of powder alone than when loaded with one or more bullets. Rumford rejected the notion that the gun was heated by the flame of the gunpowder, which he considered far too transitory to produce the heating effect observed. He referred that effect to mechanical concussion. Assuming heat to be "a more or less rapid vibratory motion among the particles of solid bodies," he concluded that when the powder alone was fired, the shock was "more vibrating or heavier" than when the combustion was obliged "to push slowly before it one or two balls which were anything but light." Had Rumford been aware of the entire bearing of the mechanical theory of heat, he would not, I think, have omitted to mention, in connection with this experiment, that the gunpowder urging the ball could not possibly generate the same amount of heat as when urging no ball. Rumford omitted all allusion to this, and Mayer was the first to discern the meaning of his observation.

Stimulated probably by Rumford, with whom he was personally connected at the Royal Institution, Davy took up this subject and enriched it by a beautiful and conclusive experiment. Ice is solid water, and the solid has only one-half the capacity for heat that liquid water possesses. A quantity of heat which would raise a pound of ice ten degrees in temperature would raise a pound of water only five degrees. Further, simply to liquefy a mass of ice an enormous amount of heat is necessary, this heat being so utterly absorbed or rendered "latent" as to make no impression upon the thermometer. What I am desirous of impressing on you at present is that, taking the materialists on their own ground, *liquid water*, at its freezing

temperature, possesses a vastly greater amount of heat than *ice* at the same temperature.

Davy reasoned thus: "If I, by friction, liquefy ice, a substance will be produced which, according to the material theory, contains a far greater absolute amount of heat than the ice. In this case it cannot with any show of reason be affirmed that I merely render sensible heat which had been previously insensible in the frozen mass. Liquefaction will conclusively demonstrate a generation of new heat." He made the experiment, and liquefied the ice by pure friction. The experiment has been justly regarded as fatal to the material theory.

PHYSIOLOGICAL HEAT.

During the whole course of our lives we are continually inhaling and exhaling atmospheric air. Now, the nitrogen, which, as we have already learnt, constitutes four-fifths of the bulk of our atmosphere, does nothing toward the support of life. It is solely its companion element that sustains us. When we inhale, the oxygen passes across the cell-walls of the lungs and mixes with the blood, by which it is carried through the body. When we exhale, we pour out from the lungs the carbonic acid produced by the slow combustion of our bodies. To this slow combustion we owe our animal heat. Carbonic acid may be regarded as the *rust* of the body, which is continually cleared away by the lungs.

In every part of the body this combustion is going on. The blood is forced by the heart through the arteries to all parts of the system, and after passing through the capillaries it returns to the heart through the veins. The venous blood is much darker than the arterial blood—an effect due to the deoxidation of the

blood. To make room for fresh oxygen, the black venous blood yields up in the lungs the carbonic acid with which, through the combustion of the body, it was previously charged, the red color being thus restored.

Consider, then, all the fires in the world and all the animals in the world continually pouring their carbonic acid into the atmosphere. Would it not be fair to conclude that our air must become more and more contaminated and unfit to support either combustion or life? This seems inevitable, but it would be a conclusion founded upon half knowledge, and therefore wrong. A provision exists for continually purifying the atmosphere of its excess of carbonic acid. By the leaves of plants this gas is absorbed, and within the leaves it is decomposed by the solar rays. The carbon is stored up in the tree, while the pure oxygen is restored to the atmosphere. Carbonic acid, in fact, is to a great extent the nutriment of plants; and inasmuch as animals, in the long run, derive their food from the vegetable world, this very gas, which at first sight might be regarded as a deadly constituent of the atmosphere, is the main sustainer both of vegetable and animal life.

That the air which comes from the lungs is different in quality from that which goes into them may be shown by a simple experiment. Carbonic acid is warm, and therefore light, when freshly exhaled. It does not readily fall to the bottom of a vessel into which we breathe. But if the breath be chilled by sending it through a metal tube which passes through cold water, the carbonic acid may be collected in an open jar. A single expiration from the lungs suffices to fill a good-sized jar with the gas, which immediately quenches a lighted taper.

I have named the carbonic acid of our bodies "rust," and the reason I have done so is that it is produced by the oxidation of carbon, as iron rust is produced by the oxidation of iron. This latter process is exactly analogous to the slow combustion within the animal frame; and when the heat thus produced is prevented from wasting itself, it may rise to destructive intensity. By such heat, in all probability, the first Atlantic cable was rendered useless. In 1861 the Messrs. Siemens had charge of the Rangoon and Singapore telegraph cable. Suspecting the injury that might accrue from heat, they had placed in the heart of each cable-coil an instrument capable of indicating any exaltation of temperature. The surmised increase occurred, the temperature augmenting daily by about 3° Fahrenheit. A temperature of 86° was at length shown within the coil when the outside temperature was only 60° . The cable would have been inevitably destroyed in the course of a few days if the generation of heat had been allowed to continue unchecked. The cable was cooled by pouring water at a temperature of 42° Fahrenheit upon the top of the coil. It issued raised to 72° at the bottom.

Casting a backward glance over the series of actions here illustrated, we first figure the mutually attracting atoms apart, then rushing together and acquiring, while crossing the insensible interval which separates them, the velocity with which they strike each other. That this velocity is enormous is proved by the amount of heat which it generates. When the atoms clash they recoil, and the consequent tremulous motion is one form of heat. Thus every molecule is animated by a vibratory motion of its constituent parts.

It is a musical instrument complete in itself, the tremors of which, when they impinge on the nerves, produce the *sensation* of heat.

CONTRACTION OF STRETCHED INDIA-RUBBER BY HEAT.

Nature is full of anomalies which no foresight can predict, and which experiment alone can reveal. From the deportment of a vast number of bodies, we should be led to conclude that heat always produces expansion and that cold always produces contraction. We have now to notice a first exception to this general rule. If a metal be compressed, heat is developed; but if a wire be stretched, cold is the result. Dr. Joule and others have worked experimentally at this subject and found this fact all but general. One striking exception to the rule (there are probably many others) has been known for a great number of years. The sheet of india-rubber now handed to me has been placed in the next room to keep it quite cold. Cutting from this sheet a strip three inches long and an inch and a half wide, and turning our thermopile upon its back, I lay upon its exposed face the strip of india-rubber. The deflection of the needle proves that the rubber is cold. Laying hold of the ends of the strip, I suddenly stretch it, and press it, while stretched, on the face of the pile. The needle moves with energy, showing that the stretched rubber has heated the pile.

But one deviation from a rule always carries other deviations in its train. In the physical world, as in the moral, acts are never isolated. In many of his investigations Dr. Joule has been associated with Sir William Thomson, who, when made aware of the deviation of india-rubber from an

almost general rule, suggested on theoretic grounds that the stretched india-rubber might *shorten* on being heated. The test was applied by Joule, and the shortening was found to take place.

THE SOLID, LIQUID AND GASEOUS FORMS OF MATTER.

On the occasion of our first meeting here a sledge-hammer was permitted to descend upon a lump of lead, which was heated by the blow. Formerly it was assumed that the force of the hammer was simply lost by the concussion. In elastic bodies it was supposed that a portion of the force was restored by the rebound, but in the collision of inelastic bodies it was taken for granted that the force of impact was lost. We now admit no loss, but assume that when the motion of the descending hammer ceases it is simply a case of transference instead of annihilation. The motion of a mass has been transferred into molecular motion. Here the imagination must help us. In the case of solid bodies, while the force of cohesion still holds them together, you must conceive a power of vibration, within certain limits, to be possessed by their atoms. And the greater the amount of heat imparted to the body, or the greater the amount of mechanical action invested in it by percussion, compression or friction, the greater will be the rapidity of some, and the wider the amplitude of other, atomic oscillations.

As already indicated, the atoms or molecules thus vibrating, and ever as it were seeking wider room, urge each other apart, and thus cause the body of which they are the constituents to expand in volume. By the force of cohesion, then, the molecules are held together; by the force of heat they

are pushed asunder; and on the relation of these two antagonistic powers the aggregation of the body depends. Every fresh increment of heat pushes the molecules more widely apart, but the force of cohesion, like all other known forces, acts more and more feebly as the distance through which it acts is augmented. As, therefore, the heat grows strong, its opponent grows weak, until, finally, the particles are so far loosened from the thrall of cohesion as to be at liberty not only to vibrate to and fro across a fixed position, but also to roll or glide around each other. Cohesion is not yet destroyed, but it is so far modified that the particles, while still offering resistance to being torn directly asunder, have their lateral mobility over each other's surfaces secured. *This is the liquid condition of matter.*

In the interior of a mass of liquid the motion of every molecule is controlled by the molecules which surround it; but when we develop heat of sufficient power, even within the body of a liquid, the molecules break the last fetters of cohesion and fly asunder to form bubbles of vapor. If, moreover, one of the surfaces of the liquid be quite free—that is to say, uncontrolled either by a liquid or a solid—it is easy to conceive that some of the vibrating superficial molecules will be jerked entirely away from the liquid, and will fly with a certain velocity through space. *Thus freed from the influence of cohesion, we have matter in the vaporous or gaseous form.*

This conception of gaseous molecules is now generally accepted as expressing the truth of nature. Such molecules are supposed to be always flying in straight lines through space. The hypothesis has been

developed in our day by Joule, Krönig, and Maxwell, but chiefly in a series of admirable papers by Clausius. The quickness with which the perfume of an odorous body fills a room might seem to harmonize with the idea of direct projection. It may, however, be proved that if the theory of rectilinear motion be true, the molecules must move at the rate of several hundred feet a second. Hence it might be objected that, according to the above hypothesis, odors ought to spread much more rapidly than they are observed to do.

The answer to this objection is that the odoriferous molecules have to make their way through a crowd of air atoms, with which they come into incessant collision. On an average, the distance through which such a molecule can travel without striking against an atom of air is infinitesimal, the propagation of a perfume through air being thus enormously retarded by the air itself. When a free communication is opened between the surface of a liquid and a vacuum, the vacuous space is almost instantaneously filled with the vapor of the liquid.

ENERGY OF MOLECULAR POSITION.—SPECIFIC HEAT.

We must, as usual, turn these conceptions regarding sensible masses to account in forming conceptions regarding insensible masses. As an intellectual act, it is quite as easy to conceive the separation of two mutually attracting *atoms* as to conceive the separation of the earth and our lead weight. If that weight had been lifted by a steam-engine, an amount of heat equivalent to the work done would have been consumed; and if the force of gravity were far greater than it is, a far

greater amount of heat would be expended in the lifting of the weight. Now, the atoms of bodies, though we cannot suppose them to be in contact, exert enormous attractions. It would require an almost incredible amount of ordinary mechanical force to augment the distances intervening between the atoms of any solid or liquid so as to increase its volume in any sensible degree. It would also require a force of great magnitude to squeeze the particles of a liquid or a solid together so as to make the body sensibly less in size. I have vainly tried to augment permanently the density of a soft metal by pressure. Water, which yields so freely to the hand plunged in it, was for a long time regarded as absolutely incompressible. Great force was brought to bear upon it, but sooner than shrink it oozed through the pores of the metal sphere which contained it, and spread like a dew on the surface. This is a classical experiment which was long ascribed to an erroneous source. Bacon is its author. About half a century after him a similar experiment was described by the secretary of the Accademia del Cimento, and it thus came to be called "The Florentine Experiment." Bacon's own account of his experiment is this: "Now it is certain that rarer bodies (such as air) allow a considerable degree of contraction, as has been stated, but that tangible bodies (such as water) suffer compression with much greater difficulty and to a less extent. How far they do suffer it I have investigated in the following experiment: I had a hollow globe of lead made capable of holding about two pints and sufficiently thick to bear considerable force; having made a hole in it, I filled it with water, and then stopped up the hole with melted lead, so that the globe be-

came quite solid. I then flattened the two opposite sides of the globe with a heavy hammer, by which the water was necessarily contracted into less space, a sphere being the figure of largest capacity; and when the hammer had no more effect in making the water shrink, I made use of a mill or press, till the water, impatient of further pressure, exuded through the solid lead like a fine dew. I then computed the space lost by the compression, and concluded that this was the extent of compression which the water had suffered, but only when constrained by great violence."

By refined and powerful means we can now compress water, but the force necessary to accomplish this is very great. When, therefore, we wish to overcome molecular forces, we must attack them by their peers. Heat accomplishes what mechanical energy, as usually wielded, is incompetent to perform. Bodies, when heated, expand, and to effect this expansion the molecular attractions must be overcome, and where the attractions to be surmounted are so vast we may infer that the quantity of heat necessary to overpower them will be commensurate.

A moment's further attention devoted to this wonderful substance, water, will repay our pains. First we have its constituents as free atoms of oxygen and hydrogen, which attract each other and combine. The mechanical value of this atomic act is easily determined. The heating of 1 lb. of water 1° C. is equivalent to 1390 foot-pounds; hence the heating of 34,000 lbs. of water 1° C. is equivalent to $34,000 \times 1390$ foot-pounds. We thus find that the concussion of our 1 lb. of hydrogen with 8 lbs. of oxygen is equal, in mechanical value, to the

raising of 47,000,000 pounds one foot high. It was no over-statement, then, on my part, when I affirmed that the force of gravity, as exerted near the earth, is almost a vanishing quantity, in comparison with these molecular forces. The distances which separate the atoms before combination are so small as to be utterly immeasurable; still, it is in passing over these distances that they acquire a velocity sufficient to cause them to clash with the tremendous energy here indicated.

After combination the substance is in a state of vapor which sinks to 100° C. and afterward condenses to water. In the first instance, the atoms fall together to form the compound; in the next instance, the molecules of the compound fall together to form a liquid. The mechanical value of this act is also easily calculated: 9 lbs. of steam, in falling to water, generate an amount of heat sufficient to raise $537.2 \times 9 = 4835$ lbs. of water 1° C., or $967 \times 9 = 8703$ lbs. 1° F. Multiplying the former number by 1390, or the latter by 772, we have, in round numbers, a product of 6,720,000 foot-pounds as the mechanical value of the mere act of condensation. The next great fall is from the state of water to that of ice, and the mechanical value of this act is equal to 993,564 foot-pounds. Thus, our 9 lbs. of water, at its origin and during its progress, falls down three great precipices: the first fall is equivalent, in energy, to the descent of a ton weight down a precipice 22,320 feet high; the second fall is equal to that of a ton down a precipice 2900 feet high; and the third is equal to the fall of a ton down a precipice 433 feet high. The stone avalanches of the Alps are sometimes seen to smoke and thunder down the declivities with a vehemence

almost sufficient to stun the observer, while the snowflakes descend so softly as not to hurt the fragile spangles of which they are composed; yet to produce, from aqueous vapor, a quantity of that tender material which a child could carry demands an exertion of energy competent to gather up the shattered blocks of the largest stone-avalanche that I have ever seen and pitch them to twice the height from which they fell.

WINDS.

From the heat of the sun our winds are all derived. We live at the bottom of an aerial ocean in a remarkable degree permeable to the solar rays and but little disturbed by their direct action. But those rays, when they fall upon the earth, heat its surface, and when they fall upon the ocean they provoke evaporation. The air in contact with the surface shares its heat, is expanded and ascends into the upper regions of the atmosphere, while the vapor from the ocean also ascends, because of its lightness, carrying air along with it. Where the rays fall vertically on the earth—that is to say, between the tropics—the heating of the surface is greatest. Here aerial currents ascend and flow laterally, north and south, toward the poles, the heavier air of the polar regions streaming in to supply the place vacated by the light and warm air. Thus we have incessant circulation. In the hot room of a Turkish bath I held a lighted taper in the open doorway, midway between top and bottom. The flame rose vertically from the taper. When placed at the bottom, the flame was blown violently inward; when placed at the top, it was blown violently outward. Here we

had two currents, or winds, sliding over each other and moving in opposite directions. Thus also, as regards our hemisphere, a current from the equator sets in toward the north and flows in the higher regions of the atmosphere, while, to supply its place, another flows toward the equator in the lower regions. These are the upper and the lower trade winds.

Were the earth motionless, these two currents would run directly north and south, but the earth rotates from west to east on its axis once in twenty-four hours. In virtue of this rotation the air at the equator is carried round with a velocity of one thousand miles an hour. As we withdraw from the equator the velocity due to the earth's rotation diminishes, and it becomes nothing at the poles. It is proportional to the radius of the parallels of latitude, and diminishes as these circles diminish in size. You have observed what takes place when a person incautiously steps out of a carriage in motion. He shares the motion of the carriage, and when his feet touch the earth he is thrown forward in the direction of the motion. This is what renders leaping from a railway carriage, when the train is at full speed, generally fatal. Imagine, then, an individual suddenly transferred from the equator to a place where the velocity due to rotation is only nine hundred miles an hour; on touching the earth he would be thrown forward in an easterly direction with a velocity of one hundred miles an hour, this being the difference between the equatorial velocity with which he started and the velocity of the earth's surface in his new locality.

WARMTH OF CLOTHES.

It is the imperfect conductivity of woollen textures which renders them so eminently fit

for clothing. They preserve the body from sudden accessions and from sudden losses of heat. The same quality of non-conductivity manifests itself when we wrap flannel round a block of ice: the ice thus preserved is not easily melted. In the case of the human body, on a cold day, the woollen clothing prevents the transmission of motion from within outward; in the case of the ice, on a warm day, the selfsame fabric prevents the transmission of motion from without inward. Animals which inhabit cold climates are furnished by Nature with their necessary clothing. Birds, especially, need this protection, for they are still more warm-blooded than the Mammalia. They are furnished with feathers, and between the feathers the interstices are filled with down, the molecular constitution and mechanical texture of which render it, perhaps, the worst of all conductors. Here we have another example of that harmonious relation of life to the conditions of life which is incessantly presented to the student of natural science.

ENERGIES OF PLANTS AND ANIMALS.

The farther we pursue this subject, the more its interest and its wonder grow upon us. You have learned how a sun may be produced by the mere exercise of gravitating force—that by the collision of cold, dark planetary masses the light and heat of our central orb, and also of the fixed stars, may be obtained. But here we find the physical powers derived or derivable from the action of gravity upon dead matter introducing themselves at the very root of the question of vitality. We find in solar light and heat the very mainspring of vegetable life.

But is there nothing in the human body to liberate it from that chain of necessity which the law of conservation coils around inorganic nature? Look at two men upon a mountain-side with apparently equal physical strength; the one will sink and fail, while the other scales the summit. Has not volition, in this case, a creative power? Physically considered, the law that rules the operations of a steam-engine rules the operations of the climber. For every pound raised by the former an equivalent quantity of its heat disappears, and for every step the climber ascends an amount of heat equivalent jointly to his own weight and the height to which it is raised is lost to his body. The strong will can draw largely upon the physical energy furnished by the food, but it can *create* nothing. The function of the will is to *apply* and *direct*, not to create.

The grand point permanent throughout all these considerations is that—nothing new is created in physical nature. We can make no movement which is not accounted for by the contemporaneous extinction of some other movement. And how complicated soever the motions of animals may be, whatever may be the change which the molecules of our food undergo within our bodies, the whole energy of animal life consists in the falling of the atoms of carbon and hydrogen and nitrogen from the high level which they occupy in the food to the low level which they occupy when they quit the body. But what has enabled the carbon and the hydrogen to fall? What first raised them to the level which rendered the fall possible? It is the sun. Not only is the sun chilled that we may have our external fires, but he is likewise chilled that we may have our internal warmth and our powers of locomotion.

The subject is of such vast importance, and is so sure to tinge the whole future course of philosophic thought, that I will dwell upon it a little longer, and endeavor, by reference to analogical processes, to give you a clearer idea of the part played by the sun in vital actions. We can raise water by mechanical action to a high level, and that water, in descending by its own gravity, may be made to assume a variety of forms and to perform various kinds of mechanical work. It may be made to fall in cascades, rise in fountains, twirl in eddies or flow along a uniform bed. It may, moreover, be employed to turn wheels, lift hammers, grind corn or drive piles. But all the energy exhibited by the water during its descent is merely the parcelling out and distribution of the original energy which raised it up on high. In this precise sense is the energy of man and animals the parcelling out and distribution of an energy originally exerted by the sun.

But the question is not yet exhausted. Water produces all the motion displayed in its descent, but the *form* of the motion depends on the character of the machinery interposed in the path of the water. Thus also the primary action of the sun's rays is qualified by the atoms and molecules among which their power is distributed. Molecular forces determine the form which the solar energy will assume. In the one case this energy is so conditioned by its atomic machinery as to result in the formation of a cabbage; in another case it results in the formation of an oak. So, also, as regards the reunion of the carbon and the oxygen in the animal, the form of their reunion is determined by the molecular machinery through which the com-

bining energy acts. In one case the germ determines the formation of a man; in another, the formation of a frog. All the philosophy of the present day tends to show that it is the directing and compounding, in the organic world, of forces belonging equally to the inorganic, that constitute the mystery and the miracle of vitality.

In discussing the material combinations which result in the formation of the human organism, it is impossible to avoid taking side glances at the phenomena of consciousness and thought. Science has asked daring questions, and will, no doubt, continue to ask such. Problems will assuredly present themselves to men of a future age which, if enunciated now, would appear to most people as the direct offspring of insanity. Still, though the progress and development of science may seem to be unlimited, there is a region beyond her reach—a line with which she does not even tend to insculcate. Given the masses and distances of the planets, we can infer the perturbations consequent on their mutual attractions; given the nature of a disturbance in water, air or ether, we can infer from the properties of the medium how its particles will be affected. In all this we deal with physical laws, and the mind runs freely along the line which connects the phenomena from beginning to end. But when we endeavor to pass, by a similar process, from the region of physics to that of thought, we meet a problem not only beyond our present powers, but transcending any conceivable expansion of the powers we now possess. We may think over the subject again and again, but it eludes all intellectual presentation. The origin of the material universe is equally

inscrutable. Thus, having exhausted science and reached its very rim, the real mystery of existence still looms around us. And thus it will ever loom—ever beyond the bourne of man's intellect—giving the poets of successive ages just occasion to declare that

“ We are such stuff
As dreams are made of, and our little life
Is rounded by a sleep.”

Still, presented rightly to the mind, the discoveries and generalizations of modern science constitute a poem more sublime than has ever yet addressed the human imagination. The natural philosopher of to-day may dwell amid conceptions which beggar those of Milton. Look at the integrated energies of our world—the stored power of our coal-fields, our winds and rivers, our fleets, armies and guns. What are they? They are all generated by a portion of the sun's energy which does not amount to $\frac{1}{2300000000}$ of the whole. This is the entire fraction of the sun's force intercepted by the earth, and we convert but a small fraction of this fraction into mechanical energy. Multiplying all our powers by millions of millions, we do not reach the sun's expenditure. And still, notwithstanding this enormous drain, in the lapse of human history, we are unable to detect a diminution of his store. Measured by our largest terrestrial standards, such a reservoir of power is infinite; but it is our privilege to rise above these standards, and to regard the sun himself as a speck in infinite extension—a mere drop in the universal sea. We analyze the space in which he is immersed and which is the vehicle of his power. We pass to other systems and other suns, each pouring forth energy like our own, but still without

infringement of the law which reveals immutability in the midst of change, which recognizes incessant transference or conversion, but neither final gain nor loss. The energy of Nature is a constant quantity, and the utmost man can do in the pursuit of physical truth or in the applications of physical knowledge is to shift the constituents of the never-varying total, sacrificing one if he would produce another. The law of conservation rigidly excludes both creation and annihilation. Waves may change to ripples, and ripples to waves; magnitude may be substituted for number, and number for magnitude; asteroids may aggregate to suns, suns may invest their energy in floræ and faunæ, and floræ and faunæ may melt in air: the flux of power is eternally the same. It rolls in music through the ages, while the manifestations of physical life, as well as the display of physical phenomena, are but the modulations of its rhythm.

PROFESSOR JOHN TYNDALL.

BY PRAYER.

MORE things are wrought by prayer
Than this world dreams of. Where-
fore let thy voice
Rise like a fountain for me night and day;
For what are men better than sheep or goats,
That nourish a blind life within the brain,
If, knowing God, they lift not hands of
prayer
Both for themselves and those who call
them friend?
For so the whole round earth is every way
Bound by gold chains about the feet of God.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

ABRAM AND ZIMRI.

ABRAM and Zimri owned a field together—

A level field hid in a happy vale ;

They ploughed it with one plough, and in the spring

Sowed, walking side by side, the fruitful seed.

In harvest, when the glad earth smiled with grain,

Each carried to his home one-half the sheaves
And stored them with much labor in his barns.

Now, Abram had a wife and seven sons,
But Zimri dwelt alone within his house.

One night, before the sheaves were gathered in,

As Zimri lay upon his lonely bed
And counted in his mind his little gains,
He thought upon his brother Abram's lot,
And said, " I dwell alone within my house,
But Abram hath a wife and seven sons,
And yet we share the harvest-sheaves alike.
He surely needeth more for life than I ;
I will arise and gird myself, and go
Down to the field and add to his from mine."

So he arose and girded up his loins,
And went out softly to the level field.
The moon shone out from dusky bars of clouds,
The trees stood black against the cold blue sky,
The branches waved and whispered in the wind ;

So Zimri, guided by the shifting light,
Went down the mountain-path and found the field,

Took from his store of sheaves a generous third

And bore them gladly to his brother's heap,
And then went back to sleep and happy dreams.

Now, that same night, as Abram lay in bed
Thinking upon his blissful state in life,
He thought upon his brother Zimri's lot,
And said, " He dwells within his house alone,
He goeth forth to toil with few to help,
He goeth home at night to a cold house,
And hath few other friends but me and mine "

(For these two tilled the happy vale alone),
" While I, whom Heaven hath very greatly blessed,

Dwell happy with my wife and seven sons,
Who aid me in my toil and make it light,
And yet we share the harvest-sheaves alike.
This surely is not pleasing unto God ;
I will arise and gird myself, and go
Out to the field and borrow from my store
And add unto my brother Zimri's pile."

So he arose and girded up his loins,
And went down softly to the level field.
The moon shone out from silver bars of clouds,

The trees stood black against the starry sky,
The dark leaves waved and whispered in the breeze ;

So Abram, guided by the doubtful light,
Passed down the mountain-path and found the field,

Took from his store of sheaves a generous third

And added them unto his brother's heap ;
Then he went back to sleep and happy dreams.

So the next morning with the early sun
 The brothers rose and went out to their toil ;
 And when they came to see the heavy
 sheaves,
 Each wondered in his heart to find his heap,
 Though he had given a third, was still the
 same.

Now the next night went Zimri to the field,
 Took from his store of sheaves a generous
 share
 And placed them on his brother Abram's
 heap,
 And then lay down behind his pile to watch.
 The moon looked out from bars of silvery
 cloud,
 The cedars stood up black against the sky,
 The olive-branches whispered in the wind.

Then Abram came down softly from his home,
 And, looking to the right and left, went on,
 Took from his ample store a generous third
 And laid it on his brother Zimri's pile.
 Then Zimri rose and caught him in his arms,
 And wept upon his neck and kissed his cheek ;
 And Abram saw the whole, and could not
 speak,
 Neither could Zimri. So they walked along
 Back to their homes, and thanked their God
 in prayer
 That he had bound them in such loving bands.

CLARENCE COOK.

THE GOLDEN AGE.

FROM THE LATIN OF OVID.

THE Golden Age was first, when man,
 yet new,
 No rule but uncorrupted reason knew,
 And with a native bent did good pursue ;

Unforced by punishment, unawed by fear,
 His words were simple and his soul sincere.
 Needless was written law where none op-
 prest :
 The law of man was written in his breast.
 No suppliant crowds before the judge ap-
 peared ;
 No court erected yet, nor cause was heard ;
 But all was safe, for conscience was their
 guard.
 The teeming earth, yet guiltless of the
 plough,
 And unprovoked, did fruitful stores allow ;
 Content with food which Nature freely bred,
 On wildings and on strawberries they fed ;
 Cornels and brambleberries gave the rest,
 And falling acorns furnished out a feast.
 The flowers unsown in fields and meadows
 reigned,
 And western winds immortal spring main-
 tained.
 In following years the beaded corn ensued
 From earth unasked, nor was the earth re-
 newed.
 From veins of valleys milk and nectar broke,
 And honey sweating through the pores of
 oak.

Translation of JOHN DRYDEN.

THE HILL OF HONOR.

I SEE those who are lifted highest on
 The hill of Honor are nearest to the
 Blasts of envious fortune, whilst the low
 And humble valley fortunes are far more
 secure.
 Humble valleys thrive with their bosoms full
 Of flow'rs when hills melt with lightning and
 The rough anger of the clouds.

JOHN FORD.

LOVE'S EARLY DREAM.

LOVE'S early dream has music
 In the tale it loves to tell ;
 Love's early dream has roses
 Where it delights to dwell ;
 It has beauty in its landscape,
 And verdure in its trees,
 Unshadowed by a passing cloud,
 Unruffled by a breeze.

Love's early dream has moonlight
 Upon its crystal lake,
 Where stormy tempest never blows,
 Nor angry billows break ;
 It has splendor in its sunshine
 And freshness in its dew,
 And all its scenes of happiness
 Are beautiful and true.

Love's early dream has kindness
 In every look and tone ;
 Love's early dream has tenderness
 For one, and one alone.
 It has melody of language
 And harmony of thought,
 And knows no sound of dissonance
 By ruder science taught.

O early dream of happiness,
 Where is thy waking bliss ?
 What brings thy golden promises
 To such a world as this ?
 Perchance thou art some shadow
 Of that which is to come—
 The fluttering of an angel's wings
 To lead the wanderer home.

SARAH ELLIS.

THE WIDOW'S SON.

THE MOTHER'S REMONSTRANCE.

HAST thou well my counsels weighed,
 Show me not that gay cockade ;
 I have watched thy tender years
 With a mother's hopes and fears :
 I should yield thee up with tears.

Thou wouldst only live for fame,
 Thou wouldst win a hero's name,
 But thou knowst not what I know :
 I have seen the realms of woe
 Where the soldier's laurels grow.

Canst thou thirst and famine bear,
 Yet march on with cheerful air ?
 Canst thou stand the autumn's rain
 On a cold and marshy plain
 When thy gallant heart is vain ?

When thy comrades round thee fall,
 When 'tis death and tumult all,
 Canst thou then untroubled stand,
 With thy reason at command,
 To save thy shattered band ?

Canst thou die as soldiers die,
 Give to love thy last sad sigh,
 Then, 'mid dead and dying cast,
 Feel thy dreams of glory past,
 Yet contented breathe thy last ?

'Twas thus thy father fell.
 I could ne'er the story tell,
 But I see his image now
 With the death-blood on his brow ;
 I survived I know not how.



Love's early Dream.

'Twas for thee that life was dear,
But my words thou wilt not hear;
And the fire, ev'n while I speak,
Mantles higher on thy cheek,
To reproach my fondness weak.

Oh, on th' embattled field,
May the God of battles shield
Thee, the soldier's widow's son!
Return with laurels won,
Or his righteous will be done.

WILLIAM SMYTH.

THE ISLE OF LONG-AGO.

OH, a wonderful stream is the river of
Time

As it runs through the realm of tears
With a faultless rhythm and a musical rhyme,
And a boundless sweep and a surge sublime,
As it blends with the ocean of Years.

How the winters are drifting like flakes of
snow,

And the summers like buds between,
And the year in the sheaf! So they come
and they go

On the river's breast, with its ebb and
flow,

As it glides in the shadow and sheen.

There's a magical isle up the river of Time
Where the softest of airs are playing;
There's a cloudless sky and a tropical clime,
And a song as sweet as a vesper chime,
And the Junes with the roses are staying.

And the name of that isle is the Long-Ago,
And we bury our treasures there:

There are brows of beauty and bosoms of
snow;
There are heaps of dust—but we loved them
so!—

There are trinkets and tresses of hair;

There are fragments of songs that nobody
sings,

And a part of an infant's prayer;

There's a lute unswept, and a harp without
strings;

There are broken vows and pieces of rings,
And the garments that she used to wear;

There are hands that are waved when the
fairy-shore

By the mirage is lifted in air;

And we sometimes hear, through the turbu-
lent roar,

Sweet voices we heard in the days gone before,
When the wind down the river is fair.

Oh, remembered for aye be the blessed isle
All the day of our life till night!

When the evening comes with its beautiful
smile,

And our eyes are closing to slumber a while,
May that "Greenwood" of soul be in
sight!

BAYARD F. TAYLOR.

NO JEWELLED BEAUTY IS MY LOVE.

NO jewelled beauty is my love,
Yet in her earnest face

There's such a world of tenderness
She needs no other grace.

Her smiles and voice around my life
In light and music twine,

And dear—oh, very dear—to me
Is this sweet love of mine.

Oh joy, to know there's one fond heart
 Beats ever true to me!
 It sets mine leaping like a lyre
 In sweetest melody;
 My soul upsprings, a deity,
 To hear her voice divine,
 And dear—oh, very dear—to me
 Is this sweet love of mine.

If ever I have sighed for wealth,
 'Twas all for her, I trow;
 And if I win Fame's victor-wreath,
 I'll twine it on her brow.
 There may be forms more beautiful
 And souls of sunnier shine,
 But none—oh, none—so dear to me
 As this sweet love of mine.

GERALD MASSEY.

THE LADY'S YES.

"YES," I answered you last night;
 "No," this morning, sir, I say:
 Colors seen by candlelight
 Will not look the same by day.

When the viols play their best,
 Lamps above and laughs below,
 "Love me" sounded like a jest,
 Fit for "Yes" or fit for "No."

Call me false or call me free—
 Vow, whatever light may shine,
 No man on your face shall see
 Any grief for change on mine—

Yet the sin is on us both:
 Time to dance is not to woo;
 Wooing light makes fickle troth,
 Scorn of *me* recoils on *you*.

Learn to win a lady's faith
 Nobly as the thing is high,
 Bravely, as for life and death,
 With a loyal gravity.

Lead her from the festive boards,
 Point her to the starry skies,
 Guard her, by your truthful words,
 Pure from courtship's flatteries.

By your truth she shall be true—
 Ever true, as wives of yore;
 And her "Yes," once said to you,
 Shall be "Yes" for evermore.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

GEMS.

EARTH hath its gems around—
 Creatures through ether winging,
 Flow'rets in glory springing,
 Dewdrops upon the ground;
 Sparks of the waterfall, insects' wings;
 Ay, and a million beautiful things.

Sea hath its gems below:
 In grottoes to man forbidden
 Marvellous treasures are hidden,
 Pearls and corallines grow;
 Deep and dark in the tombs of the wave
 Jewels are hung in palace and cave.

Heaven hath its gems above:
 Look, for its arch exalted
 With planets and stars is vaulted.
 Oh what spirits may rove—
 Gems of the soul—through scenes like these,
 Learning eternal mysteries!

SIR JOHN BOWRING.

LOST AND FOUND.



SOME miners were sinking a shaft in Wales :

I know not where, but the facts have filled

A chink in my brain, while other tales

Have been swept away, as, when pearls are spilled,
One pearl rolls into a chink in the floor.

Somewhere, then, where God's light is killed

And men tear in the dark at the earth's heart-core,

These men were at work, when their axes knocked

A hole in a passage closed years before.

A slip in the earth, I suppose, had blocked
This gallery suddenly up with a heap
Of rubble as safe as a chest is locked,

Till these men picked it, and 'gan to creep
In on all-fours. Then a loud shout ran
Round the black roof: "Here's a man asleep!"

They all pushed forward, and scarce a span
From the mouth of the passage, in sooth, the lamp

Fell on the upturned face of a man.

No taint of death, no decaying damp,
Had touched that fair young brow, whereon
Courage had set its glorious stamp.

Calm as a monarch upon his throne,
Lips hard clenched, no shadow of fear,
He sat there taking his rest, alone.

He must have been there for many a year :
The spirit had fled, but there was its shrine,
In clothes of a century old, or near.

The dry and embalming air of the mine
Had arrested the natural hand of decay,
Nor faded the flesh nor dimmed a line.

Who was he, then? No man could say
When the passage had suddenly fallen in :
Its memory, even, was passed away.

In their great rough arms begrimed with coal

They took him up, as a tender lass
Will carry a babe, from that darksome hole

To the outer world of the short warm grass.
Then up spoke one: "Let's send for Bess.
She is seventy-nine come Martinmas—

Older than any one here, I guess :
Belike she may mind when the wall fell
there,

And remember the chap by his comeliness."

So they brought old Bess, with her silver hair,

To the side of the hill, where the dead man lay,

Ere the flesh had crumbled in outer air.

And the crowd around him all gave way
As with tottering steps old Bess drew nigh
And bent o'er the face of the unchanged clay.

Then suddenly rang a sharp low cry ;
Bess sank on her knees and wildly tossed
Her withered arms in the summer sky :

" Oh, Willie, Willie, my lad ! my lost !
The Lord be praised ! After sixty years
I see you again ! The tears you cost,

" Oh, Willie darlin', were bitter tears !
They never looked for ye underground ;
They told me a tale to mock my fears.

" They said ye were auver the sea—ye'd
found

A lass ye loved better nor me—to explain
How ye'd a-vanished fra' sight and sound.

" Oh, darlin', a long, long life o' pain
I ha' lived since then ! And, now I'm old,
Seems a'most as if youth were come back
again.

" Seeing ye there wi' yer locks o' gold,
And limbs sa straight as ashen beams,
I a'most forget how the years ha' rolled

" Between us ! Oh, Willie, how strange it
seems
To see ye here, as I've seen ye oft,
Auver and auver again in dreams !"

In broken words like these, with soft
Low wails, she rocked herself, and none
Of the rough men around her scoffed.

For surely a sight like this the sun
Had rarely looked upon—face to face
The old dead love and the living one ;

The dead with its undimmed fleshly grace
At the end of threescore years, the quick
Puckered and withered, without a trace

Of its warm girl-beauty ! A wizard's trick,
Bringing the youth and the love that were
Back to the eyes of the old and sick.

Those bodies were just of one age ; yet there
Death, clad in youth, had been standing still,
While Life had been fretting itself thread-
bare.

But the moment was come, as a moment will
To all who have loved and have parted here,
And have toiled alone up the thorny hill,

When, at the top, as their eyes see clear,
Over the mists in this vale below
Mere specks their trials and toils appear

Beside the eternal rest they know.
Death came to old Bess that night, and gave
The welcome summons that she should go.

And now, though the rains and winds may
rave,
Nothing can part them. Deep and wide,
The miners that evening dug one grave.

And there, while the summers and winters
glide,
Old Bess and young Willie sleep side by side.

HAMILTON AIDE.

A WOMAN'S LOVE.

THERE is a feeling in the heart
 Of woman which can have no part
 In man—a self-devotedness,
 As victims round their idols press,
 And asking nothing but to show
 How far their zeal and faith can go.
 Pure as the snow the summer sun
 Never at noon hath looked upon ;
 Deep as is the diamond wave
 Hidden in the desert cave ;
 Changeless as the greenest leaves
 Of the wreath the cypress weaves ;
 Hopeless often when most fond ;
 Without hope or fear beyond
 Its own pale fidelity,—
 All this woman's love can be.

L. E. LONDON.

THE HENPECKED MAN.

EVERY one has heard the phrase "Go to Birgham !" which signifies much the same as bidding you go to a worse place. The phrase is familiar not only on the Borders, but throughout all Scotland, and has been in use for more than five hundred years, having taken its rise from Birgham being the place where the Scottish nobility were when they dastardly betrayed their country into the hands of the first Edward ; and the people, despising the conduct and the cowardice of the nobles, have rendered the saying "Go to Birgham !" an expression of contempt until this day. Many, however, may have heard the saying, and even used it, who know not that Birgham is a small village beautifully situated on the north side of the Tweed, about midway between Cold-

stream and Kelso, though, if I should say that the village itself is beautiful, I should be speaking on the wrong side of the truth.

Yet there may be many who have both heard the saying and seen the village who never heard of little Patie Crichton, the bicker-maker. Patie was of diminutive stature, and he followed the profession (if the members of the learned professions be not offended at my using the term) of a cooper, or bicker-maker, in Birgham for many years. His neighbors used to say of him, "The puir body's henpecked."

Patie was in the habit of attending the neighboring fairs with the water-cogs, cream-bowies, bickers, piggins and other articles of his manufacture. It was Dunse fair, and Patie said he "had dune extraordinar' weel : the sale had been far beyond what he expectit." His success might be attributed to the circumstance that when out of the sight and hearing of his better half, for every bicker he sold, he gave his customers half a dozen jokes into the bargain. Every one, therefore, liked to deal with little Patie. The fair being over, he retired with a crouny to a public-house in the castle-wynd to crack off old stories over a glass and inquire into each other's welfare.

It was seldom they met, and it was as seldom that Patie dared to indulge in a single glass ; but on the day in question he thought they could manage another gill, and another was brought. Whether the sight of it reminded him of his domestic miseries and of what awaited him at home I cannot tell ; but after drinking another glass and pronouncing the spirits excellent, he thus addressed his friend :

"Ay, Robin " (his friend's name was Rob-



J. MACLISE

JACOMAN

Letitia E. Wandon.

in Roughead), "ye're a happy man : ye're maister in your ain house and ye've a wife that adores and obeys ye ; but I'm nae better than naebody at my ain fireside. I'll declare, I'm waur : wife an' bairns* laugh at me ; I'm treated like an outlan' body an' a fule. Though, without me, they nicht gang and beg, there is nae mair respect paid to me than if I were a pair o' auld bauchels† flung into a corner. Fifteen years syne I couldna believe it o' Tibby though onybody had sworn it to me. I firmly believe that a guid wife is the greatest blessin' that can be conferred upon a man upon this earth. I can imagine it by the treasure that my faither had in my mither ; for, though the best may hae words atween them occasionally, and I'm no saying that they hadna, yet they were just like passing showers to mak' the kisses o' the sun upon the earth mair sweet after them. Her whole study was to please him and to mak' him comfortable. She was never happy but when he was happy, an' he was just the same wi' her. I've heard him say that she was worth untold gold. But oh, Robin, if I think that a guid wife is the greatest blessin' a man can enjoy, weel do I ken that a scoldin', domineerin' wife is his greatest curse. It's a terrible thing to be snooled‡ in your ain house ; naebody can form an idea o't but they wha experience it.

"Ye remember when I first got acquainted wi' Tibby she was doing the bondage-work up at Riselaw. I first saw her coming out o' Eccles kirk ae day, and I really thocht that I had never seen a better-faured or a more gallant-looking lass. Her cheeks were red and white like a half-ripe strawberry—or rather, I should say, like a cherry—and

* Children. † Shoes. ‡ Subjugated by tyranny.

she seemed as modest and meek as a lamb. It wasna very lang until I drew up ; and, though she didna gie me ony great encouragement at first, yet in a week or twa, after the ice was fairly broken, she became remarkably ceevil and gied me her oxters§ on a Sunday. We used to saunter about the loanings, no saying meikle, but unco' happy, and I was aye restless whan I was out o' her sight. Ye may guess that the shoemaker was nae loser by it during the six months that I ran four times a week, wet or dry, between Birgham and Riselaw. But the term-time was drawing nigh, and I put the important question and pressed her to name the day. She hung her head, and she no seemed to ken weel what to say ; for she was sae nim|| and sae gentle then that ye wad hae said butter wadna melt in her mouth. And when I pressed her mair urgently, 'I'll just leave it to yersel', Peter,' says she.

"I thocht my heart wad louped out at my mouth. I believe there never was a man sae beside himsel' wi' joy in this warld afore. I fairly danced again, and cut as many antics as a Merry Andrew.

" 'Oh, Tibby,' says I,

" 'I'm ower happy now ! Oh, haud my head !
This gift o' joy is like to be my dead.' "

" 'I hope no, Peter,' said she ; 'I wad rather hae ye to live than dee for me.'

"I thocht she was as sensible as she was bonny, and better-natured than baith.

"Weel, I got the house set up, the wedding-day cam, and everything passed ower as agreeably as onybody could desire. I thocht Tibby turnin' bonnier and bonnier. For the first five or six days after the wed-

§ Armpit.

|| Modest.

din' everything was 'Hinnny,' and 'My love,' and 'Tibby dear' or 'Peter dear.' But matters didna stand lang at this. It was on a Saturday nicht, I mind, just afore I was gaun to drap work, that three or four acquaintances cam into the shop to wush me joy, and they insisted that I should pay off for the weddin'. Ye ken I never was behind-hand, and I agreed that I wad just fling on my coat and step up wi' them to Orange Lane. So I gaed into the house and took doun my market coat, which was hingin' behint the bed, and after that I gaed to the kist to tak' out a shilling or twa; for up to that time Tibby had not usurped the office o' chancellor o' the exchequer. I did it as cannily as I could, but she had suspected something and heard the jinkin' o' the siller.

" 'What are ye doing, Patie?' says she. 'Whar are ye gaun?'

" 'I had never heard her voice hae sic a sound afore save the first time I drew up to her, when it was rather sharp than agreeable.

" 'Ou, my dear,' says I, 'I'm just gaun up to Orange Lane for a wee while.'

" 'To Orange Lane!' says she. 'What in the name o' fortune's gaun to tak' ye there?'

" 'Oh, hinnie,' says I, 'it's just a neebor-lad or twa that's dropped in to wush us joy, and ye ken* we canna but be neebor-like.'

" 'Ay! the sorrow joy them,' says she, 'and neebor too! An' how meikle will that cost ye?'

" 'Hoot, Tibby!' says I, for I was quite astonished at her; 'ye no understand things, woman.'

" 'No understand them!' says she; 'I

* Know.

wish to guidness that ye wad understand them, though. If that's the way ye intend to mak' the siller flee, it's time there were somebody to tak' care o't.'

" 'I had put the silver in my pocket, and I was gaun to the door mair surprised than I can weel express, when she cried to me,

" 'Mind what ye spend, and see that ye dinna stop.'

" 'Ye need be under nae apprehensions o' that, hinnie,' said I, wishing to pacify her.

" 'See that it be sae,' cried she as I shut the door.

" 'I joined my neebors in a state o' greater uneasiness o' mind than I had experienced for a length o' time. I could nae help thinkin' but that Tibby had rather early begun to tak' the upper hand, and it was what I never expected from her. However, as I was saying, we went up to Orange Lane, and we sat doun and ae gill brocht on anither. Tibby's health and mine was drunk; we had several capital sangs; and I daresay it was weel on for ten o'clock afore we rose to gang awa. I was nae mair affected wi' drink than I am at this moment, but, somehow or ither, I was uneasy at the idea o' facing Tibby. I thocht it wad be a terrible thing to quarrel wi' her. I opened the door, and, bolting it after me, slipped in half on the edge o' my fit. She was sitting wi' her hand at her haffit† by the side o' the fire, but she never let on that she either saw or heard me; she didna speak a single word. If ever there was a woman

" 'Nursing ner wrath to keep it warm,'

it was her that nicht.

" 'I drew in a chair, and, though I was

† The side of the head.

half feared to speak, 'What's the matter, my pet?' says I. 'What's happened ye?'

"But she sat looking into the fire, and never let on she heard me. 'E'en 's ye like, Meg Dorts,' thought I, as Allan Ramsay says; but I durstna say it, for I saw that there was a storm brewing. At last I ventured to say again,

" 'What ails ye, Tibby dear? Are you no weel?'

" 'Weel!' cried she. 'Wha can be weel? Is this the way ye mean to carry on? What a time o' nicht is this to keep a body to waiting and fretting on o' ye their lane! * Do ye no think shame o' yoursel?'

" 'Hoot, woman!' says I; 'I'm surprised at ye. I'm sure ye hae naething to mak' a wark about: it's no late yet.'

" 'I dinna ken what ye ca' late,' said she; 'it wadna be late amang yer cronies, nae doubt; but if it's no late it's early, for I warrant it's mornin'.'

" 'Nonsense!' says I.

" 'Dinna tell me it's nonsense,' said she, 'for I'll be spoken to in nae sic way: I'll let you ken that. But how meikle has it cost ye? Ye wad be treating them, nae doubt, and how meikle hae ye spent, if it be a fair question?'

" 'Toots, Tibby!' said I; 'whar's the cause for a' this! What great deal could it cost me?'

" 'But hair by hair mak's the carl's head bare,' added she; 'mind ye that, and mind that ye've a house to keep aboon yer head noo. But if ye canna do it, I maun to do it for ye; sae gie me the key o' that kist—gie me it instantly—and I'll tak' car' how ye gang drinkin' wi' onybody and treatin' them till mornin' again.'

* Alone.

"For the sake o' peace I gied her the key, for she was speakin' sae loud that I thocht a' the neebors wad hear; and she had nae suner got it than awa she gaed to the kist and counted every shilling. I had nae great abundance then mair than I've now, and 'Is that a' ye hae?' said she; 'an' yet ye'll think o' gaun drinkin' and treatin' folk frae Saturday nicht till Sabbath mornin'! If this is the life ye intend to lead, I wush to guidness I had ne'er had onything to say to ye.'

" 'And if this is the life ye intend to lead me,' thought I, 'I wush the same thing.'

"But that was but the beginnin' o' my slavery. From that hour to this she has continued on from bad to worse. No man livin' can form an idea o' what I've suffered but mysel'. In a mornin'—or rather, I may say, in the forenoon; for it was aye nine or ten o'clock afore she got up—she sat down to her tea and white scones and butter, while I had to be content wi' a scrimpit bicker o' brose † and sour milk for kitchen. Nor was this the warst o't; for when I cam' in frae my work for my breakfast mornin' after mornin', the fire was black out, and there had I, before I could get a bite to put in my mouth, to bend down upon my knees and blaw it and blaw it till I was half blind wi' ashes, for we hadna a pair o' bellowses; and there wad she lie grumblin' a' the time, ca'in' me useless this and useless that, and I just had to put up wi' it. But after our first bairn was born she grew far worse, and I became mair and mair miserable every day. If I had been sleepin' through the nicht and the bairn had begun a-hickin' or whingin', then she was at the scoldin', and I was sure to be

† Dish of meal made from ground peas, with boiling milk or water.

started out o' my sleep wi' a great drive atween the shouthers, and her crying,

" 'Get up, ye lazy body, ye! Get up and see what's the maiter wi' this bairn.' "

"An' this was the trade half a dizen o' times in a nicht.

"At last there was ae day when a' that I had dune was simply saying a word about the denner no bein' ready, and afore ever I kenned whar I was a cracky-stool that she had bought for the bairn cam fleein' across the room and gied me a dirl on the elbow that made me think my arm was broken. Ye may guess what a stroke it was when I tell ye I couldna lift my hand to my head for a week to come. Noo, the like o' that, ye ken, was what mortal man couldna stand.

" 'Tibby,' said I, and I looked very desperate and determined, 'what do ye mean by this conduct? By a' that's gracious, I'll no put up wi' it any langer.'

" 'Ye'll no put up wi' it, ye cratur!' said she. 'If ye gie me ony mair o' yer provocation, I'll pu' yer lugs* for ye. Wull ye put up wi' that?'

"It was terrible for a man to hear his ain wife ca' him a cratur, just as if I had been a monkey or a lap-doug.

" 'Oh, ye disdainfu' limmer,'† thought I, 'but if I could humble your proud spirit, I wad do it.'

"Weel, there was a grand new ballant hawkin' about the country at the time: it was ca'd 'Watty and Meg.' Ye have nae doubt seen't? Meg was just sic a terrible termagant as my Tibby, and I remembered the perfect reformation that was wrought upon her by Watty's bidding her fareweel and threatenin' to 'list. So it just struck

me that I wud tak' a leaf out o' the ballant. Therefore, still keeping the same serious and determined look, for I was in no humor to seem otherwise, 'Tibby,' says I, 'there shall be nae mair o' this, but I will gang and 'list this very day, and ye'll see what will come ower ye then. Ye'll maybe repent o' yer conduct whan it's ower late.'

" 'List, ye totum ye!' said she. 'Do ye say 'list?' and she said this in a tone and wi' a look o' derision that gaed through me very soul. 'What squad will ye 'list into? What regiment will tak' ye? Do ye intend to 'list for a fifer-laddie?' and as she said this she held up her oxter, as if to tak' me below't.

"I thought I wad hae drapp'd down wi' indignation. I could hae stricken her if I durst. Ye observe I am just five feet twa inches and an eighth upon my stockin'-soles. That is rather below the army standard; and I maun say it's a very foolish standard, for a man o' my height stands a better chance to shoot anither than a giant that wad fire ower his head. But she was aware that I was below the mark, and my threat was of no avail; so I just had to slink awa into the shop rubbin' my elbow.

"But the cracky-stool was but the beginnin' o' her drivin'; there wasna a week after that but she let flee at me whatever cam in the way whenever I by accident crossed her cankered humor. It's a wonder that I'm in the land o' the livin', for I've had the skin peeled off my legs, my arms maistly broken, my head cut, and ither parts of my body a' black and blue, times out o' number. I thocht her an angel whan I was courtin' her, but oh, Robin, she has turned out—I'll no say what—an adder, a teeger, a she-fury.

* Ears.

† Scoundrel.

"As for askin' onybody to the house, it's a thing I durstna do for the life that's in my body. I never did it but ance, and that was whan an auld schulefellow that had been several years in America ca'ed at the shop to see me. After we had cracked* a while, 'But I maun see the wife, Patie,' says he.

"Whether he had heard aboot her behavior or no I canna tell, but I assure ye his request was onything but agreeable to me. However, I took him into the house, and introduced him wi' fear and tremblin'.

"'Tibby dear,' said I—and I dinna think I had ca'ed her 'dear' for ten years afore—'here's Mr. W——, an auld schulefellow o' mine, that's come a' the way frae America an' ca'ed in to see ye.'

"'Ye're aye meetin' wi' auld schulefellow or some set or ither to tak' ye aff your wark,' muttered she, sulkily, but loud enough for him to hear.

"I was completely at a loss what to say or do next; but, pretending as though I hadna heard her, I said as familiarly and as kindly as I could, though my heart was in a terrible swither, 'Bring out the bottle, lass.'

"'Bottle!' quo'† she; 'what bottle? What does the man mean? Has he pairted wi' the little sense that he ever had?'

"But had ye seen her as she said this! I've seen a cloud black when drivin' wi' a hurricane, and I've seen it awfu' when roarin' in the agony o' thunder; but never did I see onything that I was mair in fear o' than my wife's face at that moment. But, somehow or ither, I gathered courage to say,

'Hoots, woman! what's the use o' beavin' that way? I'm sure ye ken weel aneugh it's the speerit-bottle.'

* Conversed.

† Said.

"'The speerit-bottle!' cried she, wi' a scream; 'and when was there a speerit-bottle within this door? Dinna show yoursel' aff to your American freend for a greater man than ye are, Patie. I think if wi' a' that ye bring in I get meal and bits o' duds for your bairns I do very weel.'

"This piece o' impudence completely knocked me stupid; for—wad ye believe it, Robin?—though she had lang driven a' my friends frae aboot the house, yet never did ony o' her friends ca'—and that was maistly every Sunday and every Coldstream market-day—but there was the bottle out frae the cupboard, which she aye kept under lock and key, and a dram and a bit short-bread nae less was aye and to this day handed round to every ane o' them. They hae discovered that it's worth while to make Patie the bicker-maker's a halfway-house. But if I happen to be in when they ca', though she pours a fu' glass apiece for them, she takes aye guid care to stand in afore me when she comes to me, between them and me, so that they canna see what she is doing or how meikle she pours out, and I assure ye it is seldom a thimblefu' that fa's to my share, though she holds the bottle lang up in her hand, mony a time no a-weetin'; and again and again have I shoved my head past her side, and said, 'Your health, Mrs. So-and-So,' or 'Yours, Mr. Such-a-Thing,' wi' no as meikle in my glass as wad droun a midge. Or if I was sae placed that she durstna but for shame fill out a glass within half an inch o' the tap or sae, she wad gie me a look or a wink, or mak' a motion of some kind which weel did I ken the meanin' o', and which was the same as saying, 'Drink it, if ye daur!' Oh, Robin, man, it's weel for ye that no kens

what it is to be a footba' * at your ain fire-side.

"I daresay my freend burned at the bane fer me, for he got up, and 'I wish you good-day, Mr. Crichton,' said he; 'I have business in Kelso to-night yet, and can't stop.'

"I was perfectly overpowered wi' shame, but it was a relief to me when he gaed awa, and I slipped out after him and into the shop again.

"But Tibby's isna the only persecution that I hae to put up wi', for we hae five bairns, and she's brought them a' up to treat me as she does hersel'. If I offer to correct them, they cry out, 'I'll tell my mither!' and frae the auldest to the youngest o' them, when they speak aboot me, it is '*He* did this,' or '*He* did that.' They for ever talk o' me as *him*—*him*! I never got the name o' 'faither' frae ane o' them, and it's a' her doings. Now, I just ask ye simply if ony faither would put up wi' the like o' that. But I maun put up wi't. If I were offering to lay hands upon them for't, I am sure and persuaded that she wad raise a' Birgham about me; my life wadna be safe where she is. But, indeed, I needna say that, for it never is.

"But there is ae thing that grieves me beyond a' that I hae mentioned to ye. Ye ken my mither—puir auld body!—is a widow now. She is in the seventy-sixth year o' her age and very frail. She has naebody to look after her but me—naebody that has a natural right to do it; for I never had ony brothers, as ye ken, and, as for my twa sisters, I daresay they just have a sair aneugh fecht † wi' their ain families, and, as they are

* Football.

† Toil.

at a distance, I dinna ken how they are situated wi' their guidmen, though I maun say for them they send her a stane o' oatmeal, an ounce o' tobacco or a pickle tea and sugar now and then, which is very likely as often as they hae it in their power; and that is a great deal mair than I'm allowed to do for her—me that has a right to protect and maintain her. A' that she has to support her is fifteen pence a week aff the parish o' Mertoun. Oh, Robin, man! Robin, man! my heart rugs within me when I talk to you about this. A' that I hae endured is naething to it. To see my puir auld mither in a state o' starvation, and no be allowed to gie her a sixpence! Oh, Robin, man! Robin, man! is it no awfu'? When she was first left destitute and a widow, I tried to break the matter to Tibby and to reason wi' her.

"'Oh, Tibby, woman,' said I, 'I'm very distressed. Here's my faither laid in the grave, and I dinna see what's to come o' my mither, puir body! She is auld and she is frail; she has naebody to look after or provide for her but me—'

"'You!' cried Tibby—'you! I wush ye wad mind what ye are talkin' about. Ye have as many douds, I can tell ye, as ye hae banes to pike. Let your mither do as other widows hae done afore her: let the parish look after her.'

"'Oh, Tibby, woman,' said I, 'but if ye'll only consider: the parish money is very sma', an', puir body! it will mak' her heart sair to receive a penny o't; for she weel kens that my faither would rather hae deed in a ditch than be behauden to either a parish or an individual for a sixpence.'

"'An' meikle they hae made by their

pride,' said Tibby. 'I wish ye wad haud your tongue.'

"'Ay, but, Tibby,' says I, for I was nettled mair than I durst show it, 'but she has been a guid mother to me, and ye ken yersel' that she's no been an ill-guid mother to ye. She never stood in the way o' you and me coming thegither, though I was paying six shillings a week into the house.'

"'And what am I obliged to her for that?' interrupted my Jezebel.

"'I dinna ken, Tibby, says I; 'but it's a hard thing for a son to see a mither in want when he can assist her. Now, it isna meikle she takes: she never was used wi' dainties; and if I may just tak' her hame, little wull serve her, and her meat will ne'er be missed.'

"'Ye born idiot!' cried Tibby. 'I aye thought ye a fule, but ye are warse than a fule. Bring your mither here—an auld, cross-grained, faultfinding wife that I ne'er could hae patience to endure for ten minutes in my days? Bring her here, say ye? No! While I live in this house, I'll let ye ken that I'll be mistress.'

"'Ay, and maister too,' thought I.

"I found it was o' nae use to argue wi' her. There was nae possibility o' gettin' my mither into the house, and, as to assisting her wi' a shillin' or twa at a time by chance, or paying her house-rent, or sending her a load o' coals, it was perfectly out o' the question and beyond my power. Frae the night that I went to Orange Lane to this moment I hae never had a sixpence under my thumb that I could ca' my ain. Indeed, I never hae money in my hands unless it be on a day like this, when I hae to gang to a fair, or the like o' that, and even then, before I

start, her leddyship sees every bowie, bicker and piggin that gangs into the cart. She kens the price o' them as weel as I do; and if I shouldna bring hame either money or goods according to her valuation, I actually believe she wad murder me. There is nae cheatin' her: It is by mere chance that, having had a gude market, I've outreached her the day by a shillin' or twa; and ane o' them I'll spend wi' you, Robin, and the rest shall gang to my mither. Oh, man, ye may bless your stars that ye dinna ken what it is to hae a termagant wife."

"I'm sorry for ye, Patie," said Robin Routhead; "but really I think in a great measure ye hae yersel' to blame for it a'."

"Me!" said Patie. "What do ye mean, Robin?"

"Why, Patie," said Robin, "I ken it is said that every ane can rule a bad wife but he that has her, and I believe it is true. I am quite convinced that naebody kens sae weel where the shoe pinches as they that hae it on, though I am quite satisfied that had my case been yours I wad hae brought her to her senses lang afore now, though I had

"'Dauded her lug wi' Rab Roryson's bannet'

or gien her a hoopin', like your friend the cooper o' Coldingham."

"Save us, man!" said Patie, who loved a joke, even though at second hand and at his own expense. "But ye see the cooper's case is not in point, though I am in the same line, for, as I hae observed, I am only five feet twa inches and an eighth in height. My wife is not the weaker vessel: that I ken to my sorrow."

"Weel, Patie," said Robin, "I wadna hae ye to lift your hand—I was but jokin' upon

that score—it wadna be manly; but there is ae thing that ye can do, and I am sure it wad hae an excellent effect.”

“Dear sake! what is that?” cried Patie.

“For a’ that has happened ye,” said Robin, “ye hae just yoursel’ to blame for giein’ up the key and the sillar to her management that night ye gaed to Orange Lane. That is the short and the lang o’ a’ your troubles, Patie.”

“Do you think sae?” inquired the little bicker-maker.

“Yes, I think sae, Peter, and I say it,” said Robin; “and there is but ae remedy left.”

“And what is that?” asked Patie, eagerly.

“Just this,” said Robin: “stop the supplies.”

“Stop the supplies!” returned Patie.

“What do you mean, Robin? I canna say that I fully comprehend ye.”

“I just mean this,” added the other: “be your ain banker—your ain cashier; be maister o’ your ain sillar. Let her find that it is to you she is indebted for every penny she has the power to spend; and if ye dinna bring Tibby to reason and kindness within a month, my name’s no Robin Roughead.”

“Do ye think that wad do it?” said Patie.

“If that wadna, naething wad,” answered Robin. “But try it for a twelvemonth. Begin this very night; and if we baith live and be spared to this time next year, I’ll meet ye again, and I’ll be the death o’ a mutchkin* but that ye tell me Tibby’s a different woman, your bairns different, your hail house different and your auld mither comfortable.”

* An English pint.

“Oh, man, if it might be sae!” said Patie. “But this very night—the moment I get hame—I’ll try it; and if I succeed, I’ll treat ye wi’ a bottle o’ wine, and I believe I never drank ane in my life.”

“Agreed,” said Robin. “But mind ye’re not to do things by halves. Ye’re no to be feared out o’ your resolution because Tibby may fire and storm and let drive the things in the house at ye, or even though she should greet.”†

“I thoroughly understand ye,” said Patie; “my resolution’s ta’en, and I’ll stand by it.”

“Gie’s your hand on’t,” said Robin; and Patie gave him his hand.

Now the two friends parted, and it is unnecessary for me either to describe their parting or the reception which Patie on his arriving at Birgham met with from his spouse.

Twelve months went round. Dunse fair came again, and after the fair was over Patie Crichton once more went in quest of his old friend, Robin Roughead. He found him standing in the horse-market, and “How’s a’ wi’ ye, my freend?” says Patie.

“Oh, hearty, hearty!” cries the other. “But how’s a’ wi’ ye? How is yer family?”

“Come and get the bottle o’ wine that I’ve to gie ye,” said Patie, “and I’ll tell ye a’ about it.”

“I’ll do that,” said Robin, “for my business is dune.”

So they went into the same house in the castle-wynd where they had been twelve months before, and Peter called for a bottle of wine; but he found that the house had not the wine

† Weep.

license, and was therefore content with a gill of whiskey made into toddy.

"Oh, man," said he to Robin, "I wad pay ye half a dizen bottles o' wine wi' as great cheerfu'ness as I raise this glass to my lips. It was a grand advice, that o' yours—stop the supplies."

"I am glad to hear it," said Robin. "I was sure it was the only thing that would do."

"Ye shall hear a' about it," said Patie. "After parting wi' ye I trudged hame to Birgham, and when I got to my house, before I had the sneck* of the door weel out o' hand, 'What's stopped ye to this time o' night, ye fittless, feckless cratur ye?' cried Tibby. 'Whar hae ye been? Gie an account o' yoursel'."

"'An account o' mysel'!' says I; and I gied the door a drive ahint me as if I wad driven it off the hinges. 'For what should I gie an account o' mysel'? or wha should I gie it to? I suppose this house is my ain, and I can come in and gang out when I like.'

"'Yours!' cried she; 'is the body drunk?'

"'No,' says I, 'I'm no drunk, but I wad hae you to be decent. Where is my supper? It is time that I had it.'

"'Ye micht hae come in in time to get it, then,' said she; 'folk canna keep suppers waitin' on you.'

"'But I'll gang whar I can get it,' said I; and I offered to leave the house.

"'I'll tak' the life o' ye first,' said she. 'Gie me the siller. Ye had five cogs, a dizen o' bickers, twa dizen o' piggins, three bowies, four cream-dishes and twa ladles, besides the wooden spoons that I packed up mysel'. Gie me the siller, and, you puir profligate, let me see what you hae spent.'

* Latch.

"'Gie you the siller!' says I. 'Na, na! I've dune that lang enough. I hae stopped the supplies, my woman.'

"'Stop yer breath,' cried she. 'Gie me the siller, every farthin', or woe betide ye.'

"It was needless for her to say 'every farthin', for, had I dune as I used to do, I kenned she wad search through every pocket o' my claes the moment she thocht me asleep—through every hole and corner o' them—to see if I had cheated her out o' a single penny; ay, and tak' them up and shake them and shake them after a' was dune. But I was determined to stand fast by your advice.

"'Do as ye like,' says I. 'I'll bring ye to your senses: I've stopped the supplies.'

"She saw that I wasna drunk, and my manner rather dumfounded her a little. The bairns—wha, as I have tauld ye, she aye encouraged to mock me—began to giggle at me and to mak' game o' me, as usual. I banged out o' the house and into the shop, and I took down the belt o' the bit turning-lathe, and into the house I goes again wi' it in my hand.

"'Wha makes a fule o' me now?' says I.

"And they a' laughed thegither, and I up wi' the belt and I lounded† them round the house and round the house till ane screamed and anither screamed, and even their mither got clouts in trying to run betwixt them and me; and it was wha to squeal loudest. Sae, after I had brocht them a' to ken wha I was, I awa yont to my mith-er's, and I gied her five shillings, puir body! and after stoppin' an hour wi' her, I gaed back to the house again. The bairns were abed and some o' them were still sobbin'. and

† Beat.

Tibby was sittin' by the fire; but she didna venture to say a word—I had completely astonished her—and as little said I.

"There wasna a word passed between us for three days. I was beginning to carry my head higher in the house, and 'on the fourth day I observed that she had no tea to her breakfast. A day or two after, the auldest lassie cam to me ae morning about ten o'clock, and says she,

"'Faither, I want siller for tea and sugar.'

"'Gae back to them that sent ye,' says I, 'and tell them to fare as I do, and they'll save the tea and sugar.'

"But it is of nae use dwellin' upon the subject. I did stop the supplies most effectually. I very soon brocht Tibby to ken wha was her bread-winner. An' when I saw that my object was accomplished, I showed mair kindness and affection to her than ever I had dune. The bairns became as obedient as lambs, and she soon came to say, 'Peter, should I do this thing?' or 'Peter, should I do that thing?' So, when I had brocht her that far, 'Tibby,' says I, 'we hae a butt and a ben,* and it's grievin' me to see my auld mither starvin' and left by hersel' wi' naebody to look after her. I think I'll bring her hame the morn. She'll aye be of use about the house: she'll can knit the bairns' stockin's or darn them when they are out o' the heels.'

"'Weel, Peter,' said Tibby, 'I'm sure it's as little as a son can do, and I'm perfectly agreeable.'

"I banged up; I flung my arms round Tibby's neck.

"'Oh, bless ye, my dear!' says I; 'bless ye for that! There's the key o' the kist and

the siller: frae this time henceforth do wi' it what ye like.'

"Tibby grat.† My mother cam hame to my house the next day. Tibby did everything to mak' her comfortable, a' the bairns ran at her biddin', and frae that day to this there isna a happier man on this wide world than Patie Crichton, the bicker-maker o' Birgham."

JOHN MACKAY WILSON.

TWENTY YEARS AGO.

I'VE wandered to the village, Tom, I've sat beneath the tree,
Upon the schoolhouse playground, that sheltered you and me;
But none were left to greet me, Tom, and few were left to know,
Who played with us upon the green some twenty years ago.

The grass is just as green, Tom; barefooted boys at play
Were sporting just as we did then, with spirits just as gay,
But the "master" sleeps upon the hill which, coated o'er with snow,
Afforded us a sliding-place some twenty years ago.

The old schoolhouse is altered now; the benches are replaced
By new ones very like the same our penknives once defaced;
But the same old bricks are in the wall, the bell swings to and fro,
Its music's just the same, dear Tom, 'twas twenty years ago.

* An inner apartment and a kitchen.

† Agreed

The boys were playing some old game beneath that same old tree :

I have forgot the name just now ; you've played the same with me,

On that same spot ; 'twas played with knives, by throwing so and so—

The loser had a task to do—there twenty years ago.

The river's running just as still ; the willows on its side

Are larger than they were, Tom ; the stream appears less wide ;

But the grape-vine swing is ruined now where once we played the beau

And swung our sweethearts—pretty girls—just twenty years ago.

The spring that bubbled 'neath the hill, close by the spreading beech,

Is very low : 'twas then so high that we could scarcely reach ;

And, kneeling down to get a drink, dear Tom, I started so

To see how sadly I am changed since twenty years ago.

Near by that spring, upon an elm, you know I cut your name—

Your sweetheart's just beneath it, Tom—and you did mine the same ;

Some heartless wretch has peeled the bark : 'twas dying sure but slow,

Just as she died whose name you cut some twenty years ago.

My lids have long been dry, Tom, but tears came to my eyes ;

I thought of her I loved so well, those early broken ties ;

I visited the old churchyard and took some flowers to strow

Upon the graves of those we loved some twenty years ago.

Some are in the churchyard laid, some sleep beneath the sea ;

But few are left of our old class excepting you and me ;

And when our time shall come, Tom, and we are called to go,

I hope they'll lay us where we played just twenty years ago.

ANON.

THE WORLD'S MINISTRY.

NO soul can be quite separate
However set apart by fate,
However cold or dull or shy
Or shrinking from the public eye.
The world is common to the race,
And nowhere is a hiding-place ;
Before, behind, on either side,
The surging masses press, divide ;
Behind, before, with rhythmic beat,
Is heard the tread of marching feet :
To left, to right, they urge, they fare,
And touch us here and touch us there.
Hold back your garment as you will,
The crowding world will rub it still ;
Then, since that contact needs must be,
What shall it do for you and me ?

Let every such brief contact be
A glorious helpful minstry—
The contact of the soil and seed,
Each giving to the other's need,
Each helping on the other's best,
And blessing, each, as well as blest.

SUSAN COOLIDGE.

DISCOVERY OF ROAST PIG.



MANKIND, says a Chinese manuscript, which my friend M—— was obliging enough to read and explain to me, for the first seventy thousand ages ate their meat raw, clawing or biting it from the living animal, just as they do in Abyssinia to this day. This period is not obscurely hinted at by their great Confucius in the second chapter of his *Mundane Mutations*, where he designates a kind of golden age by the term *Cho-fang*, literally “The Cooks’ Holiday.”

The manuscript goes on to say that the art of roasting, or rather broiling (which I take to be the elder brother), was accidentally discovered in the manner following.

The swineherd Ho-ti, having gone out into the woods one morning, as his manner was, to collect mast for his hogs, left his cottage in the care of his eldest son, Bo-bo, a great lubberly boy, who, being fond of playing with fire, as youngsters of his age commonly are, let some sparks escape into a bundle of straw, which, kindling quickly, spread the conflagration over every part of their poor mansion, till it was reduced to ashes. Together with the cottage (a sorry antediluvian makeshift of a building you may think it), what was of much more importance, a fine litter of new-farrowed pigs—no less than nine in number—perished. China pigs have been esteemed a luxury all over the East from the

remotest periods that we read of. Bo-bo was in the utmost consternation, as you may think—not so much for the sake of the tenement, which his father and he could easily build up again with a few dry branches and the labor of an hour or two at any time, as for the loss of the pigs. While he was thinking what he should say to his father, and wringing his hands over the smoking remnants of one of those untimely sufferers, an odor assailed his nostrils unlike any scent which he had before experienced. What could it proceed from? Not from the burnt cottage: he had smelt that smell before; indeed, this was by no means the first accident of the kind which had occurred through the negligence of this unlucky young fire-brand. Much less did it resemble that of any known herb, weed or flower. A premonitory moistening at the same time overflowed his nether lip. He knew not what to think. He next stooped down to feel the pig, if there were any signs of life in it. He burnt his fingers, and to cool them he applied them in his booby fashion to his mouth. Some of the crumbs of the scorched skin had come away with his fingers, and for the first time in his life (in the world’s life, indeed, for before him no man had known it) he tasted *crackling*. Again he felt and fumbled at the pig. It did not burn him so much now; still, he licked his fingers from a sort of habit. The truth at length broke into his slow understanding that it was the pig that smelt so, and the pig that tasted so

delicious; and, surrendering himself up to the new-born pleasure, he fell to tearing up whole handfuls of the scorched skin with the flesh next it, and was cramming it down his throat in his beastly fashion, when his sire entered amid the smoking rafters armed with retributory cudgel, and, finding how affairs stood, began to rain blows upon the young rogue's shoulders as thick as hailstones, which Bo-bo heeded not any more than if they had been flies. The tickling pleasure which he experienced in his lower regions had rendered him quite callous to any inconveniences he might feel in those remote quarters. His father might lay on, but he could not beat him from his pig till he had fairly made an end of it, when, becoming a little more sensible of his situation, something like the following dialogue ensued:

"You graceless whelp, what have you got there devouring? Is it not enough that you have burnt me down three houses with your dog's tricks, and be hanged to you, but you must be eating fire, and I know not what? What have you got there, I say?"

"Oh, father, the pig, the pig! Do come and taste how nice the burnt pig eats."

The ears of Ho-ti tingled with horror. He cursed his son, and he cursed himself that ever he should beget a son that should eat burnt pig.

Bo-bo, whose scent was wonderfully sharpened since morning, soon raked out another pig, and, fairly rending it asunder, thrust the lesser half by main force into the fists of Ho-ti, still shouting out, "Eat, eat! Eat the burnt pig, father! Only taste! O Lord!" with such-like barbarous ejaculations, cramming all the while as if he would choke.

Ho-ti trembled every joint while he grasped

the abominable thing, wavering whether he should not put his son to death for an unnatural young monster, when the crackling scorching his fingers, as it had done his son's, and applying the same remedy to them, he in his turn tasted some of its flavor, which, make what sour mouths he would for a pretence, proved not altogether displeasing to him. In conclusion (for the manuscript here is a little tedious), both father and son fairly sat down to the mess, and never left off till they had despatched all that remained of the litter.

Bo-bo was strictly enjoined not to let the secret escape, for the neighbors would certainly have stoned them for a couple of abominable wretches who could think of improving upon the good meat which God had sent them. Nevertheless, strange stories got about. It was observed that Ho-ti's cottage was burnt down now more frequently than ever. Nothing but fires from this time forward. Some would break out in broad day, others in the night-time. As often as the sow farrowed, so sure was the house of Ho-ti to be in a blaze; and Ho-ti himself, which was the more remarkable, instead of chastising his son, seemed to grow more indulgent to him than ever. At length they were watched, the terrible mystery discovered, and father and son summoned to take their trial at Peking, then an inconsiderable assize town. Evidence was given, the obnoxious food itself produced in court and verdict about to be pronounced, when the foreman of the jury begged that some of the burnt pig of which the culprits stood accused might be handed into the box. He handled it, and they all handled it; and burning their fingers, as Bo-bo and his father had done be-

fore them, and Nature prompting to each of them the same remedy, against the face of all the facts and the clearest charge which judge had ever given, to the surprise of the whole court, townsfolk, strangers, reporters and all present, without leaving the box or any manner of consultation whatever they brought in a simultaneous verdict of "Not guilty."

The judge, who was a shrewd fellow, winked at the manifest iniquity of the decision, and when the court was dismissed went privily and bought up all the pigs that could be had for love or money. In a few days His Lordship's town-house was observed to be on fire. The thing took wing, and now there was nothing to be seen but fire in every direction. Fuel and pigs grew enormously dear all over the district. The insurance-offices, one and all, shut up shop. People built slighter and slighter every day, until it was feared that the very science of architecture would in no long time be lost to the world.

Thus this custom of firing houses continued, till in process of time, says my manuscript, a sage arose, like our Locke, who made a discovery that the flesh of swine, or indeed of any other animal, might be cooked (*burnt*, as they called it) without the necessity of consuming a whole house to dress it. Then first began the rude form of a gridiron. Roasting by the string or spit came in a century or two later—I forget in whose dynasty. By such slow degrees, concludes the manuscript, do the most useful, and seemingly the most obvious, arts make their way amongst mankind.

CHARLES LAMB.

MY CASTLE IN SPAIN.

THE garret I live in is lonely ;
 I keep up no sumptuous state :
 For lackeys and grooms I have only
 Myself on myself now to wait ;
 So I've built me a marvellous mansion,
 And laid out a royal demesne,
 With a tower of imposing expansion—
 My castle in Spain.

A park of old oak trees caresses
 The glint of the summer sun there
 (Just now all the world I possess is
 Confined to a table and chair) ;
 It stands on an eminence hilly
 (At present my life is all plain) :
 Oh, it warms me to build, when I'm chilly,
 My castle in Spain.

Through my grounds winds a river sedately,
 Unlike that old pump in the yard ;
 My friends there are pompous and stately,
 And not with Bohemia tarred ;
 And yet the old friends I invite to
 Come over and share in my reign—
 They all have an equivalent right to
 My castle in Spain.

And, what gives the crowning expression
 To this sweet Iberian life,
 The range of my Spanish possession
 Is shared by a beautiful wife.
 But my pipe has gone out, and my splendid
 Old château and fair châtelaine
 With the smoke-wreath have faded, and ended
 My castle in Spain.

ANON.



POOR JACK.

H, yes! poor Jack! I mind
 him—once
 His father's white-haired
 joy:
 A grand old gentleman was
 he
 (Luff, Jack, lad!—Ship
 ahoy!),
 But he is dead now, and
 poor Jack
 Is only a sailor-boy.

Gertrude—Squire Marmion's only child—
 Heaven! how Jack's heart would quake
 At very mention of her name!
 For her dear darling sake
 He would have died—poor Jack!—and glad
 To save her heart one ache.

Her face, like sunlight on the sea,
 Made his waste life rejoice;
 Like music on his rude, rough heart
 Fell her soft, gentle voice;
 But she— Ah, well! perhaps poor Jack
 Was hardly a lady's choice.

Her hand long since had been betrothed
 To a knight of noble name,
 And even now to claim his bride,
 With wealth and martial fame,
 Son of Earl Eustace Evelyn,
 The Lord Fitzharding, came.

For long the distant war was done.
 "In one short month," wrote he,

"I shall be home again, and, love,
 No more shall parted be."
 And now—even now—there stood a ship
 On the far horizon-sea.

Beside the village wharf she stood;
 She watched the rising sail.
 "Sailor, what ship is that?" she cried.
 Poor Jack! the fiercest gale
 Had never scared his heart, but now
 His very soul did fail.

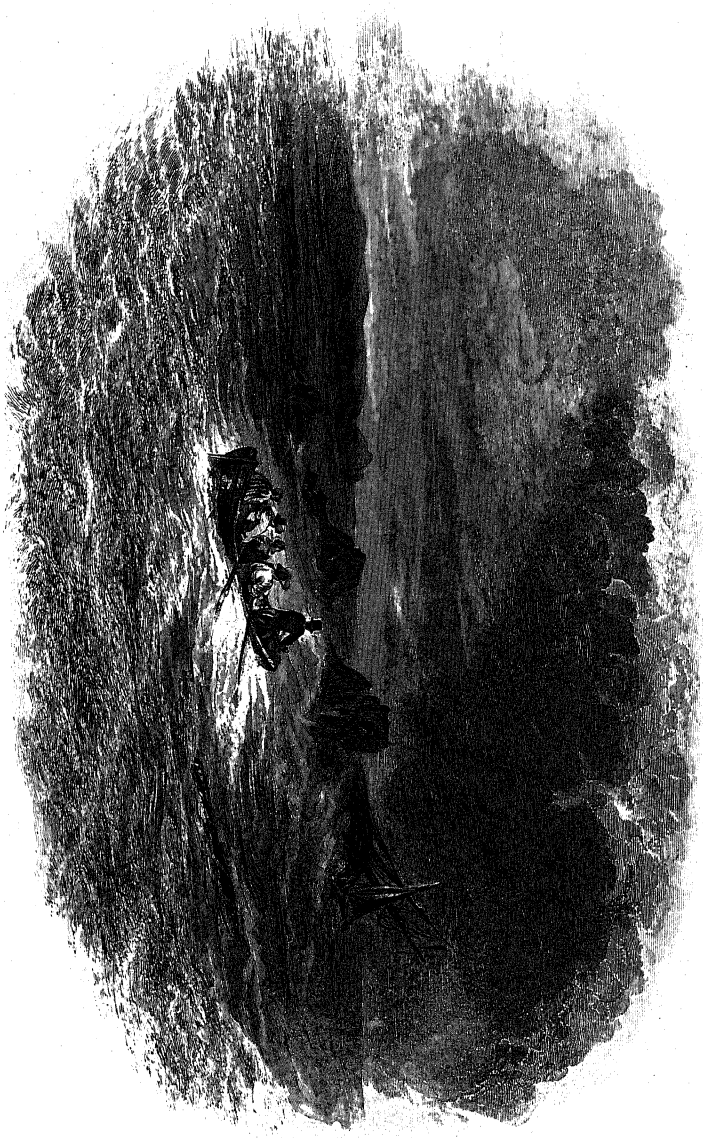
He knew the ship. He turned; he raised
 His mariner's glass to her eyes,
 And held it silently while she
 Watched the ship rise and rise.
 Like a ship of blood it rose and rose
 In the blood-red sunset skies.

"'Tis he—'tis he!" Down sank the sun
 And a white mist veiled the moon,
 And a low rain-cloud rose up from the sea
 And blackened the blood-red dune;
 And, big with swollen storm, the skies
 Drooped in a slumberous swoon.

Then down it flashed. With sleet and snow
 The very dark grew pale,
 And the plunging billows, bursting, seethed
 In the wind and the whistling hail,
 And the blown surge hissed in a rushing
 stream
 Of foam before the gale.

She stood so near on his cheek he felt
 One touch of a stray blown tress;

The Rescue.



He heard her voice, when, lo ! O God !
 From the wild wave wilderness
 The boom of a distant minute-gun
 And the flash of a light of distress.

Down, down the bellying tempest swooped
 With death in its blackening womb ;
 Blinding the flash of the lights of distress,
 The white sheet flared through the gloom,
 And, deadening the sound of the gun, she
 heard
 The thundering breakers' boom.

And now red lights like beacon-fires
 Blaze from the ship's black hull,
 Flaring the dread rocks round. O God !
 How many a ghastly skull
 Of drowned men lies, where they lie now,
 On the reef of Innishtrahull !

Anon, in a huge sea-swoop, the ship
 Is gulfed in the blown sea-caves ;
 Anon, high heaved in air, the lamps
 Glare on the hollow waves,
 That open beneath the sinking ship
 Like yawning bloody graves.

The tumbling seas swoop ; the plunging foam
 bursts,
 And the drenched lamps glimmer between.
 Father of life, will they see on shore
 The sinking ship's signal sheen ?
 O God of storm, thou art God of love :
 Ye are seen, pale lights, ye are seen !

" Out with the lifeboat ! " rang the shout,
 And the stormy winds did blow ;
 " Out with the lifeboat !—Steady, my lads !
 Down with her ! Steady, boys—so.
 Bend to it, all ; together, lads, now !
 Hurrah ! away we go ! "

Anon the boom of the minute-gun
 Rang low through the breezes' roar,
 And the lifeboat plunged through the plung-
 ing foam,
 And a lantern from the shore
 Showed Jack at the stern with his rough
 brave hand
 Clutching the strong stroke-oar.

" Steady ! " he cried. " Head her, my lads,
 Where the thundering billows break ;
 Out where the red lamps blaze, my boys :
 Let the broken sea boil in our wake ;
 And save him, save him, save him, lads,
 For Gertrude Marmion's sake ! "

And the maiden prayed : " O Father, thou
 Who stillest the raging sea,
 Go with them through the deep ; O thou,
 Father, their pilot be,
 And guide them home, and bring—oh, bring—
 My true love back to me.

" The lights on the ship—look, look ! " she
 cried—
 " They are dying one by one ;
 No more across the wild storm comes
 The boom of the signal-gun.
 They have reached the ship—they have
 reached the ship !
 Thank God ! Brave souls, well done ! "

Ho ! how the foam flew all around
 Like a dead man's winding sheet !
 A cheer, a crash. The lifeboat swift
 Through the whistling hail and the sleet,
 Cleaving the rushing foam, it came,
 And, plunging, dashed at her feet.

In his arms she lay. " At last, true heart,
 We have met for evermore."

"Saved, saved!" she cried; "thank God ye
are saved—

All saved, all safe on shore!"

"All saved," he said, "except the brave,
Brave lad that rowed stroke-oar.

"Brave soul! he saved us all; and when
His work of life was done,

We saw him in the foam-light stand
Beside the signal-gun,
Heaving the red lamps overboard
Slowly and one by one.

"We thought him mad. On the deck he
stood

Like giant chained by a spell,
Heaving the red lamps overboard;

And when the last lamp fell,
'Heave-to,' he cried. 'Thank God! 'tis
done!
And now she knows all's well.'

"Like a ghost in the flashing foam he stood
Aloft on the hurricane-deck;

But when for the leap of life he rushed,
And we neared the lifeboat back,
The struck ship plunged, and he, brave soul!
Sank with the sinking wreck."

At daybreak from the smiling sky
The stormy clouds had cleared,
And round the dewy headland cliff
A slender shallop sheered,
And Lord Fitzharding rowed the oars
And Gertrude Marmion steered.

"This is the place," he said—"just here—
Where poor Jack's body dwells;"
And overboard, with many a tear,
Among the weeds and shells,

She dropped it down into his grave—
A wreath of immortelles.

So passed the spring; and when the fields
Were green with summer corn,
She and the noble lord were wed;
And when the next May morn
Gleamed sweetly on the waveless sea,
Her first boy-babe was born.

And the husband stooped and laid his arms
About his pale wife's neck.

"We'll call our son," he said, "to bring
My father's dead name back,
Eustace Fitzharding."—"Nay," she said,
"We'll call his name plain JACK."

And night by night (the old folks say)
There comes a wild sea-gull,
And sitteth like a great white dove,
Moaning and beautiful,
Above the wreck and the body of Jack,
On the reef of Innishtrahull.

SAMUEL K. COWAN.

UNDER THE WILLOWS.

UNDER the willows that grow by the
river

Our little bark glides on its musical way;
The wavelets are flecked with the tremulous
quiver

Of sunshine and shadow at riotous play.
We float past a tangle of whispering rushes
Asway 'neath, each zephyr that steals
through the glade,
And noiselessly glide through the dim, silent
hushes

That brood in the cool, dewy coverts of
shade.

White lilies stand, graceful and still, in the shadow,
 Like pure contemplatives in rapturous trance;
 Pale sunbeams are gliding about through the hollow
 And drop o'er the covert their tremulous slants,
 While on glides our boat o'er the musical waters
 Whose faint, dreamy splashes just ripple the air,
 And flutter the couch where the stream's regal daughters,
 The pale water-lilies, lie languid and fair.

I watch a fair head bowed in sweet meditation,
 Whose tresses, 'twould seem, weave a halo of light
 Round a face like a saint's lost in rapt adoration,
 While low droop the golden-fringed curtains of white
 O'er eyes in whose depths a sweet rapture is brooding,
 That tints the pale blossoms that bloom in her cheek
 With the blushes which tell of a pure heart's awakening
 To ecstasy such as no tongue could e'er speak.

Still on glides our boat o'er the shimmering river;
 Each heart with the other in unison beats,
 While through the green willows the cool zephyrs shiver
 And bear to us burdens of odorous sweets.

Ah! life seems a tender and rapturous dreaming
 Here under the willows this sweet summer day,
 And I'd be content, with my love for companion,
 To float o'er this river for ever and aye.

KATE CLYDE.

THE MISER.

BUT there was one in folly further gone,
 With eye awry, incurable and wild,
 The laughing-stock of devils and of men
 And by his guardian angel quite given up—
 The miser, who with dust inanimate
 Held wedded intercourse. Ill-guided wretch!
 Thou might'st have seen him at the mid-night hour,
 When good men slept and in light-winged dreams
 Ascended up to God, in wasteful hall,
 With vigilance and fasting worn to skin
 And bone, and wrapped in most debasing rags—
 Thou might'st have seen him bending o'er his heaps
 And holding strange communion with his gold,
 And, as his thievish fancy seemed to hear
 The night-man's foot approach, starting alarmed,
 And in his old, decrepit, withered hand,
 That palsy shook, grasping the yellow earth
 To make it sure. Of all God made upright
 And in their nostrils breathed a living soul,
 Most fallen, most prone, most earthy, most debased;
 Of all that sold eternity for time,
 None bargained on so easy terms with death.

Illustrious fool! Nay, most inhuman wretch!
 He sat among his bags, and, with a look
 Which hell might be ashamed of, drove the
 poor

Away unalmsed, and 'midst abundance died;
 Sorest of evils, died of utter want!

ROBERT POLLOK.

THE WOODCHOPPER'S SWEETHEART.

SHE is come to my warm wood-hollow
 As light as a bird on the snow,
 Skimming the crust like a swallow,

My Jo,

Her foot like a white hare's leaping when the
 ragged moon is low.

Where the great hill, heavenward stum-
 bling,

Swells up like a huge ox-bow,
 In a blind white cataract tumbling,

My Jo

Stands shading her eyes in the dazzle between
 the sky and the snow,

Then, warily, lightly, descending,

With a step alert yet slow,

Her lithe shape swaying and bending,

My Jo,

Her arms flung out to save her from the
 treacherous slope below.

And I, growing dizzy, eyes straining,

Half blinded, the sun on the snow,

No carelessness hiding or feigning,

My Jo—

From my fingers the axe dropped unheeded,
 the minutes drag heavy and slow.

Ah, Jo! does my waiting displease you?

Is it folly to think of you so?

I could not torment and tease you,

My Jo,

As you torture me while I wrestle with
 doubts that are giants to throw.

You seat yourself—still at a distance—

On a tree that this arm has laid low,
 All breathless with laughing resistance,

My Jo,

'Neath your white furs warmly resenting the
 buffets of wind and of snow.

If I gave you hard words would you shun
 me,

Or flatter me then as your foe?

If your coldness less easily won me,

My Jo,

Would you dazzle me much with the kindness
 old Winter stands ready to show?

I can work for your bread or your pleasure,

At your bidding to come and to go;

The strength of my love you can measure,

My Jo,

By the length of the suns that I labor, by the
 force of each far-splitting blow.

You look at me coldly reproving

Because of the weakness I show;

You scorn me, so dog-like and loving,

My Jo;

I will bend to the hardest of masters: in that
 weakness I cannot o'erthrow.

I will eat, and stretch up as a giant;

I will sleep, and my courage shall grow;

The pith of the ash shall turn pliant,

My Jo—

Tough hickory bend like a sapling, the blood
 of the maple shall flow.

Not here? As for me, am I learning
 The lesson so painful and slow?
 In my dark cheek the blood, too, is burn-
 ing,

My Jo,

And I strain my eyes farther and farther to
 the rambling speck on the snow.

ELAINE GOODALE.

RUTH.

SHE stood breast-high amid the corn,
 Clasped by the golden light of morn,
 Like the sweetheart of the sun,
 Who many a glowing kiss had won.

On her cheek an autumn flush
 Deeply ripened: such a blush
 In the midst of brown was born,
 Like red poppies grown with corn.

Round her eyes her tresses fell;
 Which were blackest none could tell,
 But long lashes veiled a light
 That had else been all too bright.

And her hat, with shady brim,
 Made her tressy forehead dim;
 Thus she stood amid the stooks,
 Praising God with sweetest looks.

Sure, I said, Heaven did not mean
 Where I reap thou shouldst but glean;
 Lay thy sheaf adown and come,
 Share my harvest and my home.

THOMAS HOOD.

MAN IN NATURE.

PLACED on this isthmus of a middle
 state,

A being darkly wise and rudely great,
 With too much knowledge for the sceptic
 side,

With too much weakness for the stoic's
 pride,

He hangs between, in doubt to act or rest,
 In doubt to deem himself a god or beast,

In doubt his mind or body to prefer;

Born but to die and reas'ning but to err,

Alike in ignorance, his reason such,

Whether he thinks too little or too much;

Chaos of thought and passion, all con-
 fused;

Still by himself abused or disabused;

Created half to rise, and half to fall;

Great lord of all things, yet a prey to all;

Sole judge of truth, in endless error hurled,

The glory, jest and riddle of the world!

Go, wond'rous creature! mount where Science
 guides;

Go measure earth, weigh air and state the
 tides;

Instruct the planets in what orbs to run,

Correct old Time and regulate the Sun;

Go soar with Plato to the empyreal sphere,

To the first good, first perfect and first fair;

Go teach Eternal Wisdom how to rule,

Then drop into thyself, and be a fool.

Superior beings, when of late they saw

A mortal man unfold all Nature's law,

Admired such wisdom in an earthly shape,

And showed a Newton as we show an ape.

ALEXANDER POPE.



Painted by F. Wheatley, R.A.

Engraved by E. Galleudot.

Ruth.

LIGHT.

HAIL, holy light! Offspring of heaven
 first-born,
 Or of th' Eternal co-eternal beam,
 May I express thee unblamed, since God is
 light,
 And never but in unapproachèd light
 Dwelt from eternity, dwelt then in thee,
 Bright effluence of bright essence increate?
 Or hearest thou rather, pure ethereal stream,
 Whose fountain who shall tell? Before the
 sun,
 Before the heavens, thou wert, and at the
 voice
 Of God, as with a mantle, didst invest
 The rising world of waters dark and deep,
 Won from the void and formless infinite.
 Thee I revisit now with bolder wing,
 Escaped the Stygian pool, though long de-
 tained
 In that obscure sojourn, while in my flight
 Through utter and through middle darkness
 borne,
 With other notes than to th' Orphean lyre
 I sung of Chaos and eternal Night,
 Taught by the heavenly Muse to venture
 down
 The dark descent, and up to reascend,
 Though hard and rare. Thee I revisit safe,
 And feel thy sov'reign vital lamp; but thou
 Revisitst not these eyes, that roll in vain
 To find thy piercing ray and find no dawn,
 So thick a drop serene hath quenched their
 orbs,
 Or dim suffusion veiled. Yet not the more
 Cease I to wander where the Muses haunt
 Clear spring or shady grove or sunny hill,
 Smit with the love of sacred song; but
 chief,
 Thee, Sion, and the flowery brooks beneath,

That wash thy hallowed feet and warbling
 flow,
 Nightly I visit, nor sometimes forget
 Those other two equalled with me in fate,
 So were I equalled with them in renown,
 Blind Thamyras and blind Mæonides,
 And Tiresias and Phineus, prophets old,
 Then fed on thoughts that voluntary move
 Harmonious numbers, as the wakeful bird
 Sings darkling, and in shadiest covert hid
 Tunes her nocturnal note. Thus with the year
 Seasons return, but not to me returns
 Day, or the sweet approach of even or morn,
 Or sight of vernal bloom, or summer's rose,
 Or flocks, or herds, or human face divine;
 But cloud instead, and ever-during dark
 Surrounds me, from the cheerful ways of men
 Cut off, and for the book of knowledge fair
 Presented with a universal blank
 Of Nature's works to me expunged and rased,
 And Wisdom at one entrance quite shut out.
 So much the rather, thou celestial Light,
 Shine inward, and the mind through all her
 powers
 Irradiate. There plant eyes; all mist from
 thence
 Purge and disperse, that I may see and tell
 Of things invisible to mortal sight.

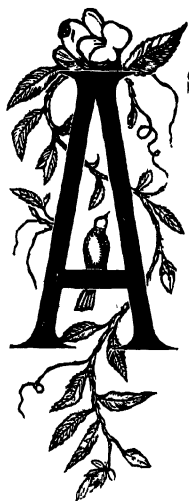
JOHN MILTON.

WHAT IS FAME?

WHAT is fame and what is glory?
 A dream, a lying jester's story,
 To tickle fools withal, or be
 A theme for second infancy.
 A word of praise, perchance of blame,
 The wreck of a time-banded name—
 This, this is glory, this is fame.

WILLIAM MOTHERWELL.

THE SIDEREAL HEAVENS.



THE MILKY WAY.

As we advance in our survey of the distant regions of the universe the astonishing grandeur and extent of the sidereal heavens gradually open to our view. Had we no other objects to engage our attention, ages might be spent in contemplating and admiring the economy and magnificence of those starry groups which appear to the unaided eye on the nearer boundary of our firmament. But all that is visible to man's unassisted vision is as nothing when compared with the immensity of august and splendid objects which stretch themselves in boundless perspective toward infinity. The discoveries of modern astronomy have enlarged the sphere of our conceptions far beyond what could have been formerly surmised, and opened to view a universe boundless as its Creator, where human imagination is lost and confounded, and in which man appears like a mere microscopic animalculum and his whole habitation as a particle of vapor when compared to the ocean. In contemplating the visible firmament with the unassisted eye we behold only the mere portals, as it were, which lead to the interior recesses of the vast temple of creation. When we direct our views beyond these outer portals by means of the

most powerful telescopes, we obtain a view of some of its more magnificent porches and a faint glimpse of those splendid apartments which we shall never be able to explore, but which lead us to form the most august conceptions of the extent and grandeur of what is concealed from our view. In entering this temple "not made with hands," the splendor of its decorations, the amplitude of its scale and the awfulness of infinitude forcibly strike the imagination. There is sufficient to awaken into exercise all the powers and feelings of devotion, and to excite us to fall down in humility and adoration before Him whose word spoke into existence this astonishing fabric, and "whose kingdom ruleth over all."

When we take a general view of the heavens about the months of August, September and October and during the winter months, we cannot fail observing a large irregular whitish zone stretching across the sky, with a few interruptions, from one end of the firmament to another. This mighty zone thus stretching itself around us is sometimes termed the "Galaxy," sometimes the "Via Lactea," but more frequently, in plain English, the "Milky Way," from its resemblance to the whiteness of milk. This luminous band is visible to every observer, and is the only real and sensible circle in the heavens. When traced throughout its different directions, it is found to encircle the whole sphere of the heavens, though in some parts of its course it is broader and more

brilliant than in others. In all ages, so far as we know, this wonderful zone has retained the same position among the constellations as at the present day, and is frequently alluded to both by the astronomers and the poets of antiquity. Thus Ovid, on account of its lustre, represents it as the high-road to heaven, or the court of Jupiter :

“ A way there is in heaven’s extended plain
Which, when the skies are clear, is seen below,
And mortals by the name of *Milky* know;
The groundwork is of stars, through which the road
Lies open to the Thunderer’s abode.”

And Milton, in his “ *Paradise Lost*,” alludes to it in these lines :

“ A broad and ample road whose dust is gold,
And pavement stars, as stars to us appear;
Seen in the galaxy that *Milky Way*,
Like to a circling zone powdered with stars.”

The ancients seem to have conjectured that the whiteness of this zone was owing to a confluence of stars; for Ovid, in the lines above quoted, says, “ The groundwork is of stars.” Soon after the invention of the telescope this conjecture was confirmed, and astronomers were astonished at the number of stars which appeared in this bright zone of the heavens; and their number appeared to be increased in proportion to the magnifying powers of their telescopes.

Let us pause for a moment and consider the august spectacle presented to view. We behold a few whitish spaces in the firmament almost overlooked by a common observer when he casts a rude glance upon the evening sky, yet in this apparently irregular belt, which appears only like an accidental tinge on the face of the firmament, we discover by optical instruments what appears to be an

amazing and boundless universe. We behold not only ten thousands, but millions, of splendid suns where not a single orb can be perceived by the unassisted eye. The distance at which these luminous globes are placed from our abode is altogether overwhelming; even the most lively imagination drops its wings when attempting its flight into such unfathomable regions. The scenes of grandeur and magnificence connected with such august objects are utterly overwhelming to such frail and limited beings as man, and perhaps even more exalted orders of intelligences may find it difficult to form even an approximate idea of objects so distant, so numerous and so sublime.

On our first excursions into the celestial regions we are almost frightened at the idea of the distance of such a body as Saturn, which a cannon-ball projected from the earth and flying with its utmost velocity would not reach in one hundred and eighty years. We are astonished at the size of such a planet as Jupiter, which could contain within its circumference more than a thousand globes as large as the earth. We are justly amazed at the stupendous magnitude of the sun, which is a thousand times the size of Jupiter, and which illuminates with its splendor a sphere of more than five thousand million of miles in circumference. But what are all such distances and dimensions, vast and amazing as they are, compared with the astonishing grandeur of the scene before us? They sink into comparative insignificance and are almost lost sight of amid the myriads of splendid suns which occupy the profundities of the *Milky Way*. What is one sun and one planetary system in the presence of ten million of suns perhaps far more

resplendent, and of a hundred times this number of spacious worlds which doubtless revolve around them? Yet this scene, stupendous as it is, is not the universe. It is perhaps only a comparatively small corner of creation, which beings at an immensely greater distance will behold as an obscure and scarcely discernible speck on the outskirts of their firmament; so that amidst this vast assemblage of material existence we may say, in the language of the inspired prophet when speaking of the Almighty, that even here is but "the hiding of his power." What, then, must the whole of creation be? and what must be the ineffable splendor and majesty of Him who laid the plan of the mighty fabric, whose breath kindled so many millions of suns, whose hands set in motion so many myriads of rolling worlds, who supports them in their ample and diversified courses, and whose moral government extends over all? And what is man and the globe on which he dwells amid this scene of immensity and magnificence? An atom in the infinity of space; a particle of vapor compared to the ocean; a being who, in respect to the magnificence of creation and the grandeur of his Creator, is "as nothing, and is counted to him as less than nothing and vanity."

Yet, amid all the magnificence of this vast system of universal nature, man is not forgotten by his Maker: his hand supports him, his wisdom guides him and his overflowing goodness provides in a thousand different modes for his happiness and enjoyment. He shares of the divine beneficence and care in common with all the bright intelligences that people the amplitudes of creation, and is as amply provided for as if

the Almighty had no other world under his superintendence. Within the moral government of the Creator of the universe he may rest secure and confident that he is not overlooked amid the immensity of being, for his presence pervades the infinity of space, and his knowledge extends to the minutest movements of all his creatures. Under his paternal care not only man, but the crawling worm, the fluttering insect, the little ant, and even the microscopic animalculum, find a home and provisions, as well as the highest order of his creatures; for "he openeth his hand and supplieth the wants of every living being."

IMMENSITY OF CREATION.

Ascending from the Milky Way to the still remoter regions of space, we perceive several thousands of dim specks of light which powerful telescopes resolve into immense clusters of stars. These nebulae, as they are called, may be considered as so many milky ways, and some of them are supposed even "to outvie our Milky Way in grandeur." Above three thousand of these nebulae have been discovered; and if only two thousand be supposed to be resolvable into starry groups and to be as rich in stars at an average as our Milky Way, then we are presented with a scene which comprises more than forty thousand million of stars. And if we suppose, as formerly, fifty planetary globes to be connected with each, we have exhibited before us a prospect which includes two billion nineteen thousand one hundred million of worlds. Of such a number of bodies we can form no distinct conception, and much less can we form even a rude or approximate idea of the grandeur

and magnificence which the whole of such a scene must display. Were we to suppose each of these bodies to pass in review before us every minute, it would require more than three million eight hundred and forty thousand years of unremitting observation before the whole could be contemplated even in this rapid manner. Were an hour's contemplation allotted to each, it would require two hundred and thirty million four hundred thousand years till all the series passed under review; and were we to suppose an intelligent being to remain fifty years in each world for the purpose of taking a more minute survey of its peculiar scenery and decorations, one hundred billion nine hundred and fifty thousand million of years would elapse before such a survey could be completed—a number of years which to limited minds seems to approximate to something like eternity itself.

Still, all this countless assemblage of suns and worlds is not the universe. Although we could range on the wings of a seraph through all this confluence of sidereal systems, it is more than probable that we should find ourselves standing only on the verge of creation, and that a boundless prospect stretching toward infinity on every side would still be presented to view; for we cannot suppose for a moment that the empire of Omnipotence terminates at the boundaries of human vision even when assisted by the most powerful instruments. Other intelligences may have powers of vision capable of penetrating into space a hundred times farther than ours when assisted with all the improvements of art, but even such beings cannot be supposed to have penetrated to the uttermost boundaries of creation. Man in future ages, by the improvements of

optical instruments, may be able to penetrate much farther into the remote regions of space than he has hitherto done, and may descry myriads of objects which have hitherto remained invisible in the unexplored regions of immensity. Ever since the invention of the telescope one discovery has followed another in almost regular succession. In proportion to the increase and activity of astronomical observers and the improvement of the instruments of observation, the more remote spaces of creation have been explored and new scenes of the universe laid open to human contemplation. And who shall set boundaries to the improvement and discoveries of future and more enlightened generations? Before the invention of the telescope it would have been foolish to have asserted that no more stars existed than those which were visible to the naked eye, and after Galileo had discovered with his first telescopes hundreds of stars which were previously unknown, it would have been equally absurd to have maintained that the telescope would never be further improved and that no additional stars would afterward be discovered. It would be a position equally untenable to maintain that we shall never be able to descry objects in the heavens beyond the boundaries which we have hitherto explored, since science has only lately commenced its rapid progress, and since man is little more than just beginning to employ his powers in such investigations.

But, however extensive may be the discoveries of future ages, we may lay it down as an axiom that neither man nor any other rank of finite beings will ever be able to penetrate to the farthest boundaries of the creation. It would be presumptuous to sup-

pose that a being like man—whose stature is comprehended within the extent of two yards, who vanishes from sight at the distance of a German mile, whose whole habitation sinks into an invisible point at the distance of Jupiter, who resides on one of the smallest class of bodies in the universe, and whose powers of vision and of intellect are so limited—should be able to extend his views to the extreme limits of the empire of the Eternal and to descry all the systems which are dispersed throughout the range of infinitude. It is more reasonable to believe that all that has yet been discovered of the operations of Omnipotence that lie within the boundaries of human vision is but a very small portion of what actually exists within the limits of creation; that the two billion nineteen thousand million of worlds which we have assumed as the scene of the visible universe are only as a single star to the whole visible firmament, or even as a single grain of sand to all the myriads of particles which cover the seashores and the bed of the ocean, when compared with what lies beyond the utmost range of mortal vision; for who can set bounds to infinitude or to the operations of Him whose power is omnipotent, “whose ways are unsearchable” and “whose understanding is infinite”? All that we have yet discovered of creative existence, vast and magnificent as it appears, may be only a small corner of some mightier scheme which stretches throughout the length and breadth of immensity, of which the highest created intellect may have only a few faint glimpses, which will be gradually opening to view throughout the revolutions of eternity, and which will never be fully explored during all the periods of an interminable exist-

ence. What is seen and known of creation may be as nothing compared with what is unseen and unknown; and, as the ages of eternity roll on, the empire of the Almighty may be gradually expanding in its extent and receiving new additions to its glory and magnificence.

Hence we may conclude that there is no created being, even of the highest order of intelligences, that will ever be able to survey the whole scene of the universe. Of course, man, though destined to immortality, will never acquire a complete knowledge of the whole range of the Creator's operations even during the endless existence which lies before him; for his faculties, however much expanded in that state, will be utterly inadequate to grasp a scene so boundless and august. It will be a part of his happiness that he will never be able to comprehend the universe; for at every period of his future existence he will still behold a boundless prospect stretched out before him, with new objects continually rising to view, in the contemplation of which innumerable ages may roll away without the least apprehension of ever arriving at the termination of the scene. Were a superior intelligence ever to arrive at such a point, from that moment his happiness would be diminished, his love and adoration of the Supreme would wax faint and languid and he would feel as if nothing new and transporting were to be added to his enjoyments throughout all the periods of his future existence. But the immensity of the universe and the boundless nature of the dominions of “the King Eternal” will for ever prevent any such effects from being produced in the case of all virtuous and holy intelligences.

All the vast systems to which we have alluded are the workmanship of an infinite and eternal being and display the grandeur of his perfections. It is impossible that such an amazing universe, arranged with such exquisite order and all the bodies it contains moving with such regular and rapid motions, could have formed itself or been produced by the fortuitous concourse of atoms. The very surmise that such a thing was possible is one of the wildest hallucinations that ever entered the human mind. It is a first principle connected with the constitution of every intellectual nature, and without the admission of which there can be no reasoning, that there is a "connection between cause and effect," and that "every effect must have a corresponding cause adequate to its production." The universe is an effect the most sublime and glorious which the human mind can contemplate, and the natural and necessary conclusion which it almost instinctively draws is that it is the production of an eternal, intelligent and almighty Being. This is a conclusion which has been deduced by men of all nations and in every period of the world. "There is no nation or people," says Cicero, "so barbarous and ignorant as not to acknowledge a powerful and supreme divinity."

It is as natural for the human understanding, in its original and unbiassed state, when contemplating the frame of the universe, to infer the existencè of a deity as it is the property of the eye to distinguish light and colors, and of the ear to distinguish sounds. The principle from which this conclusion is deduced is exactly the same as that by which, from the contemplation of a building, we infer a builder, and from the elegance and utility

of every part of the structure we conclude that he was a wise and skilful architect, or that by which, from an inspection of a clock or watch, or any other piece of useful machinery, we infer not only the existence, but the qualities and attributes, of the contriver and artificer. If we thus necessarily infer the cause from the effect in the case of human art, can we for a moment hesitate to ascribe the production of this amazing universe which surrounds us to a Being of infinite knowledge, wisdom and power adequate to bring into existence such an immense and wonderful machine, and to preserve it in harmony from age to age amid all its diversified and complicated movements?

THOMAS DICK, LL.D.

THOMAS DICK, LL.D.

THIS author was born near Dundee, Scotland, November 24, 1774. He was educated for a clergyman, and afterward taught school for several years at Perth. He is styled "the Christian Philosopher"—a well-merited appellation which had its origin from the title of one of his works. Among his most popular writings are *The Celestial Scenery* and *The Sidereal Heavens*, which were published A. D. 1837 and A. D. 1841. His works "are written in a popular and fascinating style, and manifest great aptitude for simplifying scientific subjects and rendering them interesting to non-scientific scholars." To the general reader they give glowing descriptions of the immensity and the grandeur of the universe. He died July 29, 1857.

A ROMANTIC ADVENTURE WITH A MIDDLE-AGED LADY IN
YELLOW CURL-PAPERS.

R. PICKWICK, in company with a japanned candlestick, was conducted through a multitude of tortuous windings to his bedroom in the hotel.

"This is your room, sir," said the chambermaid.

"Very well," replied Mr. Pickwick, looking round him. It was a tolerably large double-bedded room with a

fire—upon the whole, a more comfortable-looking-apartment than Mr. Pickwick's short experience of the accommodations of the Great White Horse had led him to expect. "Nobody sleeps in the other bed, of course," said Mr. Pickwick.

"Oh no, sir."

"Very good. Tell my servant to bring me up some hot water at half-past eight in the morning, and that I shall not want him any more to-night."

"Yes, sir;" and, bidding Mr. Pickwick "Good-night," the chambermaid retired and left him alone.

Mr. Pickwick sat himself down in a chair before the fire and fell into a train of rambling meditations. First he thought of his friends, and wondered when they would join him; then his mind reverted to Mrs. Martha Bardell, and from that lady it wandered, by a natural process, to the dingy counting-house of Dodson & Fogg. From Dodson & Fogg's it flew off at a tangent to the

very centre of the history of the queer client, and then it came back to the Great White Horse at Ipswich with sufficient clearness to convince Mr. Pickwick that he was falling asleep; so he roused himself and began to undress, when he recollected he had left his watch on the table down stairs.

Now, this watch was a special favorite with Mr. Pickwick, having been carried about beneath the shadow of his waistcoat for a greater number of years than we feel called upon to state at present. The possibility of going to sleep unless it were ticking gently beneath his pillow or in his watch-pocket over his head had never entered Mr. Pickwick's brain. So, as it was pretty late now and he was unwilling to ring his bell at that hour of the night, he slipped on his coat, of which he had just divested himself, and, taking the japanned candlestick in his hand, walked quietly down stairs.

The more stairs Mr. Pickwick went down, the more stairs there seemed to be to descend; and again and again when Mr. Pickwick got into some narrow passage, and began to congratulate himself on having gained the ground-floor, did another flight of stairs appear before his astonished eyes. At last he reached a stone hall which he remembered to have seen when he entered the house. Passage after passage did he explore; room after room did he peep into. At length, just as he was on the point of giving up the search in despair, he opened the door of the iden-

tical room in which he had spent the evening, and beheld his missing property on the table.

Mr. Pickwick seized the watch in triumph and proceeded to retrace his steps to his bed-chamber. If his progress downward had been attended with difficulties and uncertainty, his journey back was infinitely more perplexing. Rows of doors garnished with boots of every shape, make and size branched off in every possible direction. A dozen times did he softly turn the handle of some bedroom door which resembled his own, when a gruff cry from within of "Who the devil's that?" or "What do you want here?" caused him to steal away on tiptoe with a marvellous celerity. He was reduced to the verge of despair, when an open door attracted his attention. He peeped in: right at last. There were the two beds, whose situation he perfectly remembered, and the fire still burning. His candle—not a long one when he first received it—had flickered away in the draughts of air through which he had passed, and sunk into the socket just as he closed the door after him.

"No matter," said Mr. Pickwick; "I can undress myself just as well by the light of the fire."

The bedsteads stood one on each side of the door, and on the inner side of each was a little path, terminating in a rush-bottomed chair just wide enough to admit of a person's getting into or out of bed on that side if he or she thought proper. Having carefully drawn the curtains of his bed on the outside, Mr. Pickwick sat down on the rush-bottomed chair and leisurely divested himself of his shoes and gaiters. He then took off and

folded up his coat, waistcoat and neckcloth, and, slowly drawing on his tasselled night-cap, secured it firmly on his head by tying beneath his chin the strings which he had always attached to that article of dress. It was at this moment that the absurdity of his recent bewilderment struck upon his mind; and, throwing himself back in the rush-bottomed chair, Mr. Pickwick laughed to himself so heartily that it would have been quite delightful to any man of well-constituted mind to have watched the smiles which expanded his amiable features as they shone forth from beneath the night-cap.

"It is the best idea," said Mr. Pickwick to himself, smiling till he almost cracked the nightcap strings—"it is the best idea, my losing myself in this place and wandering about those staircases, that I ever heard of. Droll, droll—very droll!"

Here Mr. Pickwick smiled again, a broader smile than before, and was about to continue the process of undressing in the best possible humor, when he was suddenly stopped by a most unexpected interruption—to wit, the entrance into the room of some person with a candle, who, after locking the door, advanced to the dressing-table and set down the light upon it.

The smile that played on Mr. Pickwick's features was instantaneously lost in a look of the most unbounded and wonder-stricken surprise. The person, whoever it was, had come in so suddenly and with so little noise that Mr. Pickwick had no time to call out or oppose their entrance. Who could it be? A robber! Some evil-minded person who had seen him come up stairs with a handsome watch in his hand, perhaps. What was he to do?

The only way in which Mr. Pickwick could catch a glimpse of his mysterious visitor with the least danger of being seen himself was by creeping on to the bed and peeping out from between the curtains on the opposite side. To this manœuvre he accordingly resorted. Keeping the curtains carefully closed with his hand, so that nothing more of him could be seen than his face and nightcap, and putting on his spectacles, he mustered up courage and looked out.

Mr. Pickwick almost fainted with horror and dismay. Standing before the dressing-glass was a middle-aged lady in yellow curl-papers busily engaged in brushing what ladies call their "back-hair." However the unconscious middle-aged lady came into that room, it was quite clear that she contemplated remaining there for the night; for she had brought a rushlight and shade with her, which, with praiseworthy precaution against fire, she had stationed in a basin on the floor, where it was glimmering away like a gigantic lighthouse in a particularly small piece of water.

"Bless my soul!" thought Mr. Pickwick. "What a dreadful thing!"

"Hem!" said the lady; and in went Mr. Pickwick's head with automaton-like rapidity.

"I never met with anything so awful as this," thought poor Mr. Pickwick, the cold perspiration starting in drops upon his nightcap—"never. This is fearful."

It was quite impossible to resist the urgent desire to see what was going forward; so out went Mr. Pickwick's head again. The prospect was worse than before. The middle-aged lady had finished arranging her hair and carefully enveloped it in a muslin night-

cap with a small plaited border, and was gazing pensively on the fire.

"This matter is growing alarming," reasoned Mr. Pickwick with himself. "I can't allow things to go on in this way. By the self-possession of that lady, it's clear to me that I must have come into the wrong room. If I call out, she'll alarm the house; but if I remain here, the consequence will be still more frightful."

Mr. Pickwick, it is quite unnecessary to say, was one of the most modest and delicate-minded of mortals. The very idea of exhibiting his nightcap to a lady overpowered him, but he had tied these confounded strings in a knot, and, do what he would, he couldn't get it off. The disclosure must be made. There was only one other way of doing it. He shrunk behind the curtains and called out very loudly,

"Ha—hum!"

That the lady started at this unexpected sound was evident by her falling up against the rushlight shade; that she persuaded herself it must have been the effect of imagination was equally clear; for when Mr. Pickwick, under the impression that she had fainted away, stone-dead from fright, ventured to peep out again, she was gazing pensively on the fire as before.

"Most extraordinary female this," thought Mr. Pickwick, popping in again. "Ha—hum!"

These last sounds, so like those in which, as legends inform us, the ferocious giant Blunderbore was in the habit of expressing his opinion that it was time to lay the cloth, were too distinctly audible to be again mistaken for the workings of fancy.

"Gracious Heaven!" said the middle-aged lady; "what's that?"

"It's—it's only a gentleman, ma'am," said Mr. Pickwick from behind the curtains.

"A gentleman!" said the lady, with a terrific scream.

"It's all over," thought Mr. Pickwick.

"A strange man!" shrieked the lady.

Another instant and the house would be alarmed. Her garments rustled as she rushed toward the door.

"Ma'am," said Mr. Pickwick, thrusting out his head in the extremity of his desperation—"ma'am."

Now, although Mr. Pickwick was not actuated by any definite object in putting out his head, it was instantaneously productive of a good effect. The lady, as we have already stated, was near the door. She must pass it to reach the staircase, and she would most undoubtedly have done so by this time had not the sudden apparition of Mr. Pickwick's nightcap driven her back into the remotest corner of the apartment, where she stood staring wildly at Mr. Pickwick, while Mr. Pickwick in his turn stared wildly at her.

"Wretch!" said the lady, covering her eyes with her hands. "What do you want here?"

"Nothing, ma'am—nothing whatever, ma'am," said Mr. Pickwick, earnestly.

"Nothing?" said the lady, looking up.

"Nothing, ma'am, upon my honor," said Mr. Pickwick, nodding his head so energetically that the tassel of his nightcap danced again. "I am almost ready to sink, ma'am, beneath the confusion of addressing a lady in my nightcap" [here the lady hastily snatched off hers], "but I can't get it off,

ma'am" [here Mr. Pickwick gave it a tremendous tug in proof of the statement]. "It is evident to me, ma'am, now, that I have mistaken this bedroom for my own. I had not been here five minutes, ma'am, when you suddenly entered it."

"If this improbable story be really true, sir," said the lady, sobbing violently, "you will leave it instantly."

"I will, ma'am, with the greatest pleasure," replied Mr. Pickwick.

"Instantly, sir," said the lady.

"Certainly, ma'am," interposed Mr. Pickwick, very quickly—"certainly, ma'am. I—I am very sorry, ma'am," said Mr. Pickwick, making his appearance at the bottom of the bed, "to have been the innocent occasion of this alarm and emotion—deeply sorry, ma'am."

The lady pointed to the door. One excellent quality of Mr. Pickwick's character was beautifully displayed at this moment under the most trying circumstances. Although he had hastily put on his hat over his nightcap, after the manner of the old patrol, although he carried his shoes and gaiters in his hand and his coat and waistcoat over his arm, nothing could subdue his native politeness.

"I am exceedingly sorry, ma'am," said Mr. Pickwick, bowing very low.

"If you are, sir, you will at once leave the room," said the lady.

"Immediately, ma'am; this instant, ma'am," said Mr. Pickwick, opening the door, and dropping both his shoes with a loud crash in so doing.

"I trust, ma'am," resumed Mr. Pickwick, gathering up his shoes and turning round to bow again—"I trust, ma'am, that my un-

blemished character and the devoted respect I entertain for your sex will plead as some slight excuse for this—”

But before Mr. Pickwick could conclude the sentence the lady had thrust him into the passage and locked and bolted the door behind him.

Whatever grounds for self-congratulation Mr. Pickwick might have for having escaped so quietly from his late awkward situation, his present position was by no means enviable. He was alone in an open passage in a strange house in the middle of the night, half dressed; it was not to be supposed that he could find his way in perfect darkness to a room which he had been wholly unable to discover with a light; and if he made the slightest noise in his fruitless attempts to do so, he stood every chance of being shot at, and perhaps killed, by some wakeful traveller. He had no resource but to remain where he was until daylight appeared. So, after groping his way a few paces down the passage, and, to his infinite alarm, stumbling over several pairs of boots in so doing, Mr. Pickwick crouched into a little recess in the wall, to wait for morning as philosophically as he might. He was not destined, however, to undergo this additional trial of his patience; for he had not been long ensconced in his present concealment when, to his unspeakable horror, a man bearing a light appeared at the end of the passage. His horror was suddenly converted into joy, however, when he recognized the form of his faithful attendant. It was indeed Mr. Samuel Weller, who after sitting up thus late in conversation with the Boots, who was sitting up for the mail, was now about to retire to rest.

“Sam,” said Mr. Pickwick, suddenly appearing before him, “where’s my bedroom?”

Mr. Weller stared at his master with the most emphatic surprise, and it was not until the question had been repeated three several times that he turned round and led the way to the long-sought apartment.

“Sam,” said Mr. Pickwick as he got into bed, “I have made one of the most extraordinary mistakes to-night that ever were heard of.”

“Wery likely, sir,” replied Mr. Weller, dryly.

“But of this I am determined, Sam,” said Mr. Pickwick—“that if I were to stop in this house for six months, I would never trust myself about it alone again.”

“That’s the very prudentest resolution as you could come to, sir,” replied Mr. Weller. “You rather want somebody to look arter you, sir, wen your judgment goes out awisit’.”

“What do you mean by that, Sam?” said Mr. Pickwick. He raised himself in bed and extended his hand, as if he were about to say something more, but, suddenly checking himself, turned round and bade his valet “Good-night.”

“Good-night, sir,” replied Mr. Weller. He paused when he got outside the door, shook his head, walked on, stopped, snuffed the candle, shook his head again, and finally proceeded slowly to his chamber, apparently buried in the profoundest meditation.

CHARLES DICKENS.

SIR ISAAC NEWTON.

NATURE and Nature’s laws lay hid in night;

God said, Let Newton be! and all was light.

ALEXANDER POPE.

THANATOPSIS.

TO him who in the love of Nature holds
Communion with her visible forms she
speaks

A various language. For his gayer hours
She has a voice of gladness and a smile
And eloquence of beauty, and she glides
Into his darker musings with a mild
And healing sympathy that steals away
Their sharpness ere he is aware. When
thoughts

Of the last bitter hour come like a blight
Over thy spirit, and sad images
Of the stern agony, and shroud, and pall,
And breathless darkness, and the narrow
house,

Make thee to shudder and grow sick at
heart,

Go forth under the open sky and list
To Nature's teachings, while from all around—
Earth and her waters and the depths of
air—

Comes a still voice: Yet a few days and
thee

The all-beholding sun shall see no more
In all his course; nor yet in the cold
ground,

Where thy pale form was laid with many
tears,

Nor in the embrace of ocean, shall exist
Thy image. Earth, that nourished thee, shall
claim

Thy growth, to be resolved to earth again;
And, lost each human trace, surrendering
up

Thine individual being, shalt thou go
To mix for ever with the elements,
To be a brother to the insensible rock,
And to the sluggish clod which the rude
swain

Turns with his share and treads upon. The
oak
Shall send his roots abroad and pierce thy
mould.

Yet not to thine eternal resting-place
Shalt thou retire alone, nor couldst thou
wish

Couch more magnificent. Thou shalt lie
down

With patriarchs of the infant world, with
kings,

The powerful of the earth, the wise, the
good,

Fair forms and hoary seers of ages past—
All in one mighty sepulchre. The hills,
Rock-ribbed and ancient as the sun; the
vales

Stretching in pensive quietness between;
The venerable woods; rivers that move
In majesty and the complaining brooks
That make the meadows green; and poured
round all

Old ocean's gray and melancholy waste,—
Are but the solemn decorations all

Of the great tomb of man. The golden sun,
The planets—all the infinite host of heaven—
Are shining on the sad abodes of Death
Through the still lapse of ages. All that
tread

The globe are but a handful to the tribes
That slumber in its bosom. Take the wings
Of morning, traverse Barca's desert-sands
Or lose thyself in the continuous woods
Where rolls the Oregon and hears no sound
Save his own dashings, yet the dead are
there;

And millions in those solitudes, since first
The flight of years began, have laid them
down



The Aged Philosopher.
To him who in the love of Nature.

In their last sleep. The dead reign there
 alone:
 So shalt thou rest. And what if thou with-
 draw
 In silence from the living and no friend
 Take note of thy departure? All that
 breathe
 Will share thy destiny. The gay will laugh
 When thou art gone, the solemn brood of
 care
 Plod on, and each one, as before, will chase
 His favorite phantom; yet all these shall
 leave
 Their mirth and their employments, and shall
 come
 And make their bed with thee. As the long
 train
 Of ages glide away, the sons of men—
 The youth in life's green spring and he who
 goes
 In the full strength of years, matron and
 maid,
 And the sweet babe and the gray-headed
 man—
 Shall one by one be gathered to thy side
 By those who in their turn shall follow them.
 So live that when thy summons comes to
 join,
 The innumerable caravan which moves
 To that mysterious realm where each shall
 take
 His chamber in the silent halls of Death,
 Thou go not like the quarry-slave at night
 Scourged to his dungeon, but, sustained and
 soothed
 By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave
 Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
 About him and lies down to pleasant dreams.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

STORY OF A FAWN.*

DOWN from a mountain's craggy brow
 His homeward way a hunter took
 By a path that wound to the vales below
 At the side of a leaping brook.
 Long and sore had his journey been,
 By the dust that clung to his forest-green,
 By the stains on his brodered moccasin;
 And over his shoulder his rifle hung,
 And pouch and horn at his girdle swung.

The eve crept westward; soft and pale
 The sunset poured its rosy flood,
 Slanting over the wooded vale;
 And the weary hunter stood
 Looking down on his cot below,
 Watching his children there at play,
 Watching the swing on the chestnut bough
 Flit to and fro through the twilight gray
 Till the dove's nest rocked on its quivering
 spray.

Faint and far through the forest wide
 Came a hunter's voice and a hound's deep
 cry;
 Silence, that slept in the rocky dell,
 Scarcely waked as her sentinel
 Challenged the sound from the mountain-side.
 Over the valleys the echo died,
 And a doe sprang lightly by
 And cleared the path, and panting stood
 With her trembling fawn by the leaping
 flood.

She spanned the torrent at a bound,
 And swiftly onward, winged by fear,
 Fled as the cry of a deep-mouthed hound
 Fell louder on her ear;

* A true narrative.

And, pausing by the waters deep—
 Too slight to stem their rapid flow,
 Too weak to dare the perilous leap—
 The fawn sprang wildly to and fro,
 Watching the flight of her lithe-limbed
 doe.

Now she hung o'er the torrent's edge,
 And sobbed and wept as the waves shot
 by ;
 Now she paused on the rocky ledge,
 With head erect and steadfast eye,
 Listening to the staghound's cry.
 Close from the forest the deep bay rang,
 Close in the forest the echoes died ;
 And over the pathway the brown fawn
 sprang,
 And crouched at the hunter's side.

Deep in the thickets the boughs, unclasped,
 Leaped apart with a crashing sound ;
 Under the lithe vines, sure and fast,
 Came on the exulting sound,
 Yet, baffled, stopped to bay and glare
 Far from the torrent's bound,
 For the weeping fawn, still crouching there,
 Shrank not, nor fled, but closer pressed,
 And laid her head on the hunter's breast.

EDITH MAY.

THE HERMIT.

AT the close of the day, when the ham-
 let is still
 And mortals the sweets of forgetfulness prove,
 When naught but the torrent is heard on the
 hill
 And naught but the nightingale's song in the
 grove—

'Twas thus, by the cave of the mountain afar,
 While his harp rung symphonious, a hermit
 began ;
 No more with himself or with nature at war,
 He thought as a sage, though he felt as a
 man :

"Ah ! why, all abandoned to darkness and
 woe,
 Why, lone Philomela, that languishing fall ?
 For spring shall return and a lover bestow,
 And sorrow no longer thy bosom enthrall ;
 But if pity inspire thee, renew the sad lay :
 Mourn, sweetest complainer : man calls thee
 to mourn ;
 Oh, soothe him whose pleasures like thine
 pass away :
 Full quickly they pass, but they never re-
 turn.

"Now gliding remote on the verge of the
 sky,
 The moon, half extinguished, her crescent dis-
 plays ;
 But lately I marked when majestic on high
 She shone, and the planets were lost in her
 blaze.
 Roll on, thou fair orb, and with gladness
 pursue
 The path that conducts thee to splendor
 again ;
 But man's faded glory what change shall
 renew ?
 Ah, fool ! to exult in a glory so vain !

"'Tis night, and the landscape is lovely no
 more ;
 I mourn, but, ye woodlands, I mourn not for
 you,

For morn is approaching your charms to restore,
 Perfumed with fresh fragrance and glittering
 with dew.
 Nor yet for the ravage of winter I mourn :
 Kind Nature the embryo blossom will
 save ;
 But when shall spring visit the mouldering
 urn ?
 Oh, when shall it dawn on the night of the
 grave ?

" 'Twas thus, by the glare of false science
 betrayed—
 That leads to bewilder and dazzles to
 blind—
 My thoughts wont to roam from shade on-
 ward to shade,
 Destruction before me and sorrow behind.
 'Oh pity, great Father of light,' then I
 cried,
 'Thy creature, who fain would not wander
 from thee ;
 Lo ! humbled in dust, I relinquish my pride :
 From doubt and from darkness thou only
 canst free.'

"And darkness and doubt are now flying
 away ;
 No longer I roam in conjecture forlorn .
 So breaks on the traveller faint and astray
 The bright and the balmy effulgence of
 morn.
 See Truth, Love and Mercy in triumph de-
 scending,
 And Nature all glowing in Eden's first bloom !
 On the cold cheek of death smiles and roses
 are blending,
 And beauty immortal awakes from the tomb."

JAMES BEATTIE.

THE FLOWER OF LOVE.

THE Tulip called to the Eglantine :
 " Good neighbor, I hope you see
 How the throngs that visit the garden come
 To pay their respects to me ;
 The florist admires my elegant robe
 And praises its rainbow ray,
 Till it seems as if through his raptured eyes
 He was gazing his soul away."

" It may be so," said the Eglantine :
 " In a humble nook I dwell,
 And what is passing among the great
 I cannot know so well ;
 But they speak of me as the flower of love,
 And that low-whispered name
 Is dearer to me and my infant buds
 Than the loudest breath of fame."

LYDIA H. SIGOURNEY.

LOVE FOR LOVE.

I NE'ER could any lustre see
 In eyes that would not look on me ;
 I ne'er saw nectar on a lip
 But where my own did hope to sip.
 Has the maid who seeks my heart
 Cheeks of rose untouched by art ?
 I will own the color true
 When yielding blushes aid their hue.
 Is her hand so soft and pure ?
 I must press it to be sure ;
 Nor can I be certain then
 Till it, grateful, press again.
 Must I, with attentive eye,
 Watch her heaving bosom sigh ?
 I will do so when I see
 That heaving bosom sigh for me.

RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN.

WOODS IN SPRING.



AIL, Source of being! Universal Soul

Of heaven and earth, essential Presence, hail!

To thee I bend the knee, to thee my thoughts

Continual climb, who with a master-hand

Hast the great whole into perfection touched.

By thee the various vegetative tribes,

Wrapped in a filmy net and clad with leaves,
Draw the live ether and imbibe the dew;
By thee disposed into congenial soils
Stands each attractive plant, and sucks and swells

The juicy tide, a twining mass of tubes;
At thy command the vernal sun awakes
The torpid sap, detruded to the root
By wintry winds, that, now in fluent dance
And lively fermentation mounting, spreads
All this innumerable-colored scene of things.

As rising from the vegetable world
My theme ascends, with equal wing ascend,
My panting Muse; and hark! how loud the woods

Invite you forth in all your gayest trim!
Lend me your song, ye nightingales! Oh, pour
The mazy-running soul of melody
Into my varied verse while I deduce
From the first note the hollow cuckoo sings
The symphony of spring, and touch a theme
Unknown to fame—*The Passion of the Groves.*

When first the soul of Love is sent abroad
Warm through the vital air, and on the heart

Harmonious seizes, the gay troops begin
In gallant thought to plume the painted wing,

And try again the long-forgotten strain
At first faint-warbled. But no sooner grows
The soft infusion prevalent and wide
Than, all alive, at once their joy o'erflows
In music unconfined. Up springs the lark,
Shrill-voiced and loud, the messenger of Morn;

Ere yet the shadows fly, he, mounting, sings
Amid the dawning clouds, and from their haunts

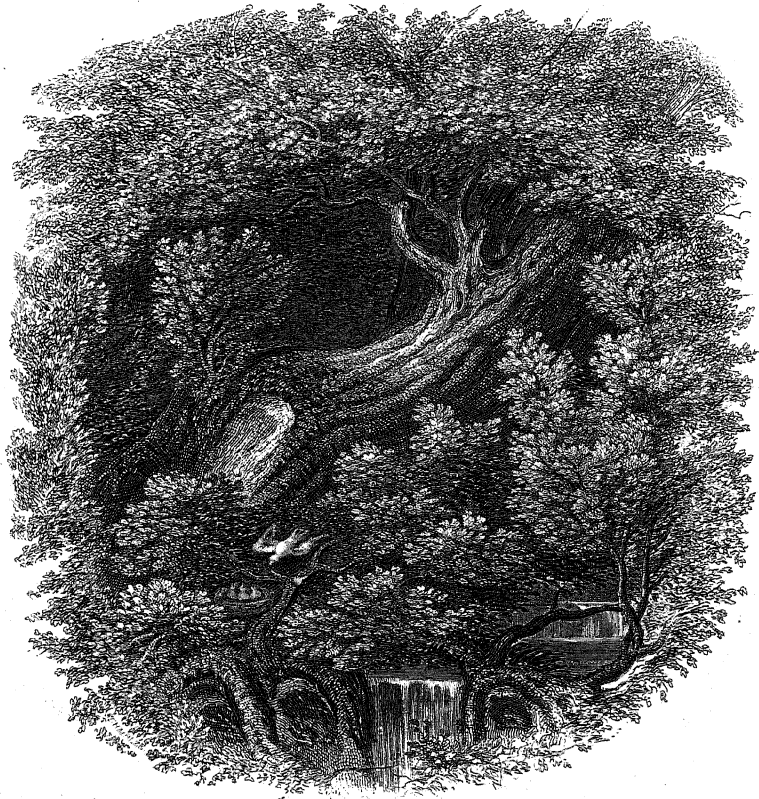
Calls up the tuneful nations. Every copse
Deep-tangled, tree irregular, and bush
Bending with dewy moisture o'er the heads
Of the coy choristers that lodge within,
Are prodigal of harmony. The thrush
And woodlark, o'er the kind-contending throng

Superior heard, run through the sweetest length

Of notes when listening Philomela deigns
To let them joy, and purposes, in thought
Elate, to make her night excel their day.
The blackbird whistles from the thorny brake;

The mellow bullfinch answers from the grove;

Nor are the linnets, o'er the flowing furze
Poured out profusely, silent. Joined to these,
Innumerable songsters in the freshening shade



The Woods in Spring.

*Away they fly
Affectionate and undividing pair
The most delicious morsel to their young.*

Of new-sprung leaves their modulations mix
 Mellifluous. The jay, the rook, the daw,
 And each harsh pipe discordant heard alone,
 Aid the full concert; while the stock-dove
 breathes
 A melancholy murmur through the whole.

'Tis love creates their melody, and all
 This waste of music is the voice of Love,
 That even to birds and beasts the tender
 arts

Of pleasing teaches; hence the glossy kind
 Try every winning way inventive Love
 Can dictate, and in courtship to their mates
 Pour forth their little souls. First wide
 around

With distant awe in airy rings they rove,
 Endeavoring by a thousand tricks to catch
 The cunning, conscious, half-averted glance
 Of their regardless charmer. Should she
 seem

Softening the least approbance to bestow,
 Their colors burnish, and, by hope inspired,
 They brisk advance; then, on a sudden
 struck,

Retire disordered; then again approach,
 In fond rotation spread the spotted wing
 And shiver every feather with desire.

Connubial leagues agreed, to the deep woods
 They haste away, all as their fancy leads,
 Pleasure or food or secret safety prompts,
 That Nature's great command may be obeyed,
 Nor all the sweet sensations they perceive
 Indulged in vain. Some to the holly-hedge,
 Nestling, repair, and to the thicket some;
 Some to the rude protection of the thorn
 Commit their feeble offspring; the cleft tree
 Offers its kind concealment to a few,
 Their food its insects and its moss their nests;

Others apart far in the grassy dale
 Or roughening waste their humble texture
 weave;

But most in woodland solitudes delight,
 In unfrequented glooms of shaggy banks,
 Steep, and divided by a babbling brook
 Whose murmurs soothe them all the livelong
 day

When by kind duty fixed. Among the roots
 Of hazel pendent o'er the plaintive stream
 They frame the first foundation of their
 domes—

Dry sprigs of trees in artful fabric laid
 And bound with clay together. Now 'tis
 naught

But restless hurry through the busy air,
 Beat by unnumbered wings. The swallow
 sweeps

The slimy pool, to build his hanging house
 Intent, and often from the careless back
 Of herds and flocks a thousand tugging bills
 Pluck hair and wool, and oft, when unob-
 served,

Steal from the barn a straw, till soft and
 warm,

Clean and complete, their habitation grows.

As thus the patient dam assiduous sits,
 Not to be tempted from her tender task
 Or by sharp hunger or by smooth delight,
 Though the whole loosened spring around
 her blows,

Her sympathizing lover takes his stand
 High on the opponent bank and ceaseless
 sings

The tedious time away, or else supplies
 Her place a moment while she sudden flits
 To pick the scanty meal. The appointed
 time

With pious toil fulfilled, the callow young,

Warmed and expanded into perfect life,
 Their brittle bondage break and come to light
 A helpless family demanding food
 With constant clamor. Oh what passions
 then,

What melting sentiments of kindly care,
 On the new parents seize! Away they fly,
 Affectionate, and, undesiring, bear
 The most delicious morsel to their young;
 Which equally distributed, again
 The search begins. Even so a gentle pair
 By fortune sunk, but formed of generous
 mould

And charmed with cares beyond the vulgar
 breast,

In some lone cot amid the distant woods,
 Sustained alone by providential Heaven,
 Oft, as they, weeping, eye their infant train,
 Check their own appetites and give them all.

Nor toil alone they scorn: exalting love,
 By the great Father of the spring inspired,
 Gives instant courage to the fearful race
 And to the simple art. With stealthy wing,
 Should some rude foot their woody haunts
 molest,

Amid a neighboring bush they silent drop,
 And, whirring thence as if alarmed, deceive
 The unfeeling schoolboy. Hence around the
 head

Of wandering swain the white-winged plover
 wheels

Her sounding flight, and then directly on
 In long excursions skims the level lawn,
 To tempt him from her nest. The wild
 duck, hence,

O'er the rough moss, and o'er the trackless
 waste

The heath-hen, flutters (pious fraud!) to lead
 The hot-pursuing spaniel far astray.

Be not the Muse ashamed here to bemoan
 Her brothers of the grove by tyrant man
 Inhuman caught and in the narrow cage
 From liberty confined, and boundless air.
 Dull are the pretty slaves, their plumage dull,
 Ragged and all its brightening lustre lost;
 Nor is that sprightly wildness in their notes
 Which clear and vigorous warbles from the
 beech.

Oh, then, ye friends of love and love-taught
 song,

Spare the soft tribes, this barbarous art for-
 bear,

If on your bosom Innocence can win,
 Music engage or Piety dissuade.

JAMES THOMSON.

SONG OF EARTH AND AIR.

HOW bountiful, how wonderful,
 Thou art, sweet air!
 And yet, albeit thine odors lie
 On every gust that mocks the eye,
 We pass thy gentle blessings by
 Without a care.

How bountiful, how wonderful,
 Thou art, sweet earth,
 Thy seasons changing with the sun,
 Thy beauty out of darkness won!
 And yet whose tongue, when all is done,
 Will tell thy worth?

The poet's! He alone doth still
 Uphold all worth.
 Then love the poet—love his themes,
 His thoughts, half hid in golden dreams,
 Which make thrice fair the songs and
 streams
 Of air and earth.

MARY CORNWALL.

WE MET WHEN LIFE AND HOPE
WERE NEW.

WE met when life and hope were new,
When all we looked on smiled
And Fancy's wand around us threw
Enchantments sweet as wild;
Ours were the light and bounding hearts
The world had yet to wring—
The bloom that, when it once departs,
Can know no second spring.

What though our love was never told,
Or breathed in sighs alone?
By signs that would not be controlled
Its growing strength was shown:
The touch that thrilled us with delight,
The glance by art untamed,
In one short moon, as brief as bright,
That tender truth proclaimed.

We parted chilling looks among;
My inmost soul was bowed,
And blessings died upon my tongue
I dared not breathe aloud;
A pensive smile serene and bland,
One thrilling glance—how vain!—
A pressure of thy yielding hand:
We never met again.

Yet still a spell was in thy name
Of magic power to me
That bade me strive for wealth and fame
To make me worthy thee;
And long through many an after-year,
When boyhood's dream had flown,
With nothing left to hope or fear,
I loved, in silence, on.

More sacred ties at length are ours,
As dear as those of yore,

And later joys, like autumn flowers,
Have bloomed for us once more;
But never canst thou be again
What once thou wert to me:
I glory in another's chain,
And thou'rt no longer free.

Thy stream of life glides calmly on,
A prosperous lot is thine—
The brighter that it did not join
The turbid waves of mine;
Yet oh, could fondest love relume
Joy's sunshine on my brow,
Thine scarce can be a happier doom
Than I might boast of now.

ALARIC A. WATTS.

AN IDEAL WOMAN.

SHE was my peer—
No weakling girl who would surrender will
And life and reason, with her loving heart,
To her possessor; no soft, clinging thing
Who would find breath alone within the arms
Of a strong master and obediently
Wait on his whims in slavish carefulness;
No fawning, cringing spaniel to attend
His royal pleasure and account herself
Rewarded by his pats and pretty words;
But a sound woman who with insight keen
Had wrought a scheme of life and measured
well
Her womanhood; had spread before her feet
A fine philosophy to guide her steps;
Had won a faith to which her life was brought
In strict adjustment, brain and heart mean-
while
Working in conscious harmony and rhythm
With the great scheme of God's great universe
On toward her being's end.

DR. J. G. HOLLAND.

THE DREAM OF PETRARCA.



WHEN I was younger, I was fond of wandering in solitary places, and never was afraid of slumbering in woods and grottoes. Among the chief pleasures of my life, and among the commonest of my occupations, was the bringing before me such heroes and heroines of antiquity, such poets and sages, such of the prosperous and of the unfortunate, as most interested me by their courage, their wisdom, their eloquence or their adventures. Engaging them in the conversation best suited to their characters, I knew perfectly their manners, their steps, their voices; and often did I moisten with my tears the models I had been forming of the less happy. Great is the privilege of entering into the studies of the intellectual; great is that of conversing with the guides of nations, the movers of the mass, the regulators of the unruly will, stiff in its impurity and rash against the finger of the Almighty Power that formed it; but give me rather the creature to sympathize with, apportion me the sufferings to assuage. Allegory had few attractions for me, believing it to be the delight, in general, of idle, frivolous, inexcursive minds in whose mansions there is neither hall nor portal to receive the loftier of the passions. A stranger to the affections, she holds a low station among the handmaidens of Poetry, being fit for little but an apparition in a mask.

I had reflected for some time on this subject, when, wearied with the length of my walk over the mountains and finding a soft old molehill covered with gray grass by the wayside, I laid my head upon it and slept. I cannot tell how long it was before a species of dream, or vision, came over me.

Two beautiful youths appeared beside me. Each was winged, but the wings were hanging down and seemed ill-adapted to flight. One of them, whose voice was the softest I ever heard, looking at me frequently, said to the other,

"He is under my guardianship for the present: do not awaken him with that feather."

Methought, on hearing the whisper, I saw something like the feather of an arrow, and then the arrow itself, the whole of it, even to the point, although he carried it in such a manner that it was difficult at first to discover more than a palm's length of it; the rest of the shaft (and the whole of the barb) was behind his ankles.

"This feather never awakens any one," replied he, rather petulantly, "but it brings more of confident security and more of cherished dreams than you, without me, are capable of imparting."

"Be it so," answered the gentler; "none is less inclined to quarrel or dispute than I am. Many whom you have wounded grievously call upon me for succor; but so little am I disposed to thwart you it is seldom I venture to do more for them than to whisper a few words of comfort in passing.

How many reproaches on these occasions have been cast upon me for indifference and infidelity! Nearly as many, and nearly in the same terms, as upon you."

"Odd enough that we, O Sleep, should be thought so alike!" said Love, contemptuously. "Yonder is he who bears a nearer resemblance to you; the dullest have observed it."

I fancied I turned my eyes to where he was pointing, and saw at a distance the figure he designated.

Meanwhile, the contention went on uninterruptedly. Sleep was slow in asserting his power or his benefits. Love recapitulated them, but only that he might assert his own above them. Suddenly he called on me to decide and to choose my patron. Under the influence, first of the one, then of the other, I sprang from repose to rapture, I alighted from rapture on repose, and knew not which was sweetest. Love was very angry with me, and declared he would cross me throughout the whole of my existence. Whatever I might on other occasions have thought of his veracity, I now felt too surely the conviction that he would keep his word.

At last, before the close of the altercation, the third genius had advanced, and stood near us. I cannot tell how I knew him, but I knew him to be the genius of Death. Breathless as I was at beholding him, I soon became familiar with his features. First they seemed only calm, presently they grew contemplative, and lastly beautiful: those of the Graces themselves are less regular, less harmonious, less composed. Love glanced at him unsteadily, with a countenance in which there was somewhat of anxiety, somewhat of disdain, and cried,

"Go away! go away! Nothing that thou touchest lives."

"Say rather, child," replied the advancing form, and, advancing, grew loftier and staler—"say rather that nothing of beautiful or of glorious lives its own true life until my wing hath passed over it."

Love pouted and rumped and bent down with his forefinger the stiff, short feathers on his arrow-head, but replied not. Although he frowned worse than ever, and at me, I dreaded him less and less, and scarcely looked toward him.

The milder and calmer genius, the third, in proportion as I took courage to contemplate him, regarded me with more and more complacency. He held neither flower nor arrow, as the others did, but, throwing back the clusters of dark curls that overshadowed his countenance, he presented to me his hand openly and benignly. I shrank on looking at him so near, and yet I sighed to love him. He smiled, not without an expression of pity, at perceiving my diffidence, my timidity; for I remembered how soft was the hand of Sleep, how warm and entrancing was Love's. By degrees I grew ashamed of my ingratitude, and, turning my face away, I held out my arms and felt my neck within his. Composure allayed all the throbbings of my bosom, the coolness of freshest morning breathed around, the heavens seemed to open above me, while the beautiful cheek of my deliverer rested on my head.

I would now have looked for those others, but, knowing my intention by my gesture, he said consolatorily,

"Sleep is on his way to the earth, where many are calling him; but it is not to them he hastens, for every call only makes him fly

farther off. Sedately and gravely as he looks, he is nearly as capricious and volatile as the more arrogant and ferocious one."

"And Love," said I—"whither is he departed? If not too late, I would propitiate and appease him."

"He who cannot follow me, he who cannot overtake and pass me," said the genius, "is unworthy of the name, the most glorious in earth or heaven. Look up! Love is yonder, and ready to receive thee."

I looked. The earth was under me; I saw only the clear blue sky and something brighter above it.

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR was born in 1775. His father was a gentleman of good family and wealthy circumstances residing in Warwickshire. The son entered Rugby at an early age, and thence proceeded to Trinity College, Oxford. Like many others who have taken important literary positions, he left the university without a degree; and though intended at first for the army, and afterward for the bar, he declined both professions and threw himself into literature, with the assistance of a liberal allowance from his father. In 1795 his first work—a volume of poems—appeared, followed early in the present century by a translation into Latin of "Geber," one of his own English poems. Landor had no small facility in classical composition, and he appeared to have the power of transporting himself into the times and sentiments of Greece and Rome. This is clearly seen in "Heroic Idylls" (1820), in Latin, and the reproduction of Greek thought in *The Hellenics* is one of the most successful efforts of its kind.

At the death of his father the poet found himself in possession of an extensive estate, but, longing for a life of greater freedom and less monotony than that of an English country gentleman, he sold his patrimony and took up his abode on the Continent, where he resided during the rest of his life, with occasional visits to his native country. The republican spirit which led him to take part as a volunteer in the Spanish rising of 1808 continued to burn fiercely to the last. He even went so far as to defend tyrannicide, and boldly offered a pension to the widow of any one who would murder a despot. Between 1820 and 1830 he was engaged upon his greatest work, *Imaginary Conversations of Literary Men and Statesmen*. This was followed in 1831 by *Poems*, *Letters by a Conservative*, *Satire on Satirists* (1836), *Pentameron and Pentologue* (1837), and a long series in prose and poetry, of which the chief are *The Hellenics*, enlarged and completed, *Dry Sticks Fagoted*, and *The Last Fruit off an old Tree*. He resided toward the close of his life at Bath, but some four or five years before his death a libel on a lady, for which he was condemned to pay heavy damages, drove him again from his country, and he retired to his Italian home near Florence, and there in serene old age "the Nestor of English poets," one of the last literary links with the age of the French republic, passed quietly away. He died on the 17th of September, 1864, an exile from his country, misunderstood, from the very individuality of his genius, by the majority of his countrymen, but highly appreciated by those who could rightly estimate the works he has left behind him.

THOMAS BUDD SHAW.

LUCY.

THREE years she grew, in sun and shower ;

Then Nature said, "A lovelier flower

On earth was never sown.

This child I to myself will take ;

She shall be mine, and I will make

A lady of my own.

"Myself will to my darling be

Both law and impulse ; and with me

The girl, on rock and plain,

In earth and heaven, in glade and bower,

Shall feel an overseeing power,

To kindle and restrain.

"She shall be sportive as the fawn
That wild with glee across the lawn

Or up the mountain springs,

And hers shall be the breathing balm,

And hers the silence and the calm

Of mute, insensate things.

"The floating clouds their state shall lend
To her ; for her the willow bend ;

Nor shall she fail to see,

Even in the motions of the storm,

Grace that shall mould the maiden's form

By silent sympathy.

"The stars of midnight shall be dear
To her, and she shall lean her ear

In many a secret place

Where rivulets dance their wayward round ;

And beauty, born of murmuring sound,

Shall pass into her face.

"And vital feelings of delight
Shall rear her form to stately height,

Her virgin bosom swell.

Such thoughts to Lucy I will give
While she and I together live
Here in this happy dell."

Thus Nature spake. The work was done.
How soon my Lucy's race was run !

She died, and left to me

This heath, this calm and quiet scene,

The memory of what has been,

And nevermore will be.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

THE ALARMED SKIPPER.

MANY a long, long year ago
Nantucket skippers had a plan
Of finding out, though "lying low,"
How near New York their schooners ran.

They greased the lead before it fell,

And then, by sounding through the night,
Knowing the soil that stuck so well,

They always guessed their reckoning right.

A skipper gray whose eyes were dim

Could tell, by tasting, just the spot,

And so below he'd "dowse the glim"—

After, of course, his "something hot."

Snug in his berth at eight o'clock

This ancient skipper might be found ;

No matter how his craft would rock,

He slept, for skippers' naps are sound.

The watch on deck would now and then

Run down and wake him, with the lead ;

He'd up and taste, and tell the men

How many miles they went ahead.



Wm. Woodworth

One night 'twas Jotham Marden's watch—

A curious wag, the peddler's son—
And so he mused (the wanton wretch),
"To-night I'll have a grain of fun.

"We're all a set of stupid fools
To think the skipper knows by tasting
What ground he's on; Nantucket schools
Don't teach such stuff, with all their bast-
ing."

And so he took the well-greased lead
And rubbed it o'er a box of earth
That stood on deck (a parsnip-bed),
And then he sought the skipper's berth.

"Where are we now, sir? Please to taste."
The skipper yawned, put out his tongue,
Then oped his eyes in wondrous haste,
And then upon the floor he sprung.

The skipper stormed and tore his hair,
Thrust on his boots and roared to Marden,
"Nantucket's sunk, and here we are
Right over old Marm Hackett's garden!"

J. T. FIELDS.

THERE'S NO DEARTH OF KINDNESS.

THERE'S no dearth of kindness
In this world of ours,
Only in our blindness

We gather thorns for flowers.
Outward we are spurning,
Trampling, one another,
While we are inly yearning
At the name of "Brother."

There's no dearth of kindness
Or love among mankind,
But in darkling loneliness
Hooded hearts grow blind.

Full of kindness tingling,
Soul is shut from soul,
When they might be mingling
In one kindred whole.

There's no dearth of kindness,
Though it be unspoken:
From the heart it buildeth
Rainbow smiles in token
That there be none so lowly
But have some angel-touch,
Yet, nursing loves unholy,
We live for self too much.

As the wild rose bloweth,
As runs the happy river,
Kindness freely floweth
In the heart for ever;
But if men will hanker
Ever for golden dust,
Kindliest hearts will canker,
Brightest spirits rust.

There's no dearth of kindness
In this world of ours,
Only in our blindness
We gather thorns for flowers.
Oh, cherish God's best giving,
Falling from above:
Life were not worth living
Were it not for love.

GERALD MASSEY.

TRUTH.

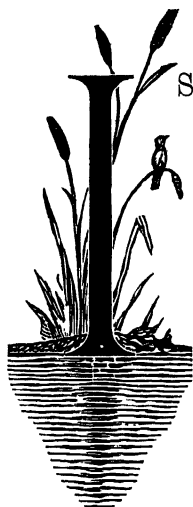
TRUTH

Comes to us with a slow and doubtful step,
Measuring the ground she treads on and forever
Turning her curious eye to see that all
Is right behind, and with a keen survey
Choosing her onward path.

JAMES GATES PERCIVAL.

SOPHRONIA AND OLINDO.

FROM THE ITALIAN OF TORQUATO TASSO. SELECTED FROM "JERUSALEM DELIVERED;"
TRANSLATED IN THE METRE OF THE ORIGINAL.



ISMENE one day before the
savage king

While bent on arms pre-
sents himself alone—

Ismene, who can compel the
corpse to spring

From marble vault and
make it feel and groan ;

Ismene, whose muttered
curses even ring

Through hell and startle
Pluto on his throne ;

Who sends his demons forth on errands ill
As slaves, and binds and looses them at will.

Once Christian, now to Mohammed he prays,

But oft in uses impious and profane,
Unable to relinquish earlier ways,

He blends both laws, to him known both
in vain.

He from the cave in which he spends his
days

O'er unknown arts, far from the vulgar
train,

Comes to his lord, thus menaced by the
war—

To impious king more impious counsellor.

He said, "The dreaded army comes, O sire,

Victorious, and no more will be delayed ;

But do we that which duty shall require,

Heaven, the whole world, will give the
valiant aid.

Thy zeal as king and leader I admire ;

Far hast thou seen, and large provision
made :

If thus all else fulfil the tasks they owe,
This land will soon entomb thine every foe.

"I, for my part, am come as thine ally,
In danger and in toil companion true ;

All which old age's counsel can supply

I promise, all which magic art can do ;

The angels exiled from their homes on high

I will constrain to share the labor too.

But where I would commence the mystic
train,

And in what mode, I will at once explain.

"Within the Christians' temple lies a shrine
Hid underground, and here the figure is
shown

Of her whom that low people deem di-
vine,

Mother o' the born and buried God they
own.

Always a lighted torch is made to shine

On the image ; over it a veil is thrown ;

Around it, hung in lengthened ranks, one
sees

The vows brought by the credulous devotees.

"Now, this their effigy, snatched thence by
force,

I wish thee to transport with thine own
hand,

And lay within thy mosque. Then my resource

Of magic shall frame spells of power so grand

That, while it shall stand safe there, through time's course

These gates in fatal safety too shall stand ;
Thine empire shall remain secure from harm
'Mid walls impregnable through this new charm."

So spake he, and persuaded him. The king
Impatient hurried to the house of God,
And forced the priests, and impious dared to wring

The sacred image from its chaste abode,
And bear it to that fane where vain rites bring

Down on the adorers oft the heavenly rod.
In place profane, then, o'er the holy prize
Muttered the sorcerer his blasphemies.

But when the new-born dawn in heaven appeared,

He who was guardian of the unclean place
Saw not the image where it had been reared,
And, searching elsewhere, found of it no trace.

He quickly informs the king, who, having heard

Such news, displays hot anger in his face,
And he feels sure some Faithful one has done
That outrage, though discovered yet by none.

Whether 'twere furtive work of Faithful hand,
Or Heaven itself resolved to interpose,
Scorning that the image of its queen should stand

Within a spot polluted by its foes—

Whether the work by human art were planned

Or wrought by miracle—fame yet doubtful goes ;

But piety demands that man recede,
And Heaven be deemed the author of the deed.

The king caused every house to be espied
With importuning search, and every fane,
And to whosoever should detect or hide

The theft or thief announced reward or pain ;

And to find out the truth the mage applied
Unceasingly his arts, but all were vain,
For, be the work to Heaven or mortal given,

Spite of his charms 'twas veiled from him by Heaven.

But when the fierce king sees the crime hidd'n still,

Which he imputes to the Faithful, higher and higher

With hate to these his heart begins to fill,
And burn with an immoderate boundless ire.

He scorns all laws, and have revenge he will,
Ensue what may, and vent his bosom's fire.

"My rage," he said, "shall not be vain :
'mid all

His slaughtered sect the unknown thief shall fall.

"So that the guilty 'scape not, let the just
And guiltless perish. Guiltless, do I say ?
Each one is culpable ; nor could we trust
E'en one man ever 'mid their whole array.

If soul sincere be there, suffice it must
 That present pain wipe ancient fault away.
 Up! up! my faithful ones, to do my will!
 Away! take flame and iron! Burn and
 kill!"

Thus spake he to the crowd, and fame soon
 bare

To all the Faithful tidings of their plight,
 Who remained paralyzed in their despair.

Surprised by fear of death now instant
 quite,

And none of them essayed excuse or prayer,

Nor one adventured on defence or flight.

But whence the nation, wavering and dis-
 mayed,

Expected least, they found redeeming aid.

Among them was a virgin, now mature,

Of lofty beauty and of regal mind,

But thought of beauty seems she to abjure,

Save how with honor it may be combined ;

Her worth is greater for that worth so pure

Within a home so narrow is confined,

And from admiring glance, from flattering
 tone,

She steals away, neglected and alone.

And yet can no precaution quite conceal

A beauty worthy for the world to admire :

Thou'lt not allow this, Love, but wilt reveal

The vision to some youth's intense desire ;

Now blind, an Argus now, now dost thou
 seal

The eyes with bands, and now relum'st
 their fire ;

Oft through a thousand guardians has thy
 power

Sped lover's look to chastest virgin bower.

Sophronia she, Olindo he, by name,

One city and one faith includes the pair ;

He wishes much, hopes little, makes no claim,

Being as diffident as she is fair.

Fear keeps his passion unrevealed, or shame ;

She scorns it, sees it not, or does not care :

Thus hitherto the youth has sued the maid.

Unseen, misunderstood or ill repaid.

In the mean time the ominous news was
 brought

That fell destruction threatened all their
 race :

She, who was generous as modest, sought

How she might save them in their dreadful
 case.

'Tis courage which suggests the mighty
 thought ;

Then shame and maiden duty arrest its
 pace.

Courage prevails—nay, sweet accord doth
 hold,

Growing ashamed, and shame becoming bold.

Alone through crowds the virgin takes her
 way,

Nor does she hide her charms, nor yet ex-
 pose ;

Her glance retires, and, wrapt in veiled
 array,

With mien reserved, and noble too, she
 goes.

If care, or want of care, 'twere hard to say,

If chance or art, that lovely face compose ;

With her neglect is artifice, but given

By love, by nature, by approving Heaven.

Passed on the lofty maid, observed by all,

Observing none, until the king was nigh
 her ;

Nor shrank, although she marked his rising
gall,

But fearless braved his savage glance.

"O sire,

I come," she said—"meanwhile do thou re-
call,

I pray, thy people, and suspend thine ire—

I come to announce and yield the culprit
ta'en

Whom, so offending thee, thou sought'st in
vain."

At the high courage suddenly thus viewed,

At the swift flash of charms holy and
proud,

The king, confused almost, almost subdued,

Reined in his ire and cleared away its
cloud.

Had she been less severe in mien, less rude

In spirit he, to love had he been bowed ;

But wilful beauty has no power to move

The wilful heart : smiles are the bait of love.

'Twas stupor, admiration and delight,

If 'twere not love, that moved his villain
soul.

"Tell me, then, all," he cries ; "my faith I
plight

Thy Christian people shall not suffer dole."

And she : "The culprit, sire, is in thy sight :

It was this hand of mine that wrought the
whole.

I took away the image ; I am she

Thou seekest, and thou ought'st to punish
me."

To th' public doom thus offering her proud
head,

She willed that it should fall on her alone :

Magnanimous falsehood ! When can truth
be said

To show more loveliness than thou hast
shown ?

Held in suspense a while the tyrant dread

Beyond his wont refrained from angry
tone.

He then demanded : "Tell me—and take
heed—

Who gave thee counsel and who shared the
deed."

"I would not of my glory yield," she cried,

"One jot to others, were it e'er so small :

Only in mine own self did I confide,

Sole doer, sole contriver, of it all."

"On thee alone, then," swiftly he replied,

"The weight of mine avenging wrath
shall fall."

She said, "'Tis just : if I alone obtain

The honor, mine alone should be the pain."

The tyrant here begins to swell with ire.

"Where hast thou hidden the image ?" he
demands.—

"I hid it not, but gave it to the fire :

'Twas laudable to place it on the brands,

For thus at least no profanation dire

Can wait it more at misbelievers' hands.

Sire, if the thief thou ask for, look on me ;

If the thing stol'n, that never wilt thou see.

"And yet nor theft was mine, nor thief am I :

'Tis justice to retake what's wrongly ta'en."

This heard, the tyrant uttered a loud cry

That threatened ill and loosed his anger's
rein.

Let modest heart, rare beauty, spirit high,

Not hope to find forgiveness e'er again,

And vainly from her charms would Love
create
A shield for her against that cruel hate.

The lady's seized; the king, to fury stung,
Dooms her to death by fire. At once they
tear
Her veil and modest vest off, and have
strung
Rough cords around those arms which are
so fair.
She spake not, and, though some emotion
wrung
That valiant bosom, it felt no despair,
And her sweet countenance faded to a hue
Which was not pale, but dazzling to the view.

Hither, the sad case being bruited round,
The people had drawn, Olindo with the
throng.
Doubtful the person, sure the doom he found;
The thought 'twas his own lady rose ere
long.
When he perceived the lovely person bound
Like one condemned, but guilty of no
wrong,
And guards at their inhuman task descried,
Precipitate he hurled the crowd aside.

"Not she, not she," then to the king he cries,
"Is guilty; boasting folly has she shown:
She could not do, nor dare, nor e'en devise,
So great a deed—a maid unskilled and lone.
How did she cheat the guards? And in
what guise
Stole she the image? All this let her own,
If 'twere so. Sire, by me it was removed."
The unloving loved one, ah! so much he
loved!

He then subjoined: "I thither clomb by
night
Whence thy tall mosque receives the air
and day,
And introduced me through a fissure slight,
Attempting an impracticable way.
The honor and the death are both my right:
Let not her steal my punishments away.
These chains are mine; for me is lit the
fire;
For me has been prepared the funeral pyre."

Sophronia raised her face and tow'rd him
bent
Eyes that were bright with soft compas-
sion's tear:
"Why comest thou, O wretched innocent?
What counsel guides, what fury drags, thee
here?
Can I not, then, unless thine aid be lent,
Bear what man's wrath can do, howe'er
severe?
I also have a breast which for one fate
Deems 'tis enough alone, and asks no mate."

So spake she to the lover, nor could e'er
Make him retract, nor turn his aim aside.
Grand scene, where thus at strife a love so
rare
And virtue so magnanimous are descried—
Where death will be the victor's meed, and
where
Full safety to the vanquished will betide!
But the king chafes the more that she and he
Themselves inculpate the more constantly.

He thinks that he is recked of little indeed,
And that in scorn of him they scorn the
pains.

"Believe them both," he cries; "let both succeed!

To yield them the due palm it now remains."

Then nods he to the sergeants, who with speed

Advance to bind the young man with their chains;

Both are then tied to the same stake, and stay

Back turned to back, and face from face away.

And now the funeral pile is laid around,

And soon the flames by blasting are excited,
When burst the young man into a dolorous sound,

And said to her with whom he was united,
"Are these the ties, then, in which, closely bound,

I hoped to pass with thee through life delighted?
Is this that fire which I believed would raise
Within the heart of each an equal blaze?

"Love promised other flames and other ties;

A cruel lot brings others in their stead.
Too long, alas! our union it denies,

But sternly joins us now that we are dead.
Since die thou must in this inhuman guise,
'Tis sweet to share thy pyre, if not thy bed;

Since by thy side I perish, I repine
Not at my own fate, but alone at thine.

"And oh my death unutterably blest,
Oh martyrdom awaited with what glee,
If, as we were united breast to breast,
My soul upon thy lips away might flee—

If, as we sank together down to rest,
Thou would'st breathe out thy latest sighs
o'er me!"

Thus spake he, wailing. Sweetly she replied,

And in these words wisely began to chide:

"Far other thoughts and other griefs, my friend,

For a far loftier cause the time demands.
Why think not of thy faults? Why not attend

To the ample prize the good win at God's hands?

Suffer in his name, and thy pangs will end;
Aspire to sit among the heavenly bands.
Behold, how fair is heaven! Yon sun that rolls

O'erhead invites us to it, and consoles."

A wail here from the pagans loudly pealed,
And wailed in lower tones the Faithful too;

Something of pity ne'er before revealed
E'en from the king's hard breast emerged
to view.

He felt it and disclaimed it, nor would yield,
And turned his eyes aside, and thus withdrew.

By thee no part o' the common woe is born,
Sophronia: mourned by all, thou dost not mourn.

While such their risk, a warrior (so she seems)

Appears, of semblance high and singular,
And from her arms and strange attire one deems

That she comes travelling hither from afar.

The tiger crest which on her helmet gleams
 Draws tow'rd it every eye—device in war
 Used by Clorinda, and renowned ; from this
 They think that it is she, nor think amiss.

She had been wont from childhood to despise
 The habits of her sex as idle chains ;
 Needle and distaff never once she plies ;
 Arachne's toils her haughty hand disdains ;
 Each soft pursuit and sheltered spot she flies.
 Since honor is preserved in the open plains ;
 She arms her face with pride, and fain would
 learn
 To sternly look, yet pleases e'en though stern.

While tender yet, she with her small right hand
 Restrained and loosed the bit of a proud
 steed,
 Held spear and sword and on the level sand
 Inured their limbs to toil and taught
 them speed,
 Then tracked the savage bear and lion grand
 O'er mountain-paths or where the woods
 recede.
 She followed wars and seemed in these pur-
 suits
 Savage to men, a man to savage brutes.

Hither she now has come, from Persia bound,
 To oppose the Christian host with all her
 might,
 Though elsewhere she had strewn upon the
 ground
 Their limbs and made their blood with the
 wave unite.

On her arrival now from thence she found
 The pomp of death presented to her sight ;
 Eager to see and learn why thus decreed
 A doom so dread, she urges on her steed.

The crowds give way. She stops and nearer
 eyes

The pair thus tied together 'mid the throng ;
 She sees the one mute while the other sighs,
 And more of vigor in the sex less strong ;
 She marks his tears as if in pity rise—

Pity, not grief, or grief for other's wrong ;
 While she, in silence gazing at the sky,
 Seems severed from the earth e'en ere she
 die.

Clorinda's heart was melted, and the twain
 Excited all her pity and some tears ;
 Yet plains she most for the one who does
 not plain :

Silence to her more sad than plaint appears.
 Without delay she turned her to a swain

Who stood beside her and was gray with
 years :

" I prithee, who are these ? And tell me,
 friend,

What fate or fault leads them to this sad
 end."

She thus entreated him, and he replied
 To the demand in ample words, though
 few.

Stunned by the tale, at once did she decide
 That equally were innocent the two,
 And has resolved to turn their deaths aside
 Far as her arms avail or prayers may sue.
 She rushes to the flame, now all prepared,
 Makes them withdraw it, and bespeaks the
 guard :

" Be there not one among you who shall dare
 To follow more this cruel task, but stay
 Till I address the king. Be it my care
 That he accuse you not for the delay."

Her royal semblance and majestic air
 Subdue the sergeants, and they all obey.
 Then moved she to the king, and met him
 speeding
 Along the way which to herself was leading :

“ I am Clorinda : haply not unknown
 My name, O king !” Thus did her accents
 flow.

“ I come to join thee and defend thy throne
 ’Long with our common faith against the
 foe.

Ready am I for each adventure shown ;
 The high I fear not, nor disdain the low ;
 Whether my task in open field thou choose,
 Or within ’leaguered walls, I none refuse.”

She ceased. The king replied : “ What re-
 gion lies

So far from Asia or the path o’ the sun,
 Thou glorious maid, that thither never hies
 Thy fame and the honor which thy deeds
 have won ?

Now, since thy sword to me its aid sup-
 plies,

I am consoled and fears henceforth have
 none :

Not were a grand host gathered to ensure
 My rescue, could my hope be more secure.

“ To me far, far too long does Godfrey seem
 To arrest his coming. Now for thy de-
 mand
 To be employed : worthy of thee I deem
 Adventures only which are hard and
 grand ;

Over our warriors in thy hand shall gleam
 The sceptre, and be law thy least com-
 mand.”

Thus spake he. Courteous thanks for praise
 so high

She rendered, then continued her reply :

“ Certes, to make the guerdon to precede
 The service must seem strange, and yet
 thy rare

Indulgence cheers me, and for future meed
 Bestow on me, I pray, the culprits there.

A gift I ask them ; yet severe indeed
 Their doom if aught of doubt perplex the
 affair.

But this I press not ; neither do I press
 The signs which prove to me their guiltless-
 ness.

“ I shall but say that all of you surmise
 The Christians took the image, but I draw
 Conclusion different from yours, nor poise
 My judgment but on reasons full of awe.

What the magician ventured to advise
 Was an irreverence tow’rd our holy law ;
 For ’tis not meet our temples should possess
 Idols at all, and others’ idols less.

“ Up to Mohammed, then, I joy to trace
 The miracle : he wrought it—yes, for you—
 To show that ’tis not lawful to debase
 His temples with religion which is new.
 Let, then, Ismene, who wields the curse in
 place

Of weapon, attempt all that spells can do,
 But by the sword we warriors should be
 known ;

This is our art : our hope be this alone.”

Here ceased she, and the king, although the
 spur

Of pity hardly turned his wrath aside,

Wished to display his deference for her :
 Reason persuades him, and her prayers decide.
 He answered : " Life and freedom I confer :
 To such a pleader naught can be denied.
 Justice or pardon let it be, this pair
 Guiltless absolve I, and, if guilty, spare."

Thus were they loosed. Olindo's fortune
 proved
 Most truly blest, whose love could thus
 inspire
 Like love in a warm heart at last, who
 moved
 Away to nuptials from the funeral pyre ;
 Nor only from mere lover became loved,
 But changed for Hymen's torch the penal
 fire.
 He would have died with her : she'll not deny
 To live with him who doth not with her die.
 Translation of CHARLES LESINGHAM SMITH.

LONDON BRIDGE.

PROUD and lowly, beggar and lord,
 Over the bridge they go,
 Rags and velvet, fetter and sword,
 Poverty, pomp and woe.
 Laughing, weeping, hurrying ever,
 Hour by hour they crowd along,
 While, below, the mighty river
 Sings them all a mocking song.
 Hurry along, sorrow and song,
 All is vanity 'neath the sun ;
 Velvet and rags, so the world wags,
 Until the river no more shall run.

Dainty, painted, powdered and gay,
 Rolleth My Lady by ;

Rags-and-Tatters, over the way,
 Carries a heart as high.
 Flowers and dreams from country meadows,
 Dust and din through city skies,
 Old men creeping with their shadows,
 Children with their sunny eyes.
 Hurry along, sorrow and song,
 All is vanity 'neath the sun ;
 Velvet and rags, so the world wags,
 Until the river no more shall run.

Storm and sunshine, peace and strife,
 Over the bridge they go,
 Floating on in the tide of life—
 Whither, no man shall know.
 Who will miss them there to-morrow,
 Waifs that drift to the shade of sun ?
 Gone away with their songs and sorrow ;
 Only the river still flows on.
 Hurry along, sorrow and song,
 All is vanity 'neath the sun ;
 Velvet and rags, so the world wags,
 Until the river no more shall run.
 F. E. WEATHERLY.

WAIF.

ONCE I sat on a crimson throne,
 And I held the world in fee ;
 Below me I heard my brothers moan,
 And I bent me down to see—

Lovingly bent and looked on them,
 But I had no inward pain :
 I sat in the heart of my ruby gem
 Like a rainbow without the rain.

My throne is vanished ; helpless I lie
 At the foot of its broken stair,
 And the sorrows of all humanity
 Through my heart make a thoroughfare.

GEORGE MACDONALD.

JOHN ADAMS.

JOHN ADAMS, the second President of the United States, was born in Braintree, Massachusetts, October 19, 1735. After the usual preparatory studies he entered Harvard College, and was distinguished in his class for diligence in his studies and for originality and boldness of thought—qualities which shone most conspicuously in his after-life. He graduated in 1755, and began the study of law with James Putnam, at Worcester. In 1764 he married Abigail Smith, daughter of Rev. William Smith of Weymouth, a lady of an excellent education and of uncommon natural endowments. In 1765 he removed to Boston. His legal practice soon became extensive, and it was soon seen that he was one to whom his fellow-citizens might confidently look as a champion of their rights against the encroachments and assumptions of the Crown. In 1769 he was chairman of the committee appointed by the town of Boston to draw up instructions to their representatives to resist the British encroachments. The next year he was chosen a member of the Legislature from Boston.

In June, 1774, Mr. Adams was elected by the Assembly, together with Thomas Cushing, James Bowdoin, Samuel Adams and Robert T. Paine, to the first Continental Congress. To his friend Sewall, who endeavored to dissuade him from accepting the appointment, he replied, in his characteristic energy of language, "The die is cast: I have passed the Rubicon. Sink or swim, live or die, survive or perish, with my country, is my unalterable determination." He took his seat in Congress, September 5, 1774, and was on the committee which drew up the statement of the rights of the colonies,

and on that which prepared the address to the king. He also attended the next Congress, in 1775, and was among the foremost of those who were in favor of independence. On May 6, 1776, he moved to recommend to the colonies "to adopt such a government as would, in the opinion of the representatives of the people, best conduce to the happiness and safety of their constituents and of America." This passed, after an earnest debate, on the 15th. On the 7th of June, Richard Henry Lee made the motion, which was seconded by Mr. Adams, "that these united colonies are, and of right ought to be, free and independent States." The debate continued to the 10th, and was then postponed to the 1st of July. A committee of five, consisting of Jefferson, Adams, Franklin, Sherman and Livingston, was appointed to draw up a declaration of independence. At the request of Mr. Adams the instrument was written by Jefferson, and was adopted, as is known, on the 4th, but not without some strong opposition. The opposing arguments were met by Mr. Adams in a speech of unrivalled power. Of him Mr. Jefferson said, "The great pillar of support to the Declaration of Independence, and its ablest advocate and champion on the floor of the House, was John Adams. He was the colossus of that Congress: not graceful, not eloquent, not always fluent, in his public addresses, he yet came out with a power, both of thought and expression, which moved his hearers from their seats."

In 1779, Adams was appointed minister plenipotentiary to negotiate a peace with Great Britain, and had authority to form a commercial treaty with that nation. He was associated with Franklin, Jay and Lau-

rens, and the mission was successful in forming a definite treaty of peace, which was ratified January 14, 1784. He returned to Boston in 1788, after an absence of nine years. Congress had before passed a resolution of thanks for his able and faithful discharge of various important commissions. He was elected the first Vice-President of the United States in 1789, and was re-elected the second term; consequently, he was president of the Senate during the whole of the administration of Washington, whose confidence he enjoyed in the highest degree. Having been elected President to succeed Washington, he entered upon his duties March 4, 1797, and in 1801 he was succeeded by Mr. Jefferson.

After March, 1801, Mr. Adams lived in retirement at Quincy, occupied in agricultural pursuits, though occasionally addressing various communications to the public. In 1820, at the age of eighty-five, he was chosen president of the convention for revising the constitution of Massachusetts, though he did not serve in that capacity. In 1825 he enjoyed the singular happiness of seeing his son, John Quincy Adams, elevated to the office of President of the United States. But he was now drawing near his end. On the morning of the 4th of July, 1826, he was roused by the ringing of bells and the firing of cannon; and when asked if he knew what day it was, he replied, "Oh yes! it is the glorious Fourth. God bless it! God bless you all!" In the course of the day he said, "It is a great and glorious day," and just before he expired exclaimed, "Jefferson survives!" showing that his thoughts were dwelling on the scenes of 1776. But Jefferson was then dead, having expired at one

o'clock, while Mr. Adams lingered till twenty minutes past six P. M.

For purity of character, dauntless courage and true patriotism, Mr. Adams had no superior among his contemporaries, and his name will be held in veneration by all coming generations.

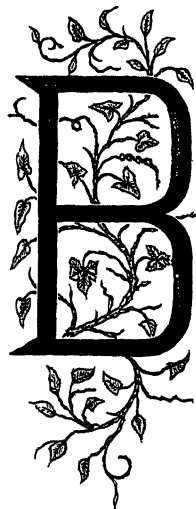
CHARLES D. CLEVELAND.

CAROLINE E. S. NORTON.

THIS modern English poetess was one of the three daughters of Thomas Sheridan, son of the celebrated Richard Brinsley Sheridan. She was born in 1808. Her father dying while she was still very young, her care devolved upon her mother, who gave her a fine education. At the age of nineteen she became the wife of the Hon. George Chapple Norton. In 1829 she commenced her career of authorship by publishing anonymously the "Sorrows of Rosalie," a tale, and other poems. In the following year she achieved the greatest success as a poetess with the production of her "Undying One" and other poems, which the *Quarterly Review* declared to be worthy of Lord Byron. The *Child of the Islands*, *Aunt Carry's Ballads for Children* and *Stuart of Dunleath*, a novel, were her subsequent works. In 1854 her warm sympathies with the social wrongs of her sex found expression in a work entitled *English Laws for Women in the Nineteenth Century*. This work was privately printed; but a very large circulation was obtained for a later effort of the same character, which was named *A Letter to the Queen on Lord Chancellor Cranworth's Marriage and Divorce Bill*. In 1862 she published a poem entitled "The Lady of Garaye," which met with considerable public favor.

S. O. BEETON.

BELISARIUS.



BELISARIUS (Slavonic Belitzar, "White Prince") was born at Germania about A. D. 505. In his youth he served in the body-guard of Justinian, and was afterward successively appointed to the chief command of the armies against Persia, Africa and Italy. During the Italian campaign he was offered the crown of Italy, but remained true to Justinian. Tzetzes, a writer of the twelfth century, describes him in his old age as a blind beggar, wandering through the streets of Constantinople; and this account has been adopted by Marmontel, but is considered a fiction by Gibbon and other historians. The great painting of Gérard, however, represents him in the guise of a mendicant seeking alms. From this celebrated painting we give a medallion engraving on steel.

BARON FRANÇOIS GÉRARD

Was one of the first portrait and historical painters of the modern French school. He was of French parentage, but was born at Rome in A. D. 1770, his father being connected with the French legation at that city. When but a youth he went to Paris, and there studied with Pajou, the sculptor, after which he worked with the painter Brenet. In A. D. 1795 he exhibited his first great painting, "Belisarius," which was followed by "Psyche and Cupid," "but his greatest work, both as regards size and merit, is his 'Entrance

of Henri Quatre into Paris.' It is thirty feet wide by fifteen high, glowing with life, bright with color, and accurate in costume. It was painted in A. D. 1817." He was appointed by Louis XVIII. court-painter, and raised to the rank of baron. He died at Paris in his sixty-seventh year, on January 11, A. D. 1837.

HISTORICAL ACCOUNT OF BELISARIUS.

FROM DECLINE AND FALL OF THE ROMAN EMPIRE.

THE Africanus of new Rome was born, and perhaps educated, among the Thracian peasants, without any of those advantages which had formed the virtues of the elder and the younger Scipio—a noble origin, liberal studies and the emulation of a free state. The silence of a loquacious secretary may be admitted to prove that the youth of Belisarius could not afford any subject of praise: he served, most assuredly with valor and reputation, among the private guards of Justinian; and when his patron became emperor, the domestic was promoted to military command. After a bold inroad into Persarmenia, in which his glory was shared by a colleague and his progress was checked by an enemy, Belisarius repaired to the important station of Dara, where he first accepted the service of Procopius, the faithful companion and diligent historian of his exploits. The Mirranes of Persia advanced with forty thousand of her best troops to raze the fortifications of Dara, and signified the day and the hour on which the citizens should prepare a bath for his refreshment after the toils of



A. Spencer

Belisarius.

victory. He encountered an adversary equal to himself by the new title of general of the East, his superior in the science of war, but much inferior in the number and quality of his troops, which amounted only to twenty-five thousand Romans and strangers, relaxed in their discipline and humbled by recent disasters.

As the level plain of Dara refused all shelter to stratagem and ambush, Belisarius protected his front with a deep trench, which was prolonged at first in perpendicular, and afterward in parallel, lines, to cover the wings of cavalry advantageously posted to command the flanks and rear of the enemy. When the Roman centre was shaken, their well-timed and rapid charge decided the conflict: the standard of Persia fell; the *immortals* fled; the infantry threw away their bucklers, and eight thousand of the vanquished were left on the field of battle.

In the next campaign Syria was invaded on the side of the desert, and Belisarius, with twenty thousand men, hastened from Dara to the relief of the province. During the whole summer the designs of the enemy were baffled by his skilful dispositions; he pressed their retreat, occupied each night their camp of the preceding day, and would have secured a bloodless victory if he could have resisted the impatience of his own troops. Their valiant promise was faintly supported in the hour of battle; the right wing was exposed by the treacherous or cowardly desertion of the Christian Arabs; the Huns, a veteran band of eight hundred warriors, were oppressed by superior numbers; the flight of the Isaurians was intercepted; but the Roman infantry stood firm on the left, for Belisarius himself, dismounting from his horse,

showed them that intrepid despair was their only safety. They turned their backs to the Euphrates and their faces to the enemy; innumerable arrows glanced without effect from the compact and shelving order of their bucklers; an impenetrable line of pikes was opposed to the repeated assaults of the Persian cavalry; and after a resistance of many hours the remaining troops were skilfully embarked under the shadow of the night. The Persian commander retired with disorder and disgrace to answer a strict account of the lives of so many soldiers, which he had consumed in a barren victory. But the fame of Belisarius was not sullied by a defeat in which he alone had saved his army from the consequences of their own rashness: the approach of peace relieved him from the guard of the eastern frontier, and his conduct in the sedition of Constantinople amply discharged his obligations to the emperor.

When the African war became the topic of popular discourse and secret deliberation, each of the Roman generals was apprehensive rather than ambitious of the dangerous honor, but as soon as Justinian had declared his preference of superior merit their envy was rekindled by the unanimous applause which was given to the choice of Belisarius. The temper of the Byzantine court may encourage a suspicion that the hero was darkly assisted by the intrigues of his wife, the fair and subtle Antonina, who alternately enjoyed the confidence and incurred the hatred of the empress Theodora. The birth of Antonina was ignoble; she descended from a family of charioteers, and her chastity has been stained with the foulest reproach. Yet she reigned with long and absolute power over the mind of her illustrious husband;

and if Antonina disdained the merit of conjugal fidelity, she expressed a manly friendship to Belisarius, whom she accompanied with undaunted resolution in all the hardships and dangers of a military life.

AFRICAN WAR (A. D. 533).

The preparations for the African war were not unworthy of the last contest between Rome and Carthage. The pride and flower of the army consisted of the guards of Belisarius, who, according to the pernicious indulgence of the times, devoted themselves by a particular oath of fidelity to the service of their patrons. Their strength and stature, for which they had been curiously selected, the goodness of their horses and armor and the assiduous practice of all the exercises of war enabled them to act whatever their courage might prompt; and their courage was exalted by the social honor of their rank and the personal ambition of favor and fortune. Four hundred of the bravest of the Heruli marched under the banner of the faithful and active Pharas; their intractable valor was more highly prized than the tame submission of the Greeks and Syrians, and of such importance was it deemed to procure a reinforcement of six hundred Massagetæ, or Huns, that they were allured by fraud and deceit to engage in a novel expedition. Five thousand horse and ten thousand foot were embarked at Constantinople for the conquest of Africa, but the infantry, for the most part levied in Thrace and Isauria, yielded to the more prevailing use and reputation of the cavalry, and the Scythian bow was the weapon on which the armies of Rome were now reduced to place their principal dependence. From a laudable desire to assert the dignity

of his theme, Procopius defends the soldiers of his own time against the morose critics who confined that respectable name to the heavy-armed warriors of antiquity, and maliciously observed that the word *archer* is introduced by Homer as a term of contempt: "Such contempt might perhaps be due to the naked youths who appeared on foot in the fields of Troy, and, lurking behind a tombstone or the shield of a friend, drew the bow-string to their breast and dismissed a feeble and lifeless arrow. But our archers (pursues the historian) are mounted on horses which they manage with admirable skill; their head and shoulders are protected by a casque or buckler; they wear greaves of iron on their legs, and their bodies are guarded by a coat of mail. On their right side hangs a quiver, a sword on their left, and their hand is accustomed to wield a lance or javelin in closer combat. Their bows are strong and weighty; they shoot in every possible direction, advancing, retreating, to the front, to the rear or to either flank; and as they are taught to draw the bow-string not to the breast, but to the right ear, firm indeed must be the armor that can resist the rapid violence of their shaft." Five hundred transports, navigated by twenty thousand mariners of Egypt, Cilicia and Ionia, were collected in the harbor of Constantinople. The smallest of these vessels may be computed at thirty, the largest at five hundred, tons; and the fair average will supply an allowance, liberal but not profuse, of about one hundred thousand tons for the reception of thirty-five thousand soldiers and sailors, of five thousand horses, of arms, engines and military stores, and of a sufficient stock of water and provisions for a voyage perhaps of

three months. The proud galleys which in former ages swept the Mediterranean with so many hundred oars had long since disappeared, and the fleet of Justinian was escorted only by ninety-two light brigantines covered from the missile weapons of the enemy and rowed by two thousand of the brave and robust youth of Constantinople. Twenty-two generals are named, most of whom were afterward distinguished in the wars of Africa and Italy; but the supreme command, both by land and sea, was delegated to Belisarius alone, with a boundless power of acting according to his discretion as if the emperor himself were present. The separation of the naval and military professions is at once the effect and the cause of the modern improvements in the science of navigation and maritime war.

In the seventh year of the reign of Justinian, and about the time of the summer solstice, the whole fleet of six hundred ships was ranged in martial pomp before the gardens of the palace. The patriarch pronounced his benediction, the emperor signified his last commands, the general's trumpet gave the signal of departure, and every heart, according to its fears or wishes, explored with anxious curiosity the omens of misfortune and success. The first halt was made at Perinthus, or Heraclea, where Belisarius waited five days to receive some Thracian horses—a military gift of his sovereign. From thence the fleet pursued their course through the midst of the Propontis; but as they struggled to pass the straits of the Hellespont an unfavorable wind detained them four days at Abydus, where the general exhibited a memorable lesson of firmness and severity. Two of the Huns, who in a drunken quarrel

had slain one of their fellow-soldiers, were instantly shown to the army suspended on a lofty gibbet. The national indignity was resented by their country, who disclaimed the servile laws of the empire and asserted the free privilege of Scythia, where a small fine was allowed to expiate the hasty sallies of intemperance and anger. Their complaints were specious, their clamors were loud, and the Romans were not averse to the example of disorder and impunity. But the rising sedition was appeased by the authority and eloquence of the general, and he represented to the assembled troops the obligation of justice, the importance of discipline, the rewards of piety and virtue and the unpardonable guilt of murder, which, in his apprehension, was aggravated rather than excused by the vice of intoxication.

In the navigation from the Hellespont to Peloponnesus, which the Greeks, after the siege of Troy, had performed in four days, the fleet of Belisarius was guided in their course by his master-galley, conspicuous in the day by the redness of the sails, and in the night by the torches blazing from the mast-head. It was the duty of the pilots, as they steered between the islands and turned the capes of Malea and Tænarium, to preserve the just order and regular intervals of such a multitude of ships. As the wind was fair and moderate, their labors were not unsuccessful, and the troops were safely disembarked at Methone, on the Messenian coast, to repose themselves for a while after the fatigues of the sea. In this place they experienced how avarice invested with authority may sport with the lives of thousands which are bravely exposed for the public service. According to military practice,

the bread or biscuit of the Romans was twice prepared in the oven, and a diminution of one-fourth was cheerfully allowed for the loss of weight. To gain this miserable profit and to save the expense of wood, the prefect John of Cappadocia had given orders that the flour should be slightly baked by the same fire which warmed the baths of Constantinople; and when the sacks were opened, a soft and mouldy paste was distributed to the army. Such unwholesome food, assisted by the heat of the climate and season, soon produced an epidemical disease which swept away five hundred soldiers. Their health was restored by the diligence of Belisarius, who provided fresh bread at Methone and boldly expressed his just and humane indignation. The emperor heard his complaint; the general was praised, but the minister was not punished.

From the port of Methone the pilots steered along the western coast of Peloponnesus as far as the isle of Zacynthus, or Zant, before they undertook the voyage (in their eyes a most arduous voyage) of one hundred leagues over the Ionian sea. As the fleet was surprised by a calm, sixteen days were consumed in the slow navigation; and even the general would have suffered the intolerable hardship of thirst if the ingenuity of Antonina had not preserved the water in glass bottles, which she buried deep in the sand in a part of the ship impervious to the rays of the sun. At length the harbor of Caucana, on the southern side of Sicily, afforded a secure and hospitable shelter. The Gothic officers, who governed the island in the name of the daughter and grandson of Theodoric, obeyed their imprudent orders to receive the troops of Justinian like friends and allies; provisions were liberally supplied, the cavalry was

remounted, and Procopius soon returned from Syracuse with correct information of the state and designs of the Vandals. His intelligence determined Belisarius to hasten his operations, and his wise impatience was seconded by the winds. The fleet lost sight of Sicily, passed before the isle of Malta, discovered the capes of Africa, ran along the coast with a strong gale from the north-east, and finally cast anchor at the promontory of Caput Vada, about five days' journey to the south of Carthage.

If Gelimer had been informed of the approach of the enemy, he must have delayed the conquest of Sardinia for the immediate defence of his person and kingdom. A detachment of five thousand soldiers and one hundred and twenty galleys would have joined the remaining forces of the Vandals, and the descendant of Genseric might have surprised and oppressed a fleet of deep-laden transports incapable of action, and of light brigantines that seemed only qualified for flight. Belisarius had secretly trembled when he overheard his soldiers, in the passage, emboldening each other to confess their apprehensions: if they were once on shore, they hoped to maintain the honor of their arms; but if they should be attacked at sea, they did not blush to acknowledge that they wanted courage to contend at the same time with the winds, the waves and the barbarians. The knowledge of their sentiments decided Belisarius to seize the first opportunity of landing them on the coast of Africa, and he prudently rejected, in a council of war, the proposal of sailing with the fleet and army into the port of Carthage.

Three months after their departure from Constantinople the men and horses, the arms

and military stores, were safely disembarked, and five soldiers were left as a guard on board each of the ships, which were disposed in the form of a semicircle. The remainder of the troops occupied a camp on the seashore, which they fortified, according to ancient discipline, with a ditch and rampart; and the discovery of a source of fresh water, while it allayed the thirst, excited the superstitious confidence, of the Romans. The next morning some of the neighboring gardens were pillaged, and Belisarius, after chastising the offenders, embraced the slight occasion, but the decisive moment, of inculcating the maxims of justice, moderation and genuine policy.

"When I first accepted the commission of subduing Africa, I depended much less," said the general, "on the numbers, or even the bravery, of my troops than upon the friendly disposition of the natives and their immortal hatred to the Vandals. You alone can deprive me of this hope: if you continue to extort by rapine what might be purchased for a little money, such acts of violence will reconcile these implacable enemies and unite them in a just and holy league against the invaders of their country."

These exhortations were enforced by a rigid discipline, of which the soldiers themselves soon felt and praised the salutary effects. The inhabitants, instead of deserting their houses or hiding their corn, supplied the Romans with a fair and liberal market; the civil officers of the province continued to exercise their functions in the name of Justinian; and the clergy, from motives of conscience and interest, assiduously labored to promote the cause of a Catholic emperor.

The small town of Sullecte, one day's

journey from the camp, had the honor of being foremost to open her gates and to resume her ancient allegiance; the larger cities of Leptis and Adrumetum imitated the example of loyalty as soon as Belisarius appeared; and he advanced without opposition as far as Grasse, a palace of the Vandal kings, at the distance of fifty miles from Carthage. The weary Romans indulged themselves in the refreshment of shady groves, cool fountains and delicious fruits; and the preference which Procopius allows to these gardens over any that he had seen, either in the East or West, may be ascribed either to the taste or the fatigue of the historian. In three generations prosperity and a warm climate had dissolved the hardy virtue of the Vandals, who insensibly became the most luxurious of mankind. In their villas and gardens, which might deserve the Persian name of *paradise*, they enjoyed a cool and elegant repose, and after the daily use of the bath the barbarians were seated at a table profusely spread with the delicacies of the land and sea. Their silken robes, loosely flowing after the fashion of the Medes, were embroidered with gold; love and hunting were the labors of their life, and their vacant hours were amused by pantomimes, chariot-races and the music and dances of the theatre.

In a march of ten or twelve days the vigilance of Belisarius was constantly awake and active against his unseen enemies, by whom in every place and at every hour he might be suddenly attacked. An officer of confidence and merit, John the Armenian, led the vanguard of three hundred horse; six hundred Massagetæ covered at a certain distance the left flank; and the whole fleet, steering along the coast, seldom lost sight of

the army, which moved each day about twelve miles, and lodged in the evening in strong camps or in friendly towns.

The near approach of the Romans to Carthage filled the mind of Gelimer with anxiety and terror. He prudently wished to protract the war till his brother, with his veteran troops, should return from the conquest of Sardinia, and he now lamented the rash policy of his ancestors, who, by destroying the fortifications of Africa, had left him only the dangerous resource of risking a battle in the neighborhood of his capital. The Vandal conquerors, from their original number of fifty thousand, were multiplied, without including their women and children, to one hundred and sixty thousand fighting men; and such forces, animated with valor and union, might have crushed at their first landing the feeble and exhausted bands of the Roman general. But the friends of the captive king were more inclined to accept the invitations than to resist the progress of Belisarius, and many a proud barbarian disguised his aversion to war under the more specious name of his hatred to the usurper. Yet the authority and promises of Gelimer collected a formidable army, and his plans were concerted with some degree of military skill. An order was despatched to his brother Ammatas to collect all the forces of Carthage, and to encounter the van of the Roman army at the distance of ten miles from the city; his nephew Gibamund, with two thousand horse, was destined to attack their left when the monarch himself, who silently followed, should charge their rear in a situation which excluded them from the aid, or even the view, of their fleet. But the rashness of Ammatas was fatal to himself and his country.

He anticipated the hour of the attack, outstripped his tardy followers and was pierced with a mortal wound after he had slain with his own hand twelve of his boldest antagonists. His Vandals fled to Carthage; the highway—almost ten miles—was strewn with dead bodies, and it seemed incredible that such multitudes could be slaughtered by the swords of three hundred Romans. The nephew of Gelimer was defeated after a slight combat by the six hundred Massagætæ. They did not equal the third part of his numbers, but each Scythian was fired by the example of his chief, who gloriously exercised the privilege of his family by riding foremost and alone to shoot the first arrow against the enemy.

In the mean while, Gelimer himself, ignorant of the event and misguided by the windings of the hills, inadvertently passed the Roman army and reached the scene of action where Ammatas had fallen. He wept the fate of his brother and of Carthage, charged with irresistible fury the advancing squadrons, and might have pursued, and perhaps decided the victory, if he had not wasted those inestimable moments in the discharge of a vain though pious duty to the dead. While his spirit was broken by this mournful office, he heard the trumpet of Belisarius, who, leaving Antonina and his infantry in the camp, pressed forward with his guards and the remainder of the cavalry to rally his flying troops and to restore the fortune of the day. Much room could not be found in this disorderly battle for the talents of a general, but the king fled before the hero, and the Vandals, accustomed only to a Moorish enemy, were incapable of withstanding the arms and discipline of the Romans. Gelimer re-

tired with hasty steps toward the desert of Numidia, but he had soon the consolation of learning that his private orders for the execution of Hilderic and his captive friends had been faithfully obeyed. The tyrant's revenge was useful only to his enemies. The death of a lawful prince excited the compassion of his people; his life might have perplexed the victorious Romans; and the lieutenant of Justinian, by a crime of which he was innocent, was relieved from the painful alternative of forfeiting his honor or relinquishing his conquests.

As soon as the tumult had subsided the several parts of the army informed each other of the accidents of the day, and Belisarius pitched his camp on the field of victory, to which the tenth milestone from Carthage had applied the Latin appellation of *decimus*. From a wise suspicion of the stratagems and resources of the Vandals, he marched the next day in order of battle, halted in the evening before the gates of Carthage and allowed a night of repose, that he might not in darkness and disorder expose the city to the license of the soldiers, or the soldiers themselves to the secret ambush of the city. But, as the fears of Belisarius were the result of calm and intrepid reason, he was soon satisfied that he might confide without danger in the peaceful and friendly aspect of the capital. Carthage blazed with innumerable torches, the signals of the public joy; the chain was removed that guarded the entrance of the port; the gates were thrown open, and the people, with acclamations of gratitude, hailed and invited their Roman deliverers.

One awful hour reversed the fortunes of the contending parties. The suppliant Van-

dals, who had so lately indulged the vices of conquerors, sought a humble refuge in the sanctuary of the church; while the merchants of the East were delivered from the deepest dungeon of the palace by their affrighted keeper, who implored the protection of his captives and showed them, through an aperture in the wall, the sails of the Roman fleet.

After their separation from the army the naval commanders had proceeded with slow caution along the coast till they reached the Hermæan promontory and obtained the first intelligence of the victory of Belisarius. Faithful to his instructions, they would have cast anchor about twenty miles from Carthage, if the more skilful seamen had not represented the perils of the shore and the signs of an impending tempest. Still ignorant of the revolution, they declined, however, the rash attempt of forcing the chain of the port; and the adjacent harbor and suburb of Mandracium were insulted only by the rapine of a private officer who disobeyed and deserted his leaders. But the imperial fleet, advancing with a fair wind, steered through the narrow entrance of the Goletta, and occupied in the deep and capacious Lake of Tunis a secure station about five miles from the capital.

No sooner was Belisarius informed of their arrival than he despatched orders that the greatest part of the mariners should be immediately landed to join the triumph and to swell the apparent numbers of the Romans. Before he allowed them to enter the gates of Carthage he exhorted them, in a discourse worthy of himself and the occasion, not to disgrace the glory of their arms, and to remember that the Vandals had been the

tyrants, but that *they* were the deliverers, of the Africans, who must now be respected as the voluntary and affectionate subjects of their common sovereign. The Romans marched through the streets in close ranks, prepared for battle if an enemy had appeared; the strict order maintained by the general imprinted on their minds the duty of obedience; and in an age in which custom and impunity almost sanctified the abuse of conquest the genius of one man repressed the passions of a victorious army. The voice of menace and complaint was silent; the trade of Carthage was not interrupted; while Africa changed her master and her government the shops continued open and busy; and the soldiers, after sufficient guards had been posted, modestly departed to the houses which were allotted for their reception.

Belisarius fixed his residence in the palace, seated himself on the throne of Genseric, accepted and distributed the barbaric spoil, granted their lives to the suppliant Vandals and labored to repair the damage which the suburb of Mandracium had sustained in the preceding night. At supper he entertained his principal officers with the form and magnificence of a royal banquet. The victor was respectfully served by the captive officers of the household, and in the moments of festivity, when the impartial spectators applauded the fortune and merit of Belisarius, his envious flatterers secretly shed their venom on every word and gesture which might alarm the suspicions of a jealous monarch. One day was given to these pompous scenes, which may not be despised as useless if they attracted the popular veneration; but the active mind of Belisarius, which in the pride of victory could suppose

a defeat, had already resolved that the Roman empire in Africa should not depend on the chance of arms or the favor of the people. The fortifications of Carthage had alone been exempted from the general proscription, but in the reign of ninety-five years they were suffered to decay by the thoughtless and indolent Vandals. A wiser conqueror restored with incredible despatch the walls and ditches of the city. His liberality encouraged the workmen; the soldiers, the mariners and the citizens vied with each other in the salutary labor; and Gelimer, who had feared to trust his person in an open town, beheld with astonishment and despair the rising strength of an impregnable fortress.

That unfortunate monarch, after the loss of his capital, applied himself to collect the remains of an army scattered rather than destroyed by the preceding battle, and the hopes of pillage attracted some Moorish bands to the standard of Gelimer. He encamped in the fields of Bulla, four days' journey from Carthage, insulted the capital, which he deprived of the use of an aqueduct, proposed a high reward for the head of every Roman, affected to spare the persons and property of his African subjects and secretly negotiated with the Arian sectaries and the confederate Huns. Under these circumstances, the conquest of Sardinia served only to aggravate his distress. He reflected with the deepest anguish that he had wasted in that useless enterprise five thousand of his bravest troops, and he read with grief and shame the victorious letters of his brother Zano, who expressed a sanguine confidence that the king, after the example of their ancestors, had already chastised the rashness of the Roman invader.

"Alas, my brother," replied Gelimer, "Heaven has declared against our unhappy nation. While you have subdued Sardinia, we have lost Africa. No sooner did Belisarius appear with a handful of soldiers than courage and prosperity deserted the cause of the Vandals. Your nephew Gibamund, your brother Ammatas, have been betrayed to death by the cowardice of their followers. Our horses, our ships, Carthage itself, and all Africa, are in the power of the enemy. Yet the Vandals still prefer an ignominious repose at the expense of their wives and children, their wealth and liberty. Nothing now remains except the field of Bulla and the hope of your valor. Abandon Sardinia; fly to our relief. Restore our empire or perish by our side."

On the receipt of this epistle Zano imparted his grief to the principal Vandals, but the intelligence was prudently concealed from the natives of the island.

The troops embarked in one hundred and twenty galleys at the port of Cagliari, cast anchor the third day on the confines of Mauritania and hastily pursued their march to join the royal standard in the camp of Bulla. Mournful was the interview. The two brothers embraced; they wept in silence. No questions were asked of the Sardinian victory; no inquiries were made of the African misfortunes: they saw before their eyes the whole extent of their calamities; and the absence of their wives and children afforded a melancholy proof that either death or captivity had been their lot.

The languid spirit of the Vandals was at length awakened and united by the entreaties of their king, the example of Zano and the instant danger which threatened their mon-

archy and religion. The military strength of the nation advanced to battle, and such was the rapid increase that before their army reached Tricameron, about twenty miles from Carthage, they might boast, perhaps with some exaggeration, that they surpassed in a tenfold proportion the diminutive powers of the Romans. But these powers were under the command of Belisarius; and, as he was conscious of their superior merit, he permitted the barbarians to surprise him at an unseasonable hour. The Romans were instantly under arms. A rivulet covered their front; the cavalry formed the first line, which Belisarius supported in the centre, at the head of five hundred guards; the infantry, at some distance, was posted in the second line, and the vigilance of the general watched the separate station and ambiguous faith of the Massagetæ, who secretly reserved their aid for the conquerors. The historian has inserted, and the reader may easily supply, the speeches of the commanders, who by arguments the most apposite to their situation inculcated the importance of victory and the contempt of life. Zano, with the troops which had followed him to the conquest of Sardinia, was placed in the centre, and the throne of Genseric might have stood if the multitude of Vandals had imitated their intrepid resolution. Casting away their lances and missile weapons, they drew their swords and expected the charge. The Roman cavalry thrice passed the rivulet; they were thrice repulsed, and the conflict was firmly maintained till Zano fell and the standard of Belisarius was displayed. Gelimer retreated to his camp; the Huns joined the pursuit, and the victors despoiled the bodies of the slain. Yet no more than fifty Romans and

eight hundred Vandals were found on the field of battle, so inconsiderable was the carnage of a day which extinguished a nation and transferred the empire of Africa. In the evening Belisarius led his infantry to the attack of the camp, and the pusillanimous flight of Gelimer exposed the vanity of his recent declarations that to the vanquished death was a relief, life a burthen and infamy the only object of terror. His departure was secret, but as soon as the Vandals discovered that their king had deserted them they hastily dispersed, anxious only for their personal safety and careless of every object that is dear or valuable to mankind. The Romans entered the camp without resistance, and the wildest scenes of disorder were veiled in the darkness and confusion of the night. Every barbarian who met their swords was inhumanly massacred; their widows and daughters, as rich heirs or beautiful concubines, were embraced by the licentious soldiers, and avarice itself was almost satiated with the treasures of gold and silver, the accumulated fruits of conquest or economy in a long period of prosperity and peace. In this frantic search the troops even of Belisarius forgot their caution and respect. Intoxicated with lust and rapine, they explored in small parties or alone the adjacent fields, the woods, the rocks and the caverns that might possibly conceal any desirable prize; laden with booty, they deserted their ranks and wandered without a guide on the high-road to Carthage; and if the flying enemies had dared to return, very few of the conquerors would have escaped.

Deeply sensible of the disgrace and danger, Belisarius passed an apprehensive night on the field of victory; at the dawn of day he

planted his standard on a hill, recalled his guards and veterans and gradually restored the modesty and obedience of the camp. It was equally the concern of the Roman general to subdue the hostile and to save the prostrate barbarian; and the suppliant Vandals, who could be found only in churches, were protected by his authority, disarmed and separately confined, that they might neither disturb the public peace nor become the victims of popular revenge. After despatching a light detachment to tread the footsteps of Gelimer, he advanced with his whole army about ten days' march, as far as Hippo Regius, which no longer possessed the relics of St. Augustine.

The season and the certain intelligence that the Vandal had fled to the inaccessible country of the Moors determined Belisarius to relinquish the vain pursuit and to fix his winter-quarters at Carthage. From thence he despatched his principal lieutenant to inform the emperor that in the space of three months he had achieved the conquest of Africa [A. D. 534].

Yet the conquest of Africa was imperfect till her former sovereign was delivered, either alive or dead, into the hands of the Romans. Doubtful of the event, Gelimer had given secret orders that a part of his treasure should be transported to Spain, where he hoped to find a secure refuge at the court of the king of the Visigoths. But these intentions were disappointed by accident, treachery and the indefatigable pursuit of his enemies, who intercepted his flight from the seashore and chased the unfortunate monarch, with some faithful followers, to the inaccessible mountain of Papua, in the inland country of Numidia. He was immediately besieged

by Pharas, an officer whose truth and sobriety were the more applauded as such qualities could be seldom found among the Heruli, the most corrupt of the barbarian tribes. To his vigilance Belisarius had entrusted this important charge, and after a bold attempt to scale the mountain, in which he lost a hundred and ten soldiers, Pharas expected during a winter siege the operation of distress and famine on the mind of the Vandal king. From the softest habits of pleasure, from the unbounded command of industry and wealth, he was reduced to share the poverty of the Moors, supportable only to themselves by their ignorance of a happier condition. In their rude hovels of mud and hurdles, which confined the smoke and excluded the light, they promiscuously slept on the ground, perhaps on a sheep-skin, with their wives, their children and their cattle. Sordid and scanty were their garments; the use of bread and wine was unknown; and their oaten or barley-cakes, imperfectly baked in the ashes, were devoured almost in a crude state by the hungry savages.

The health of Gelimer must have sunk under these strange and unwonted hardships, from whatsoever cause they had been endured; but his actual misery was embittered by the recollection of past greatness, the daily insolence of his protectors and the just apprehension that the light and venal Moors might be tempted to betray the rights of hospitality.

The knowledge of his situation dictated the humane and friendly epistle of Pharas.

"Like yourself," said the chief of the Heruli, "I am an illiterate barbarian, but I speak the language of plain sense and an honest heart. Why will you persist in

hopeless obstinacy? Why will you ruin yourself, your family and nation? The love of freedom and abhorrence of slavery? Alas, my dearest Gelimer, are you not already the worst of slaves, the slave of the vile nation of the Moors? Would it not be preferable to sustain at Constantinople a life of poverty and servitude rather than to reign the undoubted monarch of the mountain of Papua? Do you think it a disgrace to be the subject of Justinian? Belisarius is his subject, and we ourselves, whose birth is not inferior to your own, are not ashamed of our obedience to the Roman emperor. That generous prince will grant you a rich inheritance of lands, a place in the Senate and the dignity of patrician: such are his gracious intentions, and you may depend with full assurance on the word of Belisarius. So long as Heaven has condemned us to suffer, patience is a virtue; but if we reject the proffered deliverance, it degenerates into blind and stupid despair."

"I am not insensible," replied the king of the Vandals, "how kind and rational is your advice, but I cannot persuade myself to become the slave of an unjust enemy who has deserved my implacable hatred. *Him* I had never injured either by word or deed, yet he has sent against me, I know not from whence, a certain Belisarius, who has cast me headlong from the throne into this abyss of misery. Justinian is a man; he is a prince: does he not dread for himself a similar reverse of fortune? I can write no more; my grief oppresses me. Send me, I beseech you, my dear Pharas—send me a lyre, a sponge and a loaf of bread."

From the Vandal messenger Pharas was informed of the motives of this singular re-

quest. It was long since the king of Africa had tasted bread ; a defluxion had fallen on his eyes, the effect of fatigue or incessant weeping ; and he wished to solace the melancholy hours by singing to the lyre the sad story of his own misfortunes.

The humanity of Pharas was moved ; he sent the three extraordinary gifts, but even his humanity prompted him to redouble the vigilance of his guard, that he might sooner compel his prisoner to embrace a resolution advantageous to the Romans, but salutary to himself.

The obstinacy of Gelimer at length yielded to reason and necessity ; the solemn assurances of safety and honorable treatment were ratified in the emperor's name by the ambassador of Belisarius, and the king of the Vandals descended from the mountain. The first public interview was in one of the suburbs of Carthage ; and when the royal captive accosted his conqueror, he burst into a fit of laughter. The crowd might naturally believe that extreme grief had deprived Gelimer of his senses, but in this mournful state unseasonable mirth insinuated to more intelligent observers that the vain and transitory scenes of human greatness are unworthy of a serious thought. Their contempt was soon justified by a new example of a vulgar truth—that flattery adheres to power, and envy to superior merit. The chiefs of the Roman army presumed to think themselves the rivals of a hero. Their private despatches maliciously affirmed that the conqueror of Africa, strong in his reputation and the public love, conspired to seat himself on the throne of the Vandals.

Justinian listened with too patient an ear, and his silence was the result of jealousy

rather than of confidence. An honorable alternative, of remaining in the province or of returning to the capital, was indeed submitted to the discretion of Belisarius, but he wisely concluded, from intercepted letters and the knowledge of his sovereign's temper, that he must either resign his head, erect his standard or confound his enemies by his presence and submission. Innocence and courage decided his choice. His guards, captives and treasures were diligently embarked ; and so prosperous was the navigation that his arrival at Constantinople preceded any certain account of his departure from the port of Carthage. Such unsuspecting loyalty removed the apprehensions of Justinian ; envy was silenced and inflamed by the public gratitude, and the third Africanus obtained the honors of a triumph—a ceremony which the city of Constantine had never seen, and which ancient Rome, since the reign of Tiberius, had reserved for the *auspicious* arms of the Cæsars. From the palace of Belisarius the procession was conducted through the principal streets to the hippodrome, and this memorable day seemed to avenge the injuries of Genseric and to expiate the shame of the Romans. The wealth of nations was displayed, the trophies of martial or effeminate luxury ; rich armor, golden thrones and the chariots of state which had been used by the Vandal queen ; the massy furniture of the royal banquet, the splendor of precious stones, the elegant forms of statues and vases, the more substantial treasure of gold and the holy vessels of the Jewish temple, which after their long peregrination were respectfully deposited in the Christian church of Jerusalem. A long train of the noblest Vandals reluctantly exposed their lofty stat-

ure and manly countenance. Gelimer slowly advanced; he was clad in a purple robe and still maintained the majesty of a king. Not a tear escaped from his eyes, not a sigh was heard; but his pride or piety derived some secret consolation from the words of Solomon which he repeatedly pronounced: "Vanity! vanity! all is vanity." Instead of ascending a triumphal car drawn by four horses or elephants, the modest conqueror marched on foot at the head of his brave companions; his prudence might decline an honor too conspicuous for a subject, and his magnanimity might justly disdain what had been so often sullied by the vilest of tyrants. The glorious procession entered the gate of the hippodrome, was saluted by the acclamations of the Senate and people, and halted before the throne where Justinian and Theodora were seated to receive the homage of the captive monarch and the victorious hero. They both performed the customary adoration, and, falling prostrate on the ground, respectfully touched the footstool of a prince who had not unsheathed his sword, and of a prostitute who had danced on the theatre. Some gentle violence was used to bend the stubborn spirit of the grandson of Genseric, and, however trained to servitude, the genius of Belisarius must have secretly rebelled. He was immediately declared consul for the ensuing year, and the day of his inauguration resembled the pomp of a second triumph: his curule chair was borne aloft on the shoulders of captive Vandals, and the spoils of war, gold cups and rich girdles were profusely scattered among the populace [January 1, 535].

But the purest reward of Belisarius was in the faithful execution of a treaty for which

his honor had been pledged to the king of the Vandals. The religious scruples of Gelimer, who adhered to the Arian heresy, were incompatible with the dignity of senator or patrician; but he received from the emperor an ample estate in the province of Galatia, where the abdicated monarch retired with his family and friends to a life of peace, of affluence, and perhaps of content. The daughters of Hilderic were entertained with the respectful tenderness due to their age and misfortune, and Justinian and Theodora accepted the honor of educating and enriching the female descendants of the great Theodosius. The bravest of the Vandal youth were distributed into five squadrons of cavalry, which adopted the name of their benefactor and supported in the Persian wars the glory of their ancestors. But these rare exceptions, the reward of birth or valor, are insufficient to explain the fate of a nation whose numbers before a short and bloodless war amounted to more than six hundred thousand persons. After the exile of their kings and nobles, the servile crowd might purchase their safety by abjuring their character, religion and language, and their degenerate posterity would be insensibly mingled with the common herd of African subjects. Yet even in the present age, and in the heart of the Moorish tribes, a curious traveller has discovered the white complexion and long flaxen hair of a Northern race, and it was formerly believed that the boldest of the Vandals fled beyond the power, or even the knowledge, of the Romans, to enjoy their solitary freedom on the shores of the Atlantic Ocean. Africa had been their empire: it became their prison; nor could they entertain a hope, or even a wish, of returning to the banks of the Elbe,

where their brethren, of a spirit less adventurous, still wandered in their native forests. It was impossible for cowards to surmount the barriers of unknown seas and hostile barbarians; it was impossible for brave men to expose their nakedness and defeat before the eyes of their countrymen, to describe the kingdoms which they had lost, and to claim a share of the humble inheritance which in a happier hour they had almost unanimously renounced.

In the country between the Elbe and the Oder several populous villages of Lusatia are inhabited by the Vandals; they still preserve their language, their customs and the purity of their blood, support with some impatience the Saxon or Prussian yoke, and serve with secret and voluntary allegiance the descendant of their ancient kings, who in his garb and present fortune is confounded with the meanest of his vassals. The name and situation of this unhappy people might indicate their descent from one common stock with the conquerors of Africa, but the use of a Slavonian dialect more clearly represents them as the last remnant of the new colonies who succeeded to the genuine Vandals, already scattered or destroyed in the age of Procopius.

CONQUEST OF ITALY [A. D. 536-540].

In Italy as well as in Africa the guilt of a usurper appeared to justify the arms of Justinian, but the forces which he prepared were insufficient for the subversion of a mighty kingdom if their feeble numbers had not been multiplied by the name, the spirit and the conduct of a hero. A chosen troop of guards who served on horseback and were armed with lances and bucklers attended the person

of Belisarius; his cavalry was composed of two hundred Huns, three hundred Moors and four thousand *confederates*, and the infantry consisted only of three thousand Isaurians. Steering the same course as in his former expedition, the Roman consul cast anchor before Catana, in Sicily, to survey the strength of the island, and to decide whether he should attempt the conquest or peaceably pursue his voyage for the African coast. He found a fruitful land and a friendly people. Notwithstanding the decay of agriculture, Sicily still supplied the granaries of Rome; the farmers were graciously exempted from the oppression of military quarters; and the Goths, who trusted the defence of the island to the inhabitants, had some reason to complain that their confidence was ungratefully betrayed. Instead of soliciting and expecting the aid of the king of Italy, they yielded to the first summons a cheerful obedience, and this province, the first-fruits of the Punic wars, was again, after a long separation, united to the Roman empire. The Gothic garrison of Palermo, which alone attempted to resist, was reduced after a short siege by a singular stratagem. Belisarius introduced his ships into the deepest recess of the harbor; their boats were laboriously hoisted with ropes and pulleys to the top-mast head, and he filled them with archers, who from that superior station commanded the ramparts of the city. After this easy though successful campaign, the conqueror entered Syracuse in triumph at the head of his victorious bands, distributing gold medals to the people on the day which so gloriously terminated the year of the consulship. He passed the winter season in the palace of ancient kings, amidst the ruins of a Grecian colony which

once extended to a circumference of two and twenty miles, but in the spring, about the festival of Easter, the prosecution of his designs was interrupted by a dangerous revolt of the African forces. Carthage was saved by the presence of Belisarius, who suddenly landed with a thousand guards. Two thousand soldiers of doubtful faith returned to the standard of their old commander, and he marched without hesitation above fifty miles to seek an enemy whom he affected to pity and despise. Eight thousand rebels trembled at his approach; they were routed at the first onset by the dexterity of their master; and this ignoble victory would have restored the peace of Africa if the conqueror had not been hastily recalled to Sicily to appease a sedition which was kindled during his absence in his own camp. Disorder and disobedience were the common malady of the times: the genius to command and the virtue to obey resided only in the mind of Belisarius.

Although Theodatus descended from a race of heroes, he was ignorant of the art and averse to the dangers of war. Although he had studied the writings of Plato and Tully, philosophy was incapable of purifying his mind from the basest passions, avarice and fear. He had purchased a sceptre by ingratitude and murder; at the first menace of an enemy he degraded his own majesty and that of a nation which already disdained their unworthy sovereign. Astonished by the recent example of Gelimer, he saw himself dragged in chains through the streets of Constantinople. The terrors which Belisarius inspired were heightened by the eloquence of Peter, the Byzantine ambassador, and that bold and subtle advocate persuaded him

to sign a treaty too ignominious to become the foundation of a lasting peace. It was stipulated that in the acclamations of the Roman people the name of the emperor should be always proclaimed before that of the Gothic king, and that as often as the statue of Theodatus was erected in brass or marble the divine image of Justinian should be placed on its right hand. Instead of conferring, the king of Italy was reduced to solicit, the honors of the Senate, and the consent of the emperor was made indispensable before he could execute against a priest or senator the sentence either of death or confiscation. The feeble monarch resigned the possession of Sicily, offered as the annual mark of his dependence a crown of gold of the weight of three hundred pounds, and promised to supply, at the requisition of his sovereign, three thousand Gothic auxiliaries for the service of the empire.

Satisfied with these extraordinary concessions, the successful agent of Justinian hastened his journey to Constantinople; but no sooner had he reached the Alban villa than he was recalled by the anxiety of Theodatus; and the dialogue which passed between the king and the ambassador deserves to be represented in its original simplicity: "Are you of opinion that the emperor will ratify this treaty?"—"Perhaps."—"If he refuses, what consequence will ensue?"—"War."—"Will such a war be just or reasonable?"—"Most assuredly: every one should act according to his character."—"What is your meaning?"—"You are a philosopher—Justinian is emperor of the Romans: it would ill become the disciple of Plato to shed the blood of thousands in his private quarrel; the successor of Augustus should vindicate his

rights and recover by arms the ancient provinces of his empire." This reasoning might not convince, but it was sufficient to alarm and subdue the weakness of, Theodatus, and he soon descended to his last offer—that for the poor equivalent of a pension of forty-eight thousand pounds sterling he would resign the kingdom of the Goths and Italians and spend the remainder of his days in the innocent pleasures of philosophy and agriculture. Both treaties were entrusted to the hands of the ambassador on the frail security of an oath not to produce the second till the first had been positively rejected.

The event may be easily foreseen: Justinian required and accepted the abdication of the Gothic king. His indefatigable agent returned from Constantinople to Ravenna with ample instructions, and a fair epistle which praised the wisdom and generosity of the royal philosopher granted his pension, with the assurance of such honors as a subject might enjoy, and wisely referred the final execution of the treaty to the presence and authority of Belisarius. But in the interval of suspense two Roman generals who had entered the province of Dalmatia were defeated and slain by the Gothic troops. From blind and abject despair Theodatus capriciously rose to groundless and fatal presumption, and dared to receive with menace and contempt the ambassador of Justinian, who claimed his promise, solicited the allegiance of his subjects and boldly asserted the inviolable privilege of his own character. The march of Belisarius dispelled this visionary pride; and, as the first campaign was employed in the reduction of Sicily, the invasion of Italy is applied by Procopius to the second year of the Gothic war.

After Belisarius had left sufficient garrisons in Palermo and Syracuse, he embarked his troops at Messina, and landed them without resistance on the opposite shores of Rhegium. A Gothic prince who had married the daughter of Theodatus was stationed with an army to guard the entrance of Italy, but he imitated without scruple the example of a sovereign faithless to his public and private duties. The perfidious Ebermor deserted with his followers to the Roman camp, and was dismissed to enjoy the servile honors of the Byzantine court. From Rhegium to Naples the fleet and army of Belisarius, almost always in view of each other, advanced near three hundred miles along the sea-coast. The people of Bruttium, Lucania and Campania, who abhorred the name and religion of the Goths, embraced the specious excuse that their ruined walls were incapable of defence. The soldiers paid a just equivalent for a plentiful market, and curiosity alone interrupted the peaceful occupations of the husbandman or artificer.

Naples, which has swelled to a great and populous capital, long cherished the language and manners of a Grecian colony, and the choice of Virgil had ennobled this elegant retreat, which attracted the lovers of repose and study from the noise, the smoke and the laborious opulence of Rome. As soon as the place was invested by sea and land Belisarius gave audience to the deputies of the people, who exhorted him to disregard a conquest unworthy of his arms, to seek the Gothic king in a field of battle, and after his victory to claim, as the sovereign of Rome, the allegiance of the dependent cities.

"When I treat with my enemies," replied the Roman chief, with a haughty smile.

"I am more accustomed to give than to receive counsel; but I hold in one hand inevitable ruin, and in the other peace and freedom such as Sicily now enjoys."

The impatience of delay urged him to grant the most liberal terms: his honor secured their performance; but Naples was divided into two factions, and the Greek democracy was inflamed by their orators, who with much spirit and some truth represented to the multitude that the Goths would punish their defection, and that Belisarius himself must esteem their loyalty and valor. Their deliberations, however, were not perfectly free: the city was commanded by eight hundred barbarians, whose wives and children were detained at Ravenna as the pledge of their fidelity, and even the Jews, who were rich and numerous, resisted with desperate enthusiasm the intolerant laws of Justinian.

In a much later period the circumference of Naples measured only two thousand three hundred and sixty-three paces; the fortifications were defended by precipices or the sea. When the aqueducts were intercepted, a supply of water might be drawn from wells and fountains, and the stock of provisions was sufficient to consume the patience of the besiegers. At the end of twenty days that of Belisarius was almost exhausted, and he had reconciled himself to the disgrace of abandoning the siege that he might march before the winter season against Rome and the Gothic king. But his anxiety was relieved by the bold curiosity of an Isaurian, who explored the dry channel of an aqueduct and secretly reported that a passage might be perforated to introduce a file of armed soldiers into the heart of the city. When the work had been silently executed, the humane

general risked the discovery of his secret by a last and fruitless admonition of the impending danger. In the darkness of the night four hundred Romans entered the aqueduct, raised themselves by a rope, which they fastened to an olive tree, into the house or garden of a solitary matron, sounded their trumpets, surprised the sentinels and gave admittance to their companions, who on all sides scaled the walls and burst open the gates of the city. Every crime which is punished by social justice was practised as the rights of war; the Huns were distinguished by cruelty and sacrilege, and Belisarius alone appeared in the streets and churches of Naples to moderate the calamities which he predicted.

"The gold and silver," he repeatedly exclaimed, "are the just rewards of your valor, but spare the inhabitants. They are Christians, they are suppliants, they are now your fellow-subjects. Restore the children to their parents, the wives to their husbands, and show them by your generosity of what friends they have obstinately deprived themselves."

The city was saved by the virtue and authority of its conqueror; and when the Neapolitans returned to their houses, they found some consolation in the secret enjoyment of their hidden treasures.

The barbarian garrison enlisted in the service of the emperor; Apulia and Calabria, delivered from the odious presence of the Goths, acknowledged his dominion, and the tusks of the Calydonian boar, which were still shown at Beneventum, are curiously described by the historian of Belisarius.

The faithful soldiers and citizens of Naples had expected their deliverance from a prince

who remained the inactive and almost indifferent spectator of their ruin. Theodatus secured his person within the walls of Rome, while his cavalry advanced forty miles on the Appian Way and encamped in the Pomptine marshes, which by a canal of nineteen miles in length had been recently drained and converted into excellent pastures. But the principal forces of the Goths were dispersed in Dalmatia, Venetia and Gaul, and the feeble mind of their king was confounded by the unsuccessful event of a divination which seemed to presage the downfall of his empire. The most abject slaves have arraigned the guilt or weakness of an unfortunate master. The character of Theodatus was rigorously scrutinized by a free and idle camp of barbarians conscious of their privilege and power: he was declared unworthy of his race, his nation and his throne, and their general Vitiges, whose valor had been signalized in the Illyrian war, was raised with unanimous applause on the bucklers of his companions. On the first rumor the abdicated monarch fled from the justice of his country, but he was pursued by private revenge. A Goth whom he had injured in his love overtook Theodatus on the Flaminian Way, and, regardless of his unmanly cries, slaughtered him as he lay prostrate on the ground, like a victim (says the historian) at the foot of the altar.

The choice of the people is the best and purest title to reign over them; yet such is the prejudice of every age that Vitiges impatiently wished to return to Ravenna, where he might seize, with the reluctant hand of the daughter of Amalasontha, some faint shadow of hereditary right. A national council was immediately held, and the new

monarch reconciled the impatient spirit of the barbarians to a measure of disgrace which the misconduct of his predecessor rendered wise and indispensable. The Goths consented to retreat in the presence of a victorious enemy, to delay till the next spring the operations of offensive war, to summon their scattered forces, to relinquish their distant possessions, and to trust even Rome itself to the faith of its inhabitants. Leuderis, an aged warrior, was left in the capital with four thousand soldiers—a feeble garrison which might have seconded the zeal, though it was incapable of opposing the wishes, of the Romans. But a momentary enthusiasm of religion and patriotism was kindled in their minds. They furiously exclaimed that the apostolic throne should no longer be profaned by the triumph or toleration of Arianism, that the tombs of the Cæsars should no longer be trampled by the savages of the North; and, without reflecting that Italy must sink into a province of Constantinople, they fondly hailed the restoration of a Roman emperor as a new era of freedom and prosperity. The deputies of the pope and clergy, of the Senate and people, invited the lieutenant of Justinian to accept their voluntary allegiance and to enter the city, whose gates would be thrown open for his reception.

As soon as Belisarius had fortified his new conquests, Naples and Cumæ, he advanced about twenty miles to the banks of the Volturnus, contemplated the decayed grandeur of Capua and halted at the separation of the Latin and Appian Ways. The work of the censor, after the incessant use of nine centuries, still preserved its primeval beauty, and not a flaw could be discovered in the

large polished stones of which that solid though narrow road was so firmly compacted. Belisarius, however, preferred the Latin Way, which at a distance from the sea and the marshes skirted in a space of one hundred and twenty miles along the foot of the mountains. His enemies had disappeared. When he made his entrance through the Asinarian gate, the garrison departed without molestation along the Flaminian Way, and the city, after sixty years' servitude, was delivered from the yoke of the barbarians. Leuderis alone, from a motive of pride or discontent, refused to accompany the fugitives; and the Gothic chief, himself a trophy of the victory, was sent with the keys of Rome to the throne of the emperor Justinian.

SIEGE OF ROME BY THE GOTHs.

From their rustic habitations, from their distant garrisons, the Goths assembled at Ravenna for the defence of their country, and such were their numbers that after an army had been detached for the relief of Dalmatia one hundred and fifty thousand fighting men marched under the royal standard. According to the degrees of rank or merit, the Gothic king distributed arms and horses, rich gifts and liberal promises; he moved along the Flaminian Way, declined the useless sieges of Perugia and Spoleto, respected the impregnable rock of Narni and arrived within two miles of Rome, at the foot of the Milvian bridge. The narrow passage was fortified with a tower, and Belisarius had computed the value of the twenty days which must be lost in the construction of another bridge. But the consternation of the soldiers of the tower, who either fled or deserted, disappointed his hopes and be-

trayed his person into the most imminent danger. At the head of one thousand horse the Roman general sallied from the Flaminian gate to mark the ground of an advantageous position and to survey the camp of the barbarians, but while he still believed them on the other side of the Tiber he was suddenly encompassed and assaulted by their innumerable squadrons. The fate of Italy depended on his life, and the deserters pointed to a conspicuous horse—a bay with a white face—which he rode on that memorable day. “Aim at the bay horse,” was the universal cry. Every bow was bent, every javelin was directed, against that fatal object, and the command was repeated and obeyed by thousands who were ignorant of its real motive. The bolder barbarians advanced to the more honorable combat of swords and spears, and the praise of an enemy has graced the fall of Visandus, the standard-bearer, who maintained his foremost station till he was pierced with thirteen wounds, perhaps by the hand of Belisarius himself. The Roman general was strong, active and dextrous; on every side he discharged his weighty and mortal strokes. His faithful guards imitated his valor and defended his person, and the Goths, after the loss of a thousand men, fled before the arms of a hero. They were rashly pursued to their camp; and the Romans, oppressed by multitudes, made a gradual, and at length a precipitate, retreat to the gates of the city. The gates were shut against the fugitives, and the public terror was increased by the report that Belisarius was slain. His countenance indeed was disfigured by sweat, dust and blood; his voice was hoarse, his strength was almost exhausted; but his unconquerable

spirit still remained. He imparted that spirit to his desponding companions, and their last desperate charge was felt by the flying barbarians as if a new army, vigorous and entire, had been poured from the city. The Flaminian gate was thrown open to a *real* triumph, but it was not before Belisarius had visited every post and provided for the public safety that he could be persuaded by his wife and friends to taste the needful refreshments of food and sleep. In the more improved state of the art of war a general is seldom required, or even permitted, to display the personal prowess of a soldier, and the example of Belisarius may be added to the rare examples of Henry IV., of Pyrrhus and of Alexander.

After this first and unsuccessful trial of their enemies, the whole army of the Goths passed the Tiber and formed the siege of the city, which continued above a year, till their final departure. Whatever fancy may conceive, the severe compass of the geographer defines the circumference of Rome within a line of twelve miles and three hundred and forty-five paces, and that circumference, except in the Vatican, has invariably been the same from the triumph of Aurelian to the peaceful but obscure reign of the modern popes. But in the day of her greatness the space within her walls was crowded with habitations and inhabitants, and the populous suburbs that stretched along the public roads were darted like so many rays from one common centre. Adversity swept away these extraneous ornaments and left naked and desolate a considerable part even of the seven hills. Yet Rome, in its present state could send into the field above thirty thousand males of a military age, and, notwith-

standing the want of discipline and exercise, the far greater part, inured to the hardships of poverty, might be capable of bearing arms for the defence of their country and religion.

The prudence of Belisarius did not neglect this important resource. His soldiers were relieved by the zeal and diligence of the people, who watched while *they* slept and labored while *they* reposed. He accepted the voluntary service of the bravest and most indigent of the Roman youth, and the companies of townsmen sometimes represented, in a vacant post, the presence of the troops which had been drawn away to more essential duties. But his just confidence was placed in the veterans who had fought under his banner in the Persian and African wars; and, although that gallant band was reduced to five thousand men, he undertook with such contemptible numbers to defend a circle of twelve miles against an army of one hundred and fifty thousand barbarians. In the walls of Rome, which Belisarius constructed or restored, the materials of ancient architecture may be discerned, and the whole fortification was completed, except in a chasm still extant between the Pincian and Flaminian gates, which the prejudices of the Goths and Romans left under the effectual guard of St. Peter the apostle. The battlements or bastions were shaped in sharp angles; a ditch broad and deep protected the foot of the rampart, and the archers on the rampart were assisted by military engines—the *balista*, a powerful cross-bow which darted short but massy arrows; the *onagri*, or wild asses, which, on the principle of a sling, threw stones and bullets of an enormous size. A chain was drawn across the Tiber; the arches

of the aqueducts were made impervious, and the mole or sepulchre of Hadrian was converted, for the first time, to the uses of a citadel. That venerable structure, which contained the ashes of the Antonines, was a circular turret rising from a quadrangular basis; it was covered with the white marble of Paros and decorated by the statues of gods and heroes, and the lover of the arts must read with a sigh that the works of Praxiteles or Lysippus were torn from their lofty pedestals and hurled into the ditch on the heads of the besiegers.* To each of his lieutenants Belisarius assigned the defence of a gate, with the wise and peremptory instruction that, whatever might be the alarm, they should steadily adhere to their respective posts and trust their general for the safety of Rome. The formidable host of the Goths was insufficient to embrace the ample measure of the city: of the fourteen gates, seven only were invested from the Prænestine to the Flaminian Way; and Vitiges divided his troops into six camps, each of which was fortified with a ditch and rampart. On the Tuscan side of the river a seventh encampment was formed, in the field or circus of the Vatican, for the important purpose of commanding the Milvian bridge and the course of the Tiber, but they approached with devotion the adjacent church of St. Peter, and the threshold of the holy apostles was respected during the siege by a Christian enemy. In the ages of victory, as often as the Senate decreed some distant conquest, the consul

* Praxiteles excelled in Fauns, and that of Athens was his own masterpiece. Rome now contains above thirty of the same character. When the ditch of St. Angelo was cleansed under Urban VIII. the workmen found the Sleeping Faun of the Barberini palace; but a leg, a thigh and the right arm had been broken from that beautiful statue.

denounced hostilities by unbarring in solemn pomp the gates of the temple of Janus. Domestic war now rendered the admonition superfluous, and the ceremony was superseded by the establishment of a new religion. But the brazen temple of Janus was left standing in the forum, of a size sufficient only to contain the statue of the god, five cubits in height, of a human form, but with two faces, directed to the east and west. The double gates were likewise of brass, and a fruitless effort to turn them on their rusty hinges revealed the scandalous secret that some Romans were still attached to the superstition of their ancestors.

Eighteen days were employed by the besiegers to provide all the instruments of attack which antiquity had invented. Fascines were prepared to fill the ditches, scaling-ladders to ascend the walls. The largest trees of the forest supplied the timbers of four battering-rams. Their heads were armed with iron; they were suspended by ropes, and each of them was worked by the labor of fifty men. The lofty wooden turrets moved on wheels or rollers and formed a spacious platform of the level of the rampart.

On the morning of the nineteenth day a general attack was made from the Prænestine gate to the Vatican. Seven Gothic columns, with their military engines, advanced to the assault, and the Romans who lined the ramparts listened with doubt and anxiety to the cheerful assurances of their commander. As soon as the enemy approached the ditch Belisarius himself drew the first arrow, and such was his strength and dexterity that he transfixed the foremost of the barbarian leaders. A shout of applause and victory

was re-echoed along the wall. He drew a second arrow, and the stroke was followed with the same success and the same acclamation. The Roman general then gave the word that the archers should aim at the teams of oxen. They were instantly covered with mortal wounds; the towers which they drew remained useless and immovable, and a single moment disconcerted the laborious projects of the king of the Goths.

After this disappointment Vitiges still continued, or feigned to continue, the assault of the Salarian gate, that he might divert the attention of his adversary while his principal forces more strenuously attacked the Prænestine gate and the sepulchre of Hadrian, at the distance of three miles from each other. Near the former the double walls of the Viminium were low or broken. The fortifications of the latter were feebly guarded; the vigor of the Goths was excited by the hope of victory and spoil; and if a single post had given way, the Romans, and Rome itself, were irrecoverably lost.

This perilous day was the most glorious in the life of Belisarius. Amidst tumult and dismay the whole plan of the attack and defence was distinctly present to his mind; he observed the changes of each instant, weighed every possible advantage, transported his person to the scenes of danger and communicated his spirit in calm and decisive orders. The contest was fiercely maintained from the morning to the evening; the Goths were repulsed on all sides, and each Roman might boast that he had vanquished thirty barbarians, if the strange disproportion of numbers were not counterbalanced by the merits of one man. Thirty thousand Goths, according to the confession of their own chiefs, perished

in this bloody action, and the multitude of the wounded was equal to that of the slain. When they advanced to the assault, their close disorder suffered not a javelin to fall without effect, and as they retired the populace of the city joined the pursuit and slaughtered with impunity the backs of their flying enemies. Belisarius instantly sallied from the gates, and while the soldiers chanted his name and victory the hostile engines of war were reduced to ashes. Such was the loss and consternation of the Goths that from this day the siege of Rome degenerated into a tedious and indolent blockade, and they were incessantly harassed by the Roman general, who in frequent skirmishes destroyed above five thousand of their bravest troops. Their cavalry was unpractised in the use of the bow; their archers served on foot; and this divided force was incapable of contending with their adversaries, whose lances and arrows, at a distance or at hand, were alike formidable. The consummate skill of Belisarius embraced the favorable opportunities; and as he chose the ground and the moment, as he pressed the charge or sounded the retreat, the squadrons which he detached were seldom unsuccessful.

These partial advantages diffused an impatient ardor among the soldiers and people, who began to feel the hardships of a siege and to disregard the dangers of a general engagement. Each plebeian conceived himself to be a hero, and the infantry, who since the decay of discipline were rejected from the line of battle, aspired to the ancient honors of the Roman legion. Belisarius praised the spirit of his troops, condemned their presumption, yielded to their clamors and prepared the remedies of a defeat the

possibility of which he alone had courage to suspect. In the quarter of the Vatican the Romans prevailed; and if the irreparable moments had not been wasted in the pillage of the camp, they might have occupied the Milvian bridge and charged in the rear of the Gothic host. On the other side of the Tiber, Belisarius advanced from the Pincian and Salarian gates. But his army—four thousand soldiers, perhaps—was lost in a spacious plain; they were encompassed and oppressed by fresh multitudes, who continually relieved the broken ranks of the barbarians. The valiant leaders of the infantry were unskilled to conquer; they died. The retreat (a hasty retreat) was covered by the prudence of the general, and the victors started back with affright from the formidable aspect of an armed rampart. The reputation of Belisarius was unsullied by a defeat, and the vain confidence of the Goths was not less serviceable to his designs than the repentance and modesty of the Roman troops.

From the moment that Belisarius had determined to sustain a siege, his assiduous care provided Rome against the danger of famine more dreadful than the Gothic arms. An extraordinary supply of corn was imported from Sicily; the harvests of Campania and Tuscany were forcibly swept for the use of the city, and the rights of private property were infringed by the strong plea of the public safety. It might easily be foreseen that the enemy would intercept the aqueducts, and the cessation of the water-mills was the first inconvenience, which was speedily removed by mooring large vessels and fixing millstones in the current of the river. The stream was soon embarrassed by the trunks of trees and polluted with dead

bodies; yet so effectual were the precautions of the Roman general that the waters of the Tiber still continued to give motion to the mills and drink to the inhabitants. The more distant quarters were supplied from domestic wells, and a besieged city might support without impatience the privation of her public baths. A large portion of Rome, from the Prænestine gate to the church of St. Paul, was never invested by the Goths; their excursions were restrained by the activity of the Moorish troops. The navigation of the Tiber and the Latin, Appian and Ostian Ways were left free and unmolested for the introduction of corn and cattle or the retreat of the inhabitants who sought a refuge in Campania or Sicily.

Anxious to relieve himself from a useless and devouring multitude, Belisarius issued his peremptory orders for the instant departure of the women, the children and slaves, required his soldiers to dismiss their male and female attendants, and regulated their allowance that one moiety should be given in provisions and the other in money. His foresight was justified by the increase of the public distress as soon as the Goths had occupied two important posts in the neighborhood of Rome. By the loss of the port—or, as it is now called, the city—of Porto, he was deprived of the country on the right of the Tiber and the best communication with the sea, and he reflected with grief and anger that three hundred men, could he have spared such a feeble band, might have defended its impregnable works.

Seven miles from the capital, between the Appian and the Latin Ways, two principal aqueducts, crossing and again crossing each other, enclosed within their solid and lofty

arches a fortified space, where Vitiges established a camp of seven thousand Goths to intercept the convoys of Sicily and Campania. The granaries of Rome were insensibly exhausted, the adjacent country had been wasted with fire and sword; such scanty supplies as might yet be obtained by hasty excursions were the reward of valor and the purchase of wealth; the forage of the horses and the bread of the soldiers never failed; but in the last months of the siege the people were exposed to the miseries of scarcity, unwholesome food and contagious disorders. Belisarius saw and pitied their sufferings, but he had foreseen and he watched the decay of their loyalty and the progress of their discontent. Adversity had awakened the Romans from the dreams of grandeur and freedom, and taught them the humiliating lesson that it was of small moment to their real happiness whether the name of their master was derived from the Gothic or the Latin language. The lieutenant of Justinian listened to their just complaints, but he rejected with disdain the idea of flight or capitulation, repressed their clamorous impatience for battle, amused them with the prospect of sure and speedy relief, and secured himself and the city from the effects of their despair or treachery. Twice in each month he changed the station of the officers to whom the custody of the gates was committed. The various precautions of patrols, watchwords, lights and music were repeatedly employed to discover whatever passed on the ramparts; out-guards were posted beyond the ditch, and the trusty vigilance of dogs supplied the more doubtful fidelity of mankind. A letter was intercepted which assured the king of the Goths that the Asi-

narian gate, adjoining to the Lateran church, should be secretly opened to his troops.

The epistle of Belisarius to the emperor announced his victory, his danger and his resolution: "According to your commands, we have entered the dominions of the Goths and reduced to your obedience Sicily, Campania and the city of Rome, but the loss of these conquests will be more disgraceful than their acquisition was glorious. Hitherto we have successfully fought against the multitudes of the barbarians, but their multitudes may finally prevail. Victory is the gift of Providence, but the reputation of kings and generals depends on the success or the failure of their designs. Permit me to speak with freedom. If you wish that we should live, send us subsistence; if you desire that we should conquer, send us arms, horses and men. The Romans have received us as friends and deliverers, but in our present distress *they* will be either betrayed by their confidence or we shall be oppressed by *their* treachery and hatred. For myself, my life is consecrated to your service: it is yours to reflect whether my death in this situation will contribute to the glory and prosperity of your reign."

Perhaps that reign would have been equally prosperous if the peaceful master of the East had abstained from the conquest of Africa and Italy; but, as Justinian was ambitious of fame, he made some efforts—they were feeble and languid—to support and rescue his victorious general. A reinforcement of sixteen hundred Sclavonians and Huns was led by Martin and Valerian; and, as they had reposed during the winter season in the harbors of Greece, the strength of the men and horses was not impaired by the fatigues

of a sea-voyage, and they distinguished their valor in the first sally against the besiegers. About the time of the summer solstice Euthalius landed at Terracina with large sums of money for the payment of the troops; he cautiously proceeded along the Appian Way, and this convoy entered Rome through the gate Capena, while Belisarius, on the other side, diverted the attention of the Goths by a vigorous and successful skirmish. These seasonable aids, the use and reputation of which were dextrously managed by the Roman general, revived the courage, or at least the hopes, of the soldiers and people. The historian Procopius was despatched with an important commission to collect the troops and provisions which Campania could furnish or Constantinople had sent, and the secretary of Belisarius was soon followed by Antonina herself, who boldly traversed the posts of the enemy and returned with the Oriental succors to the relief of her husband and the besieged city. A fleet of three thousand Isaurians cast anchor in the bay of Naples, and afterward at Ostia. Above two thousand horse, of whom a part were Thracians, landed at Tarentum, and after the junction of five hundred soldiers of Campania and a train of wagons laden with wine and flour they directed their march on the Appian Way from Capua to the neighborhood of Rome. The forces that arrived by land and sea were united at the mouth of the Tiber.

Antonina convened a council of war. It was resolved to surmount with sails and oars the adverse stream of the river, and the Goths were apprehensive of disturbing by any rash hostilities the negotiation to which Belisarius had craftily listened. They credulously believed that they saw no more than

the vanguard of a fleet and army which already covered the Ionian sea and the plains of Campania, and the illusion was supported by the haughty language of the Roman general when he gave audience to the ambassadors of Vitiges. After a specious discourse to vindicate the justice of his cause, they declared that for the sake of peace they were disposed to renounce the possession of Sicily.

"The emperor is not less generous," replied his lieutenant, with a disdainful smile. "In return for a gift which you no longer possess, he presents you with an ancient province of the empire: he resigns to the Goths the sovereignty of the British island."

Belisarius rejected with equal firmness and contempt the offer of a tribute, but he allowed the Gothic ambassadors to seek their fate from the mouth of Justinian himself, and consented with seeming reluctance to a truce of three months, from the winter solstice to the equinox of spring.

Prudence might not safely trust either the oaths or hostages of the barbarians, but the conscious superiority of the Roman chief was expressed in the distribution of his troops. As soon as fear or hunger compelled the Goths to evacuate Alba, Porto and Centumcellæ, their place was instantly supplied; the garrisons of Narni, Spoleto and Perasia were reinforced, and the seven camps of the besiegers were gradually encompassed with the calamities of a siege. The prayers and pilgrimage of Datius, bishop of Milan, were not without effect, and he obtained one thousand Thracians and Isaurians to assist the revolt of Liguria against her Arian tyrant. At the same time, John the Sanguinary, the nephew of Vitalian, was detached with two thousand chosen horse, first to Alba on the

Fucine Lake, and afterward to the frontier of Picenum on the Hadriatic sea.

"In that province," said Belisarius, "the Goths have deposited their families and treasures without a guard or the suspicion of danger. Doubtless they will violate the truce: let them feel your presence before they hear of your motions. Spare the Italians; suffer not any fortified places to remain hostile in your rear, and faithfully reserve the spoil for an equal and common partition. It would not be reasonable," he added, with a laugh, "that whilst we are toiling to the destruction of the drones our more fortunate brethren should rifle and enjoy the honey."

The whole nation of the Ostrogoths had been assembled for the attack, and was almost entirely consumed in the siege of Rome. If any credit be due to an intelligent spectator, one-third at least of their enormous host was destroyed in frequent and bloody combats under the walls of the city. The bad fame and pernicious qualities of the summer air might already be imputed to the decay of agriculture and population, and the evils of famine and pestilence were aggravated by their own licentiousness and the unfriendly disposition of the country.

While Vitiges struggled with his fortune, while he hesitated between shame and ruin, his retreat was hastened by domestic alarms. The king of the Goths was informed by trembling messengers that John the Sanginary spread the devastations of war from the Apennine to the Hadriatic, that the rich spoils and innumerable captives of Picenum were lodged in the fortifications of Rimini, and that this formidable chief had defeated his uncle, insulted his capital and seduced by secret correspondence the fidelity of his wife,

the imperious daughter of Amalasontha. Yet before he retired Vitiges made a last effort either to storm or to surprise the city. A secret passage was discovered in one of the aqueducts; two citizens of the Vatican were tempted by bribes to intoxicate the guards of the Aurelian gate; an attack was meditated on the walls beyond the Tiber, in a place which was not fortified with towers; and the barbarians advanced with torches and scaling-ladders to the assault of the Pincian gate. But every attempt was defeated by the intrepid vigilance of Belisarius and his band of veterans, who in the most perilous moments did not regret the absence of their companions, and the Goths, alike destitute of hope and subsistence, clamorously urged their departure before the truce should expire and the Roman cavalry should again be united.

One year and nine days after the commencement of the siege an army so lately strong and triumphant burnt their tents and tumultuously repassed the Milvian bridge. They repassed not with impunity: their thronging multitudes, oppressed in a narrow passage, were driven headlong into the Tiber by their own fears and the pursuit of the enemy, and the Roman general, sallying from the Pincian gate, inflicted a severe and disgraceful wound on their retreat. The slow length of a sickly and desponding host was heavily dragged along the Flaminian Way, from whence the barbarians were sometimes compelled to deviate lest they should encounter the hostile garrisons that guarded the high-road to Rimini and Ravenna. Yet so powerful was this flying army that Vitiges spared ten thousand men for the defence of the cities which he was most solicitous to pre-

serve, and detached his nephew Uraias with an adequate force for the chastisement of rebellious Milan. At the head of his principal army he besieged Rimini, only thirty-three miles distant from the Gothic capital. A feeble rampart and a shallow ditch were maintained by the skill and valor of John the Sanguinary, who shared the danger and fatigue of the meanest soldier and emulated on a theatre less illustrious the military virtues of his great commander. The towers and battering-engines of the barbarians were rendered useless; their attacks were repulsed, and the tedious blockade which reduced the garrison to the last extremity of hunger afforded time for the union and march of the Roman forces. A fleet which had surprised Anconia sailed along the coast of the Adriatic to the relief of the besieged city. The eunuch Narses landed in Picenum with two thousand Heruli and five thousand of the bravest troops of the East. The rock of the Apennine was forced; ten thousand veterans moved round the foot of the mountains under the command of Belisarius himself, and a new army, whose encampment blazed with innumerable lights, *appeared* to advance along the Flaminian Way. Overwhelmed with astonishment and despair, the Goths abandoned the siege of Rimini, their tents, their standards and their leaders, and Vitiges, who gave or followed the example of flight, never halted till he found a shelter within the walls and morasses of Ravenna.

To these walls and to some fortresses destitute of any mutual support the Gothic monarchy was now reduced. The provinces of Italy had embraced the party of the emperor, and his army, gradually recruited to the number of twenty thousand men, must have

achieved an easy and rapid conquest if their invincible powers had not been weakened by the discord of the Roman chiefs. Before the end of the siege an act of blood, ambiguous and indiscreet, sullied the fair fame of Belisarius. Presidius, a loyal Italian, as he fled from Ravenna to Rome, was rudely stopped by Constantine, the military governor of Spoleto, and despoiled, even in a church, of two daggers richly inlaid with gold and precious stones. As soon as the public danger had subsided Presidius complained of the loss and injury. His complaint was heard, but the order of restitution was disobeyed by the pride and avarice of the offender. Exasperated by the delay, Presidius boldly arrested the general's horse as he passed through the forum, and with the spirit of a citizen demanded the common benefit of the Roman laws.

The honor of Belisarius was engaged. He summoned a council, claimed the obedience of his subordinate officer, and was provoked by an insolent reply to call hastily for the presence of his guards. Constantine, viewing their entrance as the signal of death, drew his sword and rushed on the general, who nimbly eluded the stroke and was protected by his friends, while the desperate assassin was disarmed, dragged into a neighboring chamber and executed, or rather murdered, by the guards, at the arbitrary command of Belisarius. In this hasty act of violence the guilt of Constantine was no longer remembered; the despair and death of that valiant officer were secretly imputed to the revenge of Antonina, and each of his colleagues, conscious of the same rapine, was apprehensive of the same fate. The fear of a common enemy suspended the effects of

their envy and discontent, but in the confidence of approaching victory they instigated a powerful rival to oppose the conqueror of Rome and Africa. From the domestic service of the palace and the administration of the private revenue Narses the eunuch was suddenly exalted to the head of an army, and the spirit of a hero who afterward equalled the merit and glory of Belisarius served only to perplex the operations of the Gothic war. To his prudent counsels the relief of Rimini was ascribed by the leaders of the discontented faction, who exhorted Narses to assume an independent and separate command. The epistle of Justinian had indeed enjoined his obedience to the general, but the dangerous exception, "as far as may be advantageous to the public service," reserved some freedom of judgment to the discreet favorite, who had so lately departed from the *sacred* and familiar conversation of his sovereign. In the exercise of this doubtful right the eunuch perpetually dissented from the opinions of Belisarius, and after yielding with reluctance to the siege of Urbino he deserted his colleague in the night and marched away to the conquest of the Æmilian province. The fierce and formidable bands of the Heruli were attached to the person of Narses; ten thousand Romans and confederates were persuaded to march under his banners; every malcontent embraced the fair opportunity of revenging his private or imaginary wrongs; and the remaining troops of Belisarius were divided and dispersed from the garrisons of Sicily to the shores of the Hadriatic. His skill and perseverance overcame every obstacle. Urbino was taken; the sieges of Fæsulæ, Orvieto and Auximum were undertaken and vigorously prosecuted, and the

eunuch Narses was at length recalled to the domestic cares of the palace. All dissensions were healed and all opposition was subdued by the temperate authority of the Roman general, to whom his enemies could not refuse their esteem; and Belisarius inculcated the salutary lesson that the forces of the state should compose one body and be animated by one soul.

As soon as Belisarius was delivered from his foreign and domestic enemies he seriously applied his forces to the final reduction of Italy. In the siege of Osimo the general was nearly transpierced with an arrow, if the mortal stroke had not been intercepted by one of his guards, who lost in that pious office the use of his hand. The Goths of Osimo, four thousand warriors, with those of Fæsulæ and the Cottian Alps, were among the last who maintained their independence, and their gallant resistance, which almost tired the patience, deserved the esteem, of the conqueror. His prudence refused to subscribe the safe-conduct which they asked to join their brethren of Ravenna, but they saved by an honorable capitulation one moiety at least of their wealth, with the free alternative of retiring peaceably to their estates or enlisting to serve the emperor in his Persian wars. The multitudes which yet adhered to the standard of Vitiges far surpassed the number of the Roman troops, but neither prayers nor defiance nor the extreme danger of his most faithful subjects could tempt the Gothic king beyond the fortifications of Ravenna. These fortifications were indeed impregnable to the assaults of art or violence; and when Belisarius invested the capital, he was soon convinced that famine only could tame the stubborn spirit of

the barbarians. The sea, the land and the channels of the Po were guarded by the vigilance of the Roman general, and his morality extended the rights of war to the practice of poisoning the waters and secretly firing the granaries of a besieged city. While he pressed the blockade of Ravenna he was surprised by the arrival of two ambassadors from Constantinople with a treaty of peace, which Justinian had imprudently signed without deigning to consult the author of his victory. By this disgraceful and precarious agreement Italy and the Gothic treasure were divided, and the provinces beyond the Po were left with the regal title to the successor of Theodoric. The ambassadors were eager to accomplish their salutary commission; the captive Vitiges accepted with transport the unexpected offer of a crown: honor was less prevalent among the Goths than the want and appetite of food; and the Roman chiefs who murmured at the continuance of the war professed implicit submission to the commands of the emperor.

If Belisarius had possessed only the courage of a soldier, the laurel would have been snatched from his hand by timid and envious counsels, but in this decisive moment he resolved, with the magnanimity of a statesman, to sustain alone the danger and merit of generous disobedience. Each of his officers gave a written opinion that the siege of Ravenna was impracticable and hopeless. The general then rejected the treaty of partition and declared his own resolution of leading Vitiges in chains to the feet of Justinian. The Goths retired with doubt and dismay: this peremptory refusal deprived them of the only signature which they could trust, and filled their minds with a just apprehension

that a sagacious enemy had discovered the full extent of their deplorable state. They compared the fame and fortune of Belisarius with the weakness of their ill-fated king, and the comparison suggested an extraordinary project, to which Vitiges, with apparent resignation, was compelled to acquiesce. Partition would ruin the strength, exile would disgrace the honor, of the nation, but they offered their arms, their treasures and the fortifications of Ravenna if Belisarius would disclaim the authority of a master, accept the choice of the Goths and assume, as he had deserved, the kingdom of Italy. If the false lustre of a diadem could have tempted the loyalty of a faithful subject, his prudence must have foreseen the inconstancy of the barbarians, and his rational ambition would prefer the safe and honorable station of a Roman general. Even the patience and seeming satisfaction with which he entertained a proposal of treason might be susceptible of a malignant interpretation. But the lieutenant of Justinian was conscious of his own rectitude; he entered into a dark and crooked path, as it might lead to the voluntary submission of the Goths, and his dextrous policy persuaded them that he was disposed to comply with their wishes without engaging an oath or a promise for the performance of a treaty which he secretly abhorred. The day of the surrender of Ravenna was stipulated by the Gothic ambassadors; a fleet laden with provisions sailed as a welcome guest into the deepest recess of the harbor; the gates were opened to the fancied king of Italy; and Belisarius, without meeting an enemy, triumphantly marched through the streets of an impregnable city.

The Romans were astonished by their success; the multitudes of tall and robust barbarians were confounded by the image of their own patience, and the masculine females, spitting in the faces of their sons and husbands, most bitterly reproached them for betraying their dominion and freedom to these pigmies of the South, contemptible in their numbers, diminutive in their stature. Before the Goths could recover from the first surprise and claim the accomplishment of their doubtful hopes the victor established his power in Ravenna beyond the danger of repentance and revolt.

Vitiges, who perhaps had attempted to escape, was honorably guarded in his palace; the flower of the Gothic youth was selected for the service of the emperor; the remainder of the people was dismissed to their peaceful habitations in the southern provinces; and a colony of Italians was invited to replenish the depopulated city. The submission of the capital was imitated in the towns and villages of Italy which had not been subdued, or even visited, by the Romans, and the independent Goths, who remained in arms at Pavia and Verona, were ambitious only to become the subjects of Belisarius. But his inflexible loyalty rejected, except as the substitute of Justinian, their oaths of allegiance, and he was not offended by the reproach of their deputies that he rather chose to be a slave than a king.

After the second victory of Belisarius envy again whispered; Justinian listened, and the hero was recalled: "The remnant of the Gothic war was no longer worthy of his presence; a gracious sovereign was impatient to reward his services and to consult his wisdom; and he alone was capable of defending

the East against the innumerable armies of Persia."

Belisarius understood the suspicion, accepted the excuse, embarked at Ravenna his spoils and trophies, and proved by his ready obedience that such an abrupt removal from the government of Italy was not less unjust than it might have been indiscreet. The emperor received with honorable courtesy both Vitiges and his more noble consort; and, as the king of the Goths conformed to the Athanasian faith, he obtained, with a rich inheritance of lands in Asia, the rank of senator and patrician. Every spectator admired without peril the strength and stature of the young barbarians; they adored the majesty of the throne and promised to shed their blood in the service of their benefactor. Justinian deposited in the Byzantine palace the treasures of the Gothic monarchy. A flattering Senate was sometimes admitted to gaze on the magnificent spectacle, but it was enviously secluded from the public view; and the conqueror of Italy renounced without a murmur, perhaps without a sigh, the well-earned honors of a second triumph. His glory was indeed exalted above all external pomp, and the faint and hollow praises of the court were supplied, even in a servile age, by the respect and admiration of his country.

Whenever he appeared in the streets and public places of Constantinople, Belisarius attracted and satisfied the eyes of the people. His lofty stature and majestic countenance fulfilled their expectations of a hero; the meanest of his fellow-citizens were emboldened by his gentle and gracious demeanor, and the martial train which attended his footsteps left his person more accessible than

in a day of battle. Seven thousand horsemen matchless for beauty and valor were maintained in the service and at the private expense of the general. Their prowess was always conspicuous in single combats or in the foremost ranks, and both parties confessed that in the siege of Rome the guards of Belisarius had alone vanquished the barbarian host. Their numbers were continually augmented by the bravest and most faithful of the enemy, and his fortunate captives—the Vandals, the Moors and the Goths—emulated the attachment of his domestic followers. By the union of liberality and justice he acquired the love of the soldiers without alienating the affections of the people. The sick and wounded were relieved by medicine and money, and still more efficaciously by the healing visits and smiles of their commander. The loss of a weapon or a horse was instantly repaired, and each deed of valor was rewarded by the rich and honorable gifts of a bracelet or a collar, which were rendered more precious by the judgment of Belisarius. He was endeared to the husbandmen by the peace and plenty which they enjoyed under the shadow of his standard. Instead of being injured the country was enriched by the march of the Roman armies, and such was the rigid discipline of their camp that not an apple was gathered from the tree, not a path could be traced in the fields of corn. Belisarius was chaste and sober. In the license of a military life none could boast that they had seen him intoxicated with wine; the most beautiful captives of Gothic or Vandal race were offered to his embraces, but he turned aside from their charms, and the husband of Antonina was never suspected of violating the laws of con-

jugal fidelity. The spectator and historian of his exploits has observed that amidst the perils of war he was daring without rashness, prudent without fear, slow or rapid according to the exigences of the moment, that in the deepest distress he was animated by real or apparent hope, but that he was modest and humble in the most prosperous fortune. By these virtues he equalled or excelled the ancient masters of the military art. Victory by sea and land attended his arms. He subdued Africa, Italy and the adjacent islands, led away captives the successors of Genseric and Theodoric, filled Constantinople with the spoils of their palaces, and in the space of six years recovered half the provinces of the Western empire. In his fame and merit, in wealth and power, he remained without a rival, the first of the Roman subjects; the voice of envy could only magnify his dangerous importance, and the emperor might applaud his own discerning spirit, which had discovered and raised the genius of Belisarius.

In the succeeding campaign Belisarius was again sent against the Persians; he saved the East, but he offended Theodora, and perhaps the emperor himself. The malady of Justinian had countenanced the rumor of his death, and the Roman general, on the supposition of that probable event, spoke the free language of a citizen and a soldier. His colleague, Buzes, who concurred in the same sentiments, lost his rank, his liberty and his health by the persecution of the empress; but the disgrace of Belisarius was alleviated by the dignity of his own character and the influence of his wife, who might wish to humble, but could not desire to ruin, the partner of her fortunes. Even his removal

was colored by the assurance that the sinking state of Italy would be retrieved by the single presence of its conqueror. But no sooner had he returned, alone and defenceless, than a hostile commission was sent to the East to seize his treasures and criminate his actions; the guards and veterans who followed his private banner were distributed among the chiefs of the army, and even the eunuchs presumed to cast lots for the partition of his martial domestics. When he passed with a small and sordid retinue through the streets of Constantinople, his forlorn appearance excited the amazement and compassion of the people. Justinian and Theodora received him with cold ingratitude; the servile crowd, with insolence and contempt; and in the evening he retired with trembling steps to his deserted palace. An indisposition, feigned or real, had confined Antonina to her apartment, and she walked, disdainfully silent, in the adjacent portico, while Belisarius threw himself on his bed and expected in an agony of grief and terror the death which he had so often braved under the walls of Rome. Long after sunset a messenger was announced from the empress; he opened with anxious curiosity the letter which contained the sentence of his fate: "You cannot be ignorant how much you have deserved my displeasure. I am not insensible of the services of Antonina. To her merits and intercession I have granted your life and permit you to retain a part of your treasures, which might be justly forfeited to the state. Let your gratitude, where it is due, be displayed, not in words, but in your future behavior." I know not how to believe or to relate the transports with which the hero is said to have received

this ignominious pardon. He fell prostrate before his wife, he kissed the feet of his saviour and he devoutly promised to live the grateful and submissive slave of Antonina. A fine of one hundred and twenty thousand pounds sterling was levied on the fortunes of Belisarius, and with the office of count or master of the royal stables he accepted the conduct of the Italian war. At his departure from Constantinople his friends, and even the public, were persuaded that as soon as he had regained his freedom he would renounce his dissimulation, and that his wife, Theodora, and perhaps the emperor himself, would be sacrificed to the just revenge of a virtuous rebel. Their hopes were deceived, and the unconquerable patience and loyalty of Belisarius appear either *below* or *above* the character of a MAN.

LAST VICTORY OF BELISARIUS.

The repose of the aged warrior was crowned by a last victory, which saved the emperor and the capital. The barbarians who annually visited the provinces of Europe were less discouraged by some accidental defeats than they were excited by the double hope of spoil and of subsidy. In the thirty-second winter of Justinian's reign the Danube was deeply frozen; Zabergan led the cavalry of the Bulgarians, and his standard was followed by a promiscuous multitude of Slavonians. The savage chief passed, without opposition, the river and the mountains, spread his troops over Macedonia and Thrace, and advanced with no more than seven thousand horse to the long wall, which should have defended the territory of Constantinople. But the works of man are impotent against the assaults of nature: a recent earth-

quake had shaken the foundations of the wall; and the forces of the empire were employed on the distant frontiers of Italy, Africa and Persia. The seven *schools*, or companies of the guards or domestic troops, had been augmented to the number of five thousand five hundred men, whose ordinary station was in the peaceful cities of Asia. But the places of the brave Armenians were insensibly supplied by lazy citizens, who purchased an exemption from the duties of civil life without being exposed to the dangers of military service. Of such soldiers few could be tempted to sally from the gates, and none could be persuaded to remain in the field unless they wanted strength and speed to escape from the Bulgarians. The report of the fugitives exaggerated the numbers and fierceness of an enemy who had abandoned newborn infants to the dog and vultures; a crowd of rustics, imploring food and protection, increased the consternation of the city, and the tents of Zabergan were pitched at the distance of twenty miles, on the banks of a small river which encircles Melanthias and afterward falls into the Propontis. Justinian trembled, and those who had only seen the emperor in his old age were pleased to suppose that he had lost the alacrity and vigor of his youth. By his command the vessels of gold and silver were removed from the churches in the neighborhood, and even the suburbs, of Constantinople; the ramparts were lined with trembling spectators; the golden gate was crowded with useless generals and tribunes, and the Senate shared the fatigues and the apprehensions of the populace.

But the eyes of the prince and people were directed to a feeble veteran who was com-

pelled by the public danger to resume the armor in which he had entered Carthage and defended Rome. The horses of the royal stables, of private citizens, and even of the circus, were hastily collected; the emulation of the old and young was roused by the name of Belisarius, and his first encampment was in the presence of a victorious enemy. His prudence and the labor of the friendly peasants secured with a ditch and rampart the repose of the night; innumerable fires and clouds of dust were artfully contrived to magnify the opinion of his strength. His soldiers suddenly passed from despondency to presumption, and, while ten thousand voices demanded the battle, Belisarius dissembled his knowledge that in the hour of trial he must depend on the firmness of three hundred veterans. The next morning the Bulgarian cavalry advanced to the charge. But they heard the shouts of multitudes, they beheld the arms and discipline of the front; they were assaulted on the flanks by two ambuscades which rose from the woods; their foremost warriors fell by the hand of the aged hero and his guards; and the swiftness of their evolutions was rendered useless by the close attack and rapid pursuit of the Romans. In this action (so speedy was their flight) the Bulgarians lost only four hundred horse, but Constantinople was saved, and Zabergan, who felt the hand of a master, withdrew to a respectful distance. But his friends were numerous in the councils of the emperor, and Belisarius obeyed with reluctance the commands of envy and Justinian, which forbade him to achieve the deliverance of his country. On his return to the city, the people, still conscious of their danger, accompanied his tri-

umph with acclamations of joy and gratitude, which were imputed as a crime to the victorious general. But when he entered the palace the courtiers were silent, and the emperor, after a cold and thankless embrace, dismissed him to mingle with the train of slaves.

DISGRACE AND DEATH (A. D. 561-565).

About two years after the last victory of Belisarius the emperor returned from a Thracian journey of health or business or devotion. Justinian was afflicted by a pain in his head, and his private entry countenanced the rumor of his death. Before the third hour of the day the bakers' shops were plundered of their bread, the houses were shut and every citizen, with hope or terror, prepared for the impending tumult. The senators themselves, fearful and suspicious, were convened at the ninth hour, and the prefect received their commands to visit every quarter of the city and proclaim a general illumination for the recovery of the emperor's health. The ferment subsided, but every accident betrayed the impotence of the government and the factious temper of the people; the guards were disposed to mutiny as often as their quarters were changed or their pay was withheld; the frequent calamities of fires and earthquakes afforded the opportunities of disorder; the disputes of the blues and greens, of the orthodox and heretics, degenerated into bloody battles; and in the presence of the Persian ambassador Justinian blushed for himself and for his subjects. Capricious pardon and arbitrary punishment embittered the irksomeness and discontent of a long reign; a conspiracy was formed in the palace, and, unless we are deceived by the names of Marcellus and Sergius, the

most virtuous and the most profligate of the courtiers were associated in the same designs. They had fixed the time of the execution; their rank gave them access to the royal banquet, and their black slaves were stationed in the vestibule and porticoes to announce the death of the tyrant and to excite a sedition in the capital. But the indiscretion of an accomplice saved the poor remnant of the days of Justinian. The conspirators were detected and seized, with daggers hidden under their garments: Marcellus died by his own hand, and Sergius was dragged from the sanctuary. Pressed by remorse or tempted by the hopes of safety, he accused two officers of the household of Belisarius, and torture forced them to declare that they had acted according to the secret instructions of their patron. Posterity will not hastily believe that a hero who in the vigor of life had disdained the fairest offers of ambition and revenge should stoop to the murder of his prince, whom he could not long expect to survive. His followers were impatient to fly, but flight must have been supported by rebellion; and he had lived enough for nature and for glory. Belisarius appeared before the council with less fear than indignation; after forty years' service the emperor had prejudged his guilt, and injustice was sanctified by the presence and authority of the patriarch. The life of Belisarius was graciously spared, but his fortunes were sequestered, and from December to July he was guarded as a prisoner in his own palace. At length his innocence was acknowledged; his freedom and honors were restored; and death, which might be hastened by resentment and grief, removed him from the world about eight months after his deliverance.

The name of Belisarius can never die ; but instead of the funeral, the monuments, the statues, so justly due to his memory, I only read that his treasures, the spoils of the Goths and Vandals, were immediately confiscated by the emperor. Some decent portion was reserved, however, for the use of his widow ; and, as Antonina had much to repent, she devoted the last remains of her life and fortune to the foundation of a convent.

Such is the simple and genuine narrative of the fall of Belisarius and the ingratitude of Justinian. That he was deprived of his eyes and reduced by envy to beg his bread—"Give a penny to Belisarius the general!"—is a fiction of later times which has obtained credit, or rather favor, as a strange example of the vicissitudes of fortune.

EDWARD GIBBON.

LET ME SEE HIM ONCE MORE.

LET me see him once more ;
 Let me give but one smile ;
 Let me speak but one word
 Of endearment the while ;
 Oh, I ask but that moment.
 My life on the man !
 Does he think to forget me ?
 He may if he can.

ANON.

THE LONG-AGO.

ON that deep retiring shore
 Frequent pearls of beauty lie
 Where the passion-waves of yore
 Fiercely beat and mounted high.

Sorrows that are sorrows still
 Lose the bitter taste of woe ;
 Nothing's altogether ill
 In the griefs of Long-Ago.

Tombs where lonely love repines,
 Ghastly tenements of tears,
 Wear the look of happy shrines
 Through the golden mist of years.
 Death, to those who trust in good,
 Vindicates his hardest blow ;
 Oh, we would not, if we could,
 Wake the sleep of Long-Ago.

Though the doom of swift decay
 Shocks the soul where life is strong,
 Though for frailer hearts the day
 Lingers sad and overlong,
 Still the weight will find a leaven,
 Still the spoiler's hand is slow,
 While the future has its heaven,
 And the past its Long-Ago.

W. M. MILNES.

IF I HAD THOUGHT.

IF I had thought thou couldst have died,
 I might not weep for thee,
 But I forgot, when by thy side,
 That thou couldst mortal be ;
 It never through my mind had passed
 The time would e'er be o'er,
 And I on thee should look my last,
 And thou shouldst smile no more.

And still upon that face I look,
 And think 'twill smile again ;
 And still the thought I will not brook
 That I must look in vain ;



Painted by E. F. Harris

Engraved by W. C. Jackson

Let me see him once more.

But when I speak thou dost not say
 What thou ne'er left'st unsaid ;
 And now I feel, as well I may,
 Sweet Mary, thou art dead.

If thou wouldst stay e'en as thou art,
 All cold and all serene,
 I still might press thy silent heart,
 And where thy smiles have been ;
 While e'en thy chill bleak corse I have,
 Thou seemest still mine own ;
 But there I lay thee in thy grave,
 And I am now alone.

I do not think, where'er thou art,
 Thou hast forgotten me ;
 And I, perhaps, may soothe this heart
 In thinking too of thee ;
 Yet there was round thee such a dawn
 Of light ne'er seen before
 As fancy never could have drawn,
 And never can restore.

CHARLES WOLFE.

A HARD, CLOSE MAN.

A HARD close man was Solomon Ray :
 Nothing of value he gave away ;
 He hoarded and saved,
 And pinched and shaved ;
 And the more he had, the more he craved.

The hard-earned dollars he toiled to gain
 Brought him little but care and pain ;
 For little he spent,
 And all he lent
 He made it bring him twenty per cent.

Such was the life of Solomon Ray :
 The years went by, and his hair grew gray ;

His cheeks grew thin,
 And his soul within
 Grew hard as the dollars he worked to win.

But he died one day, as all men must,
 For life is fleeting and man but dust.
 The heirs were gay
 That laid him away,
 And that was the end of Solomon Ray.

They quarrelled now who had little cared
 For Solomon Ray while his life was spared ;
 His lands were sold
 And his hard-earned gold
 All went to the lawyers, I am told.

Yet men will cheat and pinch and save,
 Nor carry their treasures beyond the grave,
 And their gold some day
 Will melt away
 Like the selfish savings of Solomon Ray.

ANON.

A SLEEPING CHILD.

ART thou a thing of mortal birth
 Whose happy home is on our earth ?
 Does human blood with life imbue
 Those wandering veins of heavenly blue
 That stray along thy forehead fair,
 Lost 'mid a gleam of golden hair ?
 Oh, can that light and airy breath
 Steal from a being doomed to death,
 Those features to the grave be sent
 In sleep thus mutely eloquent ?
 Or art thou, what thy form would seem,
 The phantom of a blessed dream ?
 Oh that my spirit's eye could see
 Whence burst those dreams of ecstasy !
 That light of dreaming soul appears
 To play from thoughts above thy years.

Thou smil'st as if thy soul were soaring
 To heaven, and heaven's God adoring.
 And who can tell what visions high
 May bless an infant's sleeping eye?
 What brighter throne can brightness find
 To reign on than an infant's mind,
 Ere sin destroy or error dim
 The glory of the seraphim?

O vision fair, that I could be
 Again as young, as pure, as thee!
 Vain wish: the rainbow's radiant form
 May view, but cannot brave, the storm;
 Years can bedim the gorgeous dyes
 That paint the bird of Paradise,
 And years—so Fate hath ordered—roll
 Clouds o'er the summer of the soul.
 Fair was that face as break of dawn
 When o'er its beauty sleep was drawn
 Like a thin veil that half concealed
 The light of soul, and half revealed.
 While thy hushed heart with visions wrought,
 Each trembling eyelash moved with thought,
 And things we dream, but ne'er can speak,
 Like clouds came floating o'er thy cheek—
 Such summer-clouds as travel light
 When the soul's heaven lies calm and bright—
 Till thou awak'st; then to thine eye
 Thy whole heart leapt in ecstasy.
 And lovely is that heart of thine,
 Or sure these eyes could never shine
 With such a wild yet bashful glee,
 Gay, half-o'ercome timidity.

JOHN WILSON
 (Christopher North).

THE MANIAC BOY.

DOWN yon romantic dale, where ham-
 lets few
 Arrest the summer pilgrim's pensive view—

The village wonder and the widow's joy—
 Dwells the poor mindless, pale-faced maniac
 boy.
 He lives and breathes, and rolls his vacant
 eye
 To greet the glowing fancies of the sky,
 But on his cheek unmeaning shades of
 woe
 Reveal the withered thoughts that sleep be-
 low.
 A soulless thing, a spirit of the woods,
 He loves to commune with the fields and
 floods;
 Sometimes along the woodland's winding
 glade
 He starts and smiles upon his pallid shade,
 Or scolds with idiot threat the roaming
 wind—
 But rebel music to the ruined mind—
 Or on the shell-strewn beach delighted
 strays,
 Playing his fingers in the noontide rays;
 And when the sea-waves swell their hollow
 roar,
 He counts the billows plunging to the
 shore;
 And oft beneath the glimmer of the moon
 He chants some wild and melancholy tune,
 Till o'er his softening features seems to
 play
 A shadowy gleam of mind's reluctant sway.
 Thus, like a living dream, apart from men,
 From morn to eve he haunts the wood and
 glen;
 But round him, near him, wheresoe'er he
 rove,
 A guardian angel tracks him from above;
 Nor harm from flood or fen shall e'er destroy
 The mazy wanderings of the maniac boy.

ROBERT MONTGOMERY.

THE UPAS IN MARYBONE LANE.

A TREE grew in Java whose pestilent
rind

A venom distilled of the deadliest kind;
The Dutch sent their felons its juices to draw,
And who returned safe pleaded pardon by
law.

Face-muffled, the culprits crept into the vale,
Advancing from windward to 'scape the
death-gale.

How few the reward of their victory earned!
For ninety-nine perished for one who re-
turned.

Britannia this upas tree bought of Mynheer,
Removed it through Holland and planted it
here;

'Tis now a stock-plant of the genus wolf's-
bane,

And one of them blossoms in Marybone
Lane.

The house that surrounds it stands first in
the row;

Two doors at right angles swing open below,
And the children of misery daily steal in,
And the poison they draw they denominate
Gin.

There enter the prude and the reprobate boy,
The mother of grief and the daughter of joy,
The serving-maid slim and the serving-man
stout;

They quickly steal in, and they slowly reel
out.

Surcharged with the venom, some walk forth
erect,

Apparently baffling its deadly effect;

But sooner or later the reckoning arrives,
And ninety-nine perish for one who survives.

They cautious advance with slouched bonnet
and hat;

They enter at this door, they go out at that;
Some bear off their burden with riotous glee,
But most sink in sleep at the foot of the tree.

Tax, Chancellor Van, the Batavian to thwart,
This compound of crime at a sovereign a
quart;

Let gin fetch per bottle the price of cham-
pagne,

And hew down the upas in Marybone Lane.

JAMES SMITH.

PERICLES AND ASPASIA.

THIS was the ruler of the land
When Athens was the land of fame;
This was the light that led the band
When each was like a living flame;
The centre of earth's noblest ring,
Of more than men the more than king.

Yet not by fetter nor by spear
His sovereignty was held or won:
Feared, but alone as freemen fear,
Loved, but as freemen love alone,
He waved the sceptre o'er his kind
By Nature's first great title, mind.

Resistless words were on his tongue:
Then eloquence first flashed below;
Full-armed to life the portent sprung,
Minerva from the Thunderer's brow,
And his the sole, the sacred hand
That shook her ægis o'er the land.

And throned immortal by his side
 A woman sits with eye sublime—
 Aspasia, all his spirit's bride;
 But if their solemn love were crime,
 Pity the beauty and the sage:
 Their crime was in their darkened age.

He perished, but his wreath was won;
 He perished in his height of fame;
 Then sunk the cloud on Athens' sun,
 Yet still she conquered in his name.
 Filled with his soul, she could not die:
 Her conquest was posterity.

GEORGE CROLY.

A THOUSAND YEARS AGO; OR, THE IVY AND THE BELL.

IN days when Alfred ruled the land,
 As ancient legends tell,
 The Ivy was a gardener's lad,
 And loved a lady well;
 And the Bell that hangs in the turret high
 Was the lady pure as snow,
 The only daughter of an earl,
 A thousand years ago.

That lady fair, so bright and rare,
 Had suitors many a one,
 Both knights and earls, and knaves and
 churls,
 But she loved the gardener's son.
 They pledged their faith in life or death,
 In happiness or woe,
 And sealed the promise with a ring,
 A thousand years ago.

The grim earl read his magic book,
 And, lo! before his sight
 The deeds they did, the love they hid,
 Were clear as morning light.

He swore an oath to slay them both—
 The maid for looking low,
 The gardener's lad for looking high—
 A thousand years ago.

By magic might he changed the lad
 Into an Ivy flower,
 And the lady bright to the booming Bell
 That swings in the donjon-tower.
 "Be this," quoth he, "the doom they dree
 Who guiled a father so!"
 And the grim earl burned his magic books,
 A thousand years ago.

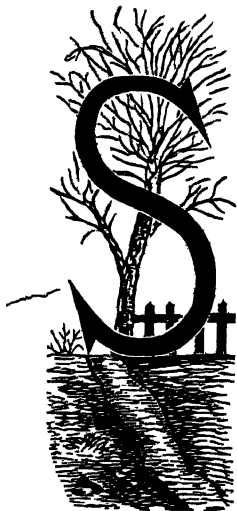
But every time the Bell was rung
 The Ivy spread and grew.
 "Climb to me! climb!" said every chime,
 "O Ivy, ever true!"
 And the Ivy clomb an inch a day,
 As never did Ivy grow,
 And reached the Bell and covered it o'er,
 A thousand years ago.

A mortal hand ne'er rang the Bell,
 But up in its turret high
 It pealed sweet tunes like Norland runes
 To the breeze that wandered by;
 And every year at Christmas Eve,
 As winds begin to blow,
 You may hear it ring as oft it rang
 A thousand years ago—

Sometimes merry, and sometimes sad,
 But always sweet and clear;
 And all who listen dream of Love,
 And the hearts they hold most dear.
 For Love's the same, and ever the same,
 Though ages ebb and flow;
 O Love, be happier than thou wert
 A thousand years ago.

CHARLES MACKAY.

THE PAINTER OF SEVILLE.



SEBASTIAN GOMEZ, better known by the name of the Mulatto of Murillo, was one of the most celebrated painters of Spain. There may yet be seen in the churches of Seville the celebrated picture which he was found painting by his master—a St. Anne and a holy Joseph, which are extremely beautiful—and others of the highest merit.

The incident related occurred about the year 1630.

'Twas morning in Seville, and brightly beamed
The early sunlight in one chamber there,
Showing, where'er its glowing radiance
gleamed,

Rich varied beauty. 'Twas the study
where

Murillo, the famed painter, came to share
With young aspirants his long-cherished
art,

To prove how vain must be the teacher's care
Who strives his unbought knowledge to
impart,

The language of the soul, the feeling of
the heart.

The pupils came; and, glancing round,
Mendez upon his canvas found,
Not his own work of yesterday,
But, glowing in the morning ray,
A sketch so rich, so pure, so bright,
It almost seemed that there were given

To glow before his dazzled sight
Tints and expressions warm from heaven.

'Twas but a sketch—the Virgin's head—
Yet was unearthly beauty shed
Upon the mildly-beaming face;
The lip, the eye, the flowing hair,
Had separate yet blended grace:
A poet's brightest dream was there.

Murillo entered, and, amazed,
On the mysterious painting gazed.
'Whose work is this? Speak! Tell me!
He

Who to his aid such power can call,"
Exclaimed the teacher, eagerly,
"Will yet be master of us all.
Would I had done it!—Ferdinand!
Isturitz, Mendez! Say, whose hand
Among ye all?" With half-breathed sigh
Each pupil answered: "'Twas not I."

"How came it, then?" impatiently
Murillo cried. "But we shall see
Ere long into this mystery.—
Sebastian!"

At the summons came
A bright-eyed slave
Who trembled at the stern rebuke
His master gave;
For, ordered in that room to sleep
And faithful guard o'er all to keep,
Murillo bade him now declare
What rash intruder had been there,
And threatened, if he did not tell
The truth at once, the dungeon-cell.



Seville.

"Thou answerest not," Murillo said.
 (The boy had stood in speechless fear.)
 "Speak on!" At last he raised his head
 And murmured, "No one has been here."
 "'Tis false!" Sebastian bent his knee
 And clasped his hands imploringly,
 And said, "I swear it, none but me."

"List!" said his master. "I would know
 Who enters here: there have been found
 Before rough sketches strewn around—
 By whose bold hand 'tis yours to show.
 See that to-night strict watch you keep,
 Nor dare to close your eyes in sleep.
 If on to-morrow morn you fail
 To answer what I ask,
 The lash shall force you. Do you hear?
 Hence to your daily task!"

'Twas midnight in Seville, and faintly shone
 From one small lamp a dim uncertain ray
 Within Murillo's study; all were gone
 Who there in pleasant tasks or converse
 gay

Passed cheerfully the morning hours away.

'Twas shadowy gloom and breathless silence save
 That, to sad thoughts and torturing fear a
 prey,
 One bright-eyed boy was there—Murillo's
 little slave.

Almost a child, that boy had seen
 Not thrice five summers yet,
 But genius marked the lofty brow
 O'er which his locks of jet
 Profusely curled; his cheek's dark hue
 Proclaimed the warm blood flowing through
 Each throbbing vein, a mingled tide,
 To Africa and Spain allied.

"Alas! what fate is mine!" he said—
 "The lash if I refuse to tell
 Who sketched these figures; if I do,
 Perhaps e'en more—the dungeon-cell!"
 He breathed a prayer to Heaven for aid.
 It came, for soon, in slumber laid,
 He slept until the dawning day
 Shed on his humble couch its ray.

"I'll sleep no more," he cried; "and now
 Three hours of freedom I may gain
 Before my master comes, for then
 I shall be but a slave again.
 Three blessed hours of freedom! How
 Shall I employ them? Ah! e'en now
 The figure on that canvas traced
 Must be—yes, it must be—effaced."

He seized a brush. The morning light
 Gave to the head a softened glow;
 Gazing enraptured on the sight,
 He cried, "Shall I efface it? No!
 That breathing lip! that beaming eye!
 Efface them? I would rather die."

The terror of the humble slave
 Gave place to the o'erpowering flow
 Of the high feelings Nature gave,
 Which only gifted spirits know.
 He touched the brow, the lip; it seemed
 His pencil had some magic power:
 The eye with deeper feeling beamed.
 Sebastian then forgot the hour,
 Forgot his master and the threat
 Of punishment still hanging o'er him;
 For with each touch new beauties met
 And mingled in the face before him.

At length 'twas finished; rapturously
 He gazed. Could aught more beauteous be?

A while absorbed, entranced, he stood,
Then started; horror chilled his blood :
His master and the pupils all

Were there, e'en at his side.
The terror-stricken slave was mute :
Mercy would be denied
E'en could he ask it—so he deemed ;
And the poor boy half lifeless seemed.

Speechless, bewildered, for a space
They gazed upon that perfect face,
Each with an artist's joy.
At length Murillo silence broke,
And with affected sternness spoke :
"Who is your master, boy?"
"You, señor," said the trembling slave.
"Nay, who, I mean, instruction gave
Before that Virgin's head you drew?"
Again he answered, "Only you."

"I gave you none," Murillo cried,
"But I have heard," the boy replied,
"What you to others said."
"And more than heard," in kinder tone
The painter said; "'tis plainly shown
That you have profited.

"What"—to his pupils—"is his meed?
Reward or punishment?"
"Reward, reward!" they warmly cried.
(Sebastian's ear was bent
To catch the sounds he scarce believed,
But with imploring look received.)
"What shall it be?" They spoke of gold
And of a splendid dress ;
But still unmoved Sebastian stood,
Silent and motionless.

"Speak!" said Murillo, kindly; "choose
Your own reward. What shall it be?

Name what you wish: I'll not refuse;
Then speak at once and fearlessly."
"Oh! if I dared—" Sebastian knelt,
And feelings he could not control
(But feared to utter even then)
With strong emotion shook his soul.

"Courage!" his master said, and each
Essayed, in kind, half-whispered speech,
To soothe his overpowering dread.
He scarcely heard till some one said,
"Sebastian, ask—you have your choice—
Ask for your freedom." At the word
The suppliant strove to raise his voice;
At first but stifled sobs were heard,
And then his prayer, breathed fervently :
"Oh, master, make my father free."
"Him and thyself, my noble boy!"
Warmly the painter cried;
Raising Sebastian from his feet,
He pressed him to his side.
"Thy talents rare and filial love
E'en more have fairly won;
Still be thou mine by other bonds—
My pupil and my son."

Murillo knew, e'en when the words
Of generous feeling passed his lips,
Sebastian's talents soon must lead
To fame that would his own eclipse;
And, constant to his purpose still,
He joyed to see his pupil gain
Beneath his care such matchless skill
As made his name the pride of Spain.

SUSAN WILSON.

WAR.

RASH, fruitless war, from wanton glory
waged,
Is only splendid murder. JAMES THOMSON.

IS MAN DEGENERATING?

TABLE-TALK OF DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON.



ON Tuesday, April 13, he and Dr. Goldsmith and I dined at General Ogleshorpe's. Goldsmith expatiated on the common topic—that the race of our people was degenerated, and that this was owing to luxury.”—JOHNSON.

“Sir, in the first place, I doubt the fact. I believe that there are as many tall men in England now as ever

there were. But, secondly, supposing the stature of our people to be diminished, that is not owing to luxury; for, sir, consider how very small a proportion of our people luxury can reach. Our soldiery, surely, are not luxurious, who live on sixpence a day; and the same remark will apply to almost all the other classes. Luxury, so far as it reaches the poor, will do good to the race of people; it will strengthen and multiply them. Sir, no nation was ever hurt by luxury; for, as I said before, it can reach but to a very few. I admit that the great increase of commerce and manufactures hurts the military spirit of a people, because it produces a competition for something else than martial honors—a competition for riches. It also hurts the bodies of the people, for you will observe there is no man who works at any particular trade but you may know him from his appearance to do so. One part or other of his body being more used than the rest, he is in some degree deformed; but, sir, that is not

luxury. A tailor sits cross-legged, but that is not luxury.”—GOLDSMITH.

“Come, you’re just going to the same place by another road.”—JOHNSON.

“Nay, sir, I say that is not *luxury*. Let us take a walk from Charing Cross to Whitechapel, through, I suppose, the greatest series of shops in the world: what is there in any of these shops (if you except gin-shops) that can do any human being any harm?”—GOLDSMITH.

“Well, sir, I’ll accept your challenge. The very next shop to Northumberland House is a pickle-shop.”—JOHNSON.

“Well, sir, do we not know that a maid can in one afternoon make pickles sufficient to serve a whole family for a year? Nay, that five pickle-shops can serve a whole kingdom? Besides, sir, there is no harm done to anybody by the making of pickles or the eating of pickles.”

BOSWELL.

RIDICULE.

I KNOW of no principle which it is of more importance to fix in the minds of young people than that of the most determined resistance to the encroachments of ridicule. Give not up to the world, nor to the ridicule with which the world enforces its dominion over every trifling question of manner and appearance. Learn from the earliest days to insure your principles against the perils of ridicule. If you think it right

to differ from the times and to make a stand for any valuable point of morals, do it, however rustic, however antiquated, however pedantic, it may appear—do it, not for insolence, but seriously and grandly, as a man who wears a soul of his own in his bosom and does not wait till it shall be breathed into him by the breath of fashion. Let men call you mean if you know you are just; hypocritical, if you are honestly religious; pusillanimous, if you feel you are firm. Resistance soon converts unprincipled wit into sincere respect, and no after-time can tear from you those feelings which every man carries within him who made a noble and successful exertion in a virtuous cause.

SIDNEY SMITH.

THE AMERICAN INDIAN.

AN ORATION.

NOT many generations ago, where you now sit circled with all that exalts and embellishes civilized life the rank thistle nodded in the wind and the wild fox dug his hole unscared. Here lived and loved another race of beings. Beneath the same sun that rolls over your heads the Indian hunter pursued the panting deer; gazing on the same moon that smiles for you, the Indian lover wooed his dusky mate. Here the wigwam blaze beamed on the tender and helpless, the council-fire glared on the wise and daring. Now they dipped their noble limbs in your sedgy lakes, and now they paddled the light canoe along your rocky shores. Here they warred; the echoing whoop, the bloody grapple, the defying death-song, all were here; and when the

tiger-strife was over, here curled the smoke of peace.

Here, too, they worshipped, and from many a dark bosom went up a pure prayer to the Great Spirit. He had not written his laws for them on tables of stone, but he had traced them on the tables of their hearts. The poor child of Nature knew not the God of revelation, but the God of the universe he acknowledged in everything around. He beheld him in the star that sunk in beauty behind his lonely dwelling; in the sacred orb that flamed on him from his midday throne; in the flower that snapped in the morning breeze; in the lofty pine that defied a thousand whirlwinds; in the timid warbler that never left its native grove; in the fearless eagle whose untired pinion was wet in clouds; in the worm that crawled at his feet; and in his own matchless form, glowing with a spark of that light to whose mysterious source he bent in humble though blind adoration.

And all this has passed away. Across the ocean came a pilgrim bark bearing the seeds of life and death. The former were sown for you; the latter sprang up in the path of the simple native. Two hundred years have changed the character of a great continent and blotted for ever from its face a whole peculiar people. Art has usurped the bowers of Nature, and the children of education have been too powerful for the tribes of the ignorant. Here and there a stricken few remain, but how unlike their bold, untamed, untamable progenitors! The Indian of falcon glance and lion bearing, the theme of the touching ballad, the hero of the pathetic tale, is gone, and his degraded offspring crawl upon the soil where he walked in majesty,

to remind us how miserable is man when the foot of the conqueror is on his neck.

As a race they have withered from the land. Their arrows are broken, their springs are dried up, their cabins are in the dust. Their council-fire has long since gone out on the shore, and their war-cry is fast dying to the untrodden West. Slowly and sadly they climb the distant mountains and read their doom in the setting sun. They are shrinking before the mighty tide which is pressing them away; they must soon hear the roar of the last waves which will settle over them for ever.

CHARLES SPRAGUE.

TELL ME, YE WINGÈD WINDS.

TELL me, ye wingèd winds,
That round my pathway roar,
Do ye not know some spot
Where mortals weep no more—
Some lone and pleasant dell,
Some valley in the West,
Where, free from toil and pain,
The weary soul may rest?
The loud wind dwindled to a whisper low,
And sighed for pity as it answered, "No."

Tell me, thou mighty deep,
Whose billows round me play,
Knowst thou some favored spot,
Some island far away,
Where weary man may find
The bliss for which he sighs—
Where sorrow never lives,
And friendship never dies?
The loud waves, rolling in perpetual flow,
Stopped for a while and sighed to answer,
"No."

And thou, serenest moon,
That with such lovely face
Dost look upon the earth,
Asleep in night's embrace,
Tell me, in all thy round
Hast thou not seen some spot
Where miserable man
May find a happier lot?
Behind a cloud the moon withdrew in woe,
And a voice sweet but sad responded, "No."

Tell me, my secret soul,
Oh, tell me, Hope and Faith,
Is there no resting-place
From sorrow, sin and death—
Is there no happy spot
Where mortals may be blessed,
Where grief may find a balm
And weariness a rest?
Faith, Hope and Love, best boons to mortals
given,
Waved their bright wings and whispered,
"Yes: in heaven."

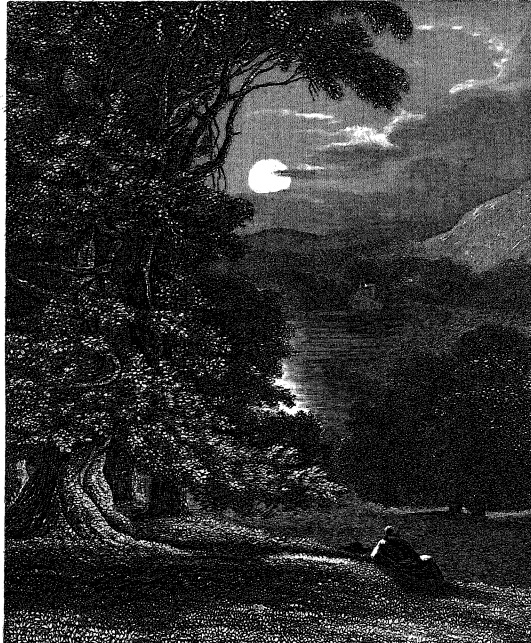
CHARLES MACKAY.

DELAYS.

SHUN delays: they breed remorse;
Take thy time while time is lent thee;
Creeping snails have weakest force;
Fly thy fault lest thou repent thee;
Good is best when soonest wrought,
Lingering labors come to naught.

Hoist up sail while gale doth last:
Tide and wind wait no man's pleasure;
Seek not time when time is past:
Sober speed is wisdom's leisure;
After-wit is dearly bought:
Let thy fore-wit guide thy thought.

ROBERT SOUTHWELL.



Creswick, Del.

Steel, Sc.

The Winged Winds.

JOHN LOWE.



LOWE was born at Kenmore, in Galloway, Scotland, A. D. 1750. He was the son of a gardener and studied as a divinity student. "Mary's Dream," his most popular ballad, was written on the death at sea of a surgeon named Millar, who was betrothed to a Miss Mary M'Ghie Aird. Lowe was tutor in her father's family and engaged to her sister. In A. D. 1773 he emigrated to America, where he forgot his early love and was married to another lady. In his later years he became dissipated, and died in great misery near Fredericksburg, Virginia, A. D. 1798. An edition of his poems was published at Richmond, Virginia.

MARY'S DREAM.

THE moon had climbed the highest hill
Which rises o'er the source of Dee,
And from the eastern summit shed
Her silver light on tower and tree,
When Mary laid her down to sleep,
Her thoughts on Sandy far at sea,
When, soft and low, a voice was heard,
Saying, "Mary, weep no more for me."

She from her pillow gently raised
Her head to ask who there might be,
And saw young Sandy shivering stand,
With visage pale and hollow e'e :

"Oh, Mary dear, cold is my clay :
It lies beneath a stormy sea ;
Far, far from thee I sleep in death ;
So, Mary, weep no more for me.

"Three stormy nights and stormy days
We tossed upon the raging main,
And long we tried our bark to save,
But all our efforts were in vain.
Even then, when horror chilled my blood,
My heart was filled with love for thee ;
The storm is past and I at rest ;
So, Mary, weep no more for me.

"Oh, maiden-dear, thyself prepare ;
We soon shall meet upon that shore
Where love is free from doubt and care,
And thou and I shall part no more."
Loud crowed the cock, the shadow fled,
No more of Sandy could she see ;
But soft the passing spirit said,
"Sweet Mary, weep no-more for me."

JOHN LOWE.

BINGEN ON THE RHINE.

A SOLDIER of the Legion lay dying in
Algiers ;
There was lack of woman's nursing, there
was dearth of woman's tears,
But a comrade stood beside him while his
life-blood ebbed away,
And bent with pitying glances to hear what
he might say.
The dying soldier faltered, and he took that
comrade's hand,
And he said, "I nevermore shall see my
own, my native land ;

Take a message and a token to some distant
friends of mine,
For I was born at Bingen—at Bingen on the
Rhine.

“Tell my brothers and companions, when
they meet and crowd around .
To hear my mournful story in the pleasant
vineyard ground,
That we fought the battle bravely, and when
the day was done
Full many a corse lay ghastly pale beneath
the setting sun ;
And 'mid the dead and dying were some
grown old in wars—
The death-wound on their gallant breasts the
last of many scars—
And some were young and suddenly beheld
life's morn decline,
And one had come from Bingen—fair Bingen
on the Rhine.

“Tell my mother that her other son shall
comfort her old age,
For I was still a truant bird that thought his
home a cage,
For my father was a soldier, and even as a
child
My heart leaped forth to hear him tell of
struggles fierce and wild ;
And when he died and left us to divide his
scanty hoard,
I let them take whate'er they would, but
kept my father's sword ;
And with boyish love I hung it where the
bright light used to shine
On the cottage wall at Bingen—calm Bingen
on the Rhine.

“Tell my sister not to weep for me, and sob
with drooping head
When the troops come marching home again
with glad and gallant tread,
But to look upon them proudly with a calm
and steadfast eye,
For her brother was a soldier too, and not
afraid to die ;
And if a comrade seek her love, I ask her in
my name
To listen to him kindly, without regret or
shame,
And to hang the old sword in its place (my
father's sword and mine)
For the honor of old Bingen—dear Bingen
on the Rhine.

“There's another—not a sister ; in the happy
days gone by
You'd have known her by the merriment
that sparkled in her eye,
Too innocent for coquetry, too fond for idle
scorning.
Oh, friend, I fear the lightest heart makes
sometimes heaviest morning !
Tell her the last night of my life (for ere the
moon be risen
My body will be out of pain, my soul be out
of prison)
I dreamed I stood with her and saw the
yellow sunlight shine
On the vine-clad hills of Bingen—fair Bingen
on the Rhine.

“I saw the blue Rhine sweep along ; I heard,
or seemed to hear,
The German songs we used to sing in chorus
sweet and clear,

And down the pleasant river and up the
slanting hill
The echoing chorus sounded through the
evening calm and still;
And her glad blue eyes were on me as we
passed with friendly talk
Down many a path beloved of yore, and
well-remembered walk;
And her little hand lay lightly, confidingly,
in mine;
But we'll meet no more at Bingen—loved
Bingen on the Rhine."

His trembling voice grew faint and hoarse,
his grasp was childish weak,
His eyes put on a dying look, he sighed and
ceased to speak;
His comrade bent to lift him, but the spark
of life had fled:
The soldier of the Legion in a foreign land
is dead.
And the soft moon rose up slowly, and calmly
she looked down
On the red sand of the battlefield with bloody
corseS strewn;
Yes, calmly on that dreadful scene her pale
light seemed to shine,
As it shone on distant Bingen—fair Bingen
on the Rhine.

CAROLINE E. NORTON.

CHIDHAR THE PROPHET.

FROM THE GERMAN OF RÜCKERT.

CHIDHAR, the prophet ever young,
Thus loosed the bridle of his tongue:

I journeyed through a noble town
With many a mansion fair and good,

And asked of one who sat him down
To rest how long the town had stood.
He roused himself; 'twas but to say,
"The town has stood for many a day,
And will be here for ever and aye."

A thousand years went by, and then
I went the selfsame road again.

No vestige of that town I traced,
But one poor swain his horn employed,
His sheep unconscious browsed and grazed.
I asked, "When was that town destroyed?"
He spoke, nor would his horn lay by:
"One thing may grow and another die,
But I know nothing of towns—not I."

A thousand years went by, and then
I passed the selfsame place again

There, in the deep of waters cast
His nets one lonely fisherman,
And as he drew them up at last
I asked him how that lake began.
He looked at me, and laughed to say,
"The waters spring for ever and aye,
And fish are plenty every day."

A thousand years went by, and then
I went the selfsame road again.

I found a country wild and rude,
And, axe in hand, beside a tree,
The hermit of that solitude.
I asked how old that wood might be.
He spoke: "I count not time at all;
A tree may rise, a tree may fall;
The forest overlives us all."



The Woodsman.

A thousand years went on, and then
I passed the selfsame place again.

And there a glorious city stood,
And 'mid tumultuous market-cry
I asked, "When rose the town, where wood,
Pasture and lake forgotten lie?"
They heard me not, and little blame;
For them the world is as it came,
And all things must be still the same.

A thousand years shall pass, and then
I mean to try that road again.

Translation of RICHARD M. MILNES.

LAST WORDS OF AN INDIAN CHIEF.

"**H**E cometh! Death is here. Leave
me alone!
Hence, hence! Ye shall not see me when I
die,
If die I must. I would not that the men
Whom I have led to battle saw me yield
To any conqueror. Shall my warriors hear
From this undaunted breast the gasp or
groan
As when a woman dies?"

"How cold the dew
Starts o'er my temples! Wipe it not
away.
Shame on your tears! Leave me alone with
Death,
For I will meet him as a brave man should,
And hurl defiance at him.

"What is this?
Ha! He hath smote the lion! Was it well
To steal upon me in my unarmed bed,
Most potent enemy? How hast thou cut

The nerve of that strong arm which used to
cleave

The proudest foeman like the sapling spray!
Oh, friends, the dimness of the grave doth
steal

Over those eyes that as the eagle dared
The noontide sunbeam. Let me hear your
voice

Once more—once more!

"In vain! The ear is sealed
Which caught the rustle of the lightest
leaf

Where the close ambush lay. Come back,
come back!

Hear my last bidding, friends: Lay not my
bones

Near any white man's bones. Let not his
hand

Touch my clay pillow, nor his hateful voice
Sing burial-hymns for me. Rather than
dwell

In Paradise with him, my soul would choose
Eternal darkness and the undying worm.

Ho! heed my words, or else my wandering
shade

Shall haunt ye with its curse!"

And so he died,
That pagan chief, the last strong banner-
staff

Of the poor Senecas. No more the flash
Of his wild eloquence shall fire their ranks
To mortal combat. His distorted brow,
And the stern grapple when he sank in
death,

Sadly they grave upon their orphan hearts
As to their rude homes in the forest-glade
Mournful they turned.

LYDIA H. SIGOURNEY.



L. H. Legum



C. Ames Smith



E. F. Elliot

THE SEEN AND THE UNSEEN.

WE pass along with careless tread
 Where vine and buds are springing,
 We smile, for all above our head
 Are light and gladness ringing,
 Unconscious that beneath our feet
 The lava-flood is leaping,
 That in the pleasant summer heat
 The lightning-flash is sleeping.

And human eyes each other meet
 With meanings sealed for ever,
 And loving lips each other greet:
 Their tale reveal, ah never!
 And smiles, cold beaming smiles, go round,
 The breaking heart concealing,
 And temples are with garlands crowned,
 Nor they their throbs revealing.

I too—for seeming must be mine—
 With careless words shall greet thee,
 Although the slightest tone of thine
 Like music will entreat me.
 And I shall coldly meet thine hand:
 'Tis thus the world is going;
 Like mocking effigies we stand,
 No one his neighbor knowing.

Ah! better thus than each should know
 His brother's heartfelt grieving;
 For who could bide the sight of woe
 Which bears of no relieving?
 And who could list the mournful tone
 From every heart upswelling
 Where hopes are dying one by one,
 And hear their death-dirge knelling?

Oh, should a sickness of the heart,
 A weariness, come o'er thee,

Would that these lines might peace impart,
 Might unto joy restore thee!
 And thou, with dreamy, half-closed eyes,
 Wouldst o'er the missive ponder,
 While, floating faintly, should arise
 A form of light and wonder.

Oh, then, bethink that there is one—
 Though none the secret readeth—
 Whose soul for ever and alone
 For thee in secret pleadeth,
 Who trembles when thy name is heard,
 Yet meekly would be dreaming
 That, had we dared to breathe one word,
 Thy coldness had been seeming.

ELIZABETH OAKES SMITH.

THE SEA-KINGS.

"They are rightly named sea-kings," says the author of the "*Inglingasaga*," "who never seek shelter under a roof and never drain their drinking-horns at a cottage fire."

OUR realm is mighty ocean—
 The broad and sea-green wave
 That ever hails our greeting gaze,
 Our dwelling-place and grave.
 For us the paths of glory lie
 Far on the swelling deep,
 And, brothers to the tempest,
 We shrink not at his sweep.

Our music is the storm-blast
 In fierceness revelling nigh,
 When on our graven bucklers gleam
 His lightnings glancing by.
 Yet most the flash of war-steel keen
 Is welcome in our sight
 When flies the startled foeman
 Before our falchions' light.

We ask no peasant's shelter,
 We seek no noble's bowers,
 Yet they must yield us tribute meet,
 For all they boast is ours.
 No castled prince his wide domain
 Dares from our yoke to free,
 And, like mysterious Odin,
 We rule the land and sea.

Rear high the blood-red banner,
 Its folds in triumph wave,
 And long unsullied may it stream,
 The standard of the brave!
 Our swords outspeed the meteor's glance;
 The world their might shall know
 So long as heaven shines o'er us
 Or ocean rolls below.

ELIZABETH F. ELLETT.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

ALFRED TENNYSON was born in 1810. He received the "Laurel" after the death of Wordsworth, in 1850. He first appeared as a poet under his own name in 1830, in his twentieth year. A second volume of poems was issued in 1833, and in 1842 he reappeared with two volumes of poems, many of which were his early pieces altered and retouched. His other works are *The Princess: A Medley*, 1847; *In Memoriam*, 1850 (the latter a series of beautiful elegiac poems on the death of his young friend Arthur Hallam, son of the historian); "Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington," 1852; and *Maud, and Other Poems*, 1855.

The popularity of Mr. Tennyson has been

steadily on the increase, and he has a band of devoted worshippers. His chief defect is obscurity of expression, with a certain mannerism. The characteristics of his poetry lie rather in its external dress of imagery and language than in any bias toward a particular line of thought or subject. His pieces might be classed, in the manner of Mr. Wordsworth, into Poems of the Affections; Poems of the Fancy; Studies from Classical Statuary and Gothic Romance, etc. Many of them, from the apparent unintelligibility of their external shape, have been supposed to bear an esoteric meaning. The *Princess* especially, apparently a Gothic romance in a drawing-room dress, has been supposed to figure forth not merely the position which women and their education hold in the scale of modern civilization, but to indicate also the results of modern science on the relations, affections and employments of society.

The verse of Mr. Tennyson is a composite melody; it has great power and large compass; original, yet delightfully mingled with the notes of other poets. His mind is richly stored with objects which he invests sometimes with the sunny mists of Coleridge, sometimes with the amiable simplicity of Wordsworth.

DANIEL SCRYMGEOUR.

[Tennyson was honored by Queen Victoria in A. D. 1883 with the title of Baron Tennyson D'Eyncourt.]

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

JAMES MONTGOMERY was born at Irvine, Ayrshire, England, in 1771, and died at Sheffield in 1854. He was the son of a Moravian preacher, and was sent to be educated at the settlement of that sect at Ful-

neck, near Leeds. There he was distinguished for his indolence and melancholy, and, although poetry and fiction were forbidden, he contrived to read clandestinely *Robinson Crusoe* and Cowper's poems. His inattention to his studies caused him to be placed by the school authorities with a shopkeeper, from whom, in 1789, he ran away. A few months afterward he sent a volume of poems to a London bookseller, and followed it himself to the great metropolis. The poems were declined, but the young poet obtained a situation in the publisher's office. In 1791 he wrote a tale, his first prose production, for the *Bee*, an Edinburgh periodical, and soon afterward published a novel, which was declined because the hero gave utterance occasionally to a strong expression. The young author was greatly hurt at this, for he was of a deeply religious cast of mind, and imagined he had only done that which was right in imitating Fielding and Smollett. He returned to a situation for some time, and at length entered the service of Mr. Gales, a printer and bookseller at Sheffield, who permitted him to write political articles for the *Sheffield Register*, a paper conducted on what were then called revolutionary principles. A warrant being issued for the apprehension of Gales, he fled to America, and Montgomery started a paper on "peace and reform" principles, called the *Sheffield Iris*, and was soon afterward indicted for producing some doggerel verses which had been brought to his printing-office to be printed. For this he was fined twenty pounds and sentenced to three months' imprisonment. On another occasion, for publishing an account of a riot at Sheffield, he was fined thirty pounds and was imprisoned for six months. His subsequent ca-

reer was comparatively uneventful. In 1806 he produced *The Wanderer in Switzerland*, which quickly ran through three editions and was subsequently followed by other and better works of the same nature, the chief of which were *The West Indies*, *The World before the Flood* and *Greenland*, a poem descriptive of the establishment of the Moravians in that desolate region, which sect he had again joined. In 1823 he produced *Original Hymns for Public, Private and Social Devotion*. In 1825 he resigned the editorship of the *Sheffield Iris*, whereupon he was entertained at a public dinner by his fellow-townsmen. His interesting *History of Missionary Enterprise in the South Seas* was produced in 1830. Five years later he was offered the chair of rhetoric in the University of Edinburgh, which he declined. Sir Robert Peel about the same time bestowed upon him a pension of one hundred and fifty pounds. In 1836 he left the house of his old employer, Gales, where he had lived during forty years, for a more convenient abode. He delivered several courses of lectures upon "The British Poets" at Newcastle-on-Tyne and other places during some years, but in 1841 he visited his native country on a missionary-tour. His last effort was a lecture "On some Passages of English Poetry but little known."

THOMAS BUDD SHAW.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH was born on the 7th of April, 1770, at Cocker-mouth, in Cumberland. His parents were of the middle class and designed him for the Church; but poetry and new prospects turned him into another path. His pursuit

through life was poetry, and his profession that of stamp-distributor for the government in the counties of Cumberland and Westmoreland. He made his first appearance as a poet in 1793 by the publication of a thin quarto volume entitled *An Evening Walk: An Epistle in Verse, addressed to a Young Lady*. In the same year he published *Descriptive Sketches in Verse, taken during a Pedestrian Tour among the Alps*, of which Coleridge thus writes in his *Biographia Literaria*: "During the last of my residence at Cambridge, 1794, I became acquainted with Mr. Wordsworth's first publication, entitled *Descriptive Sketches*, and seldom, if ever, was the emergence of an original poetic genius above the literary horizon more evidently announced." Two years after, the two poets, then personally unknown to each other, were brought together at Nether Stowey, in Somersetshire. Coleridge was then in his twenty-fourth and Wordsworth in his twenty-sixth year. A congeniality of pursuit soon ripened into intimacy, and in September, 1798, accompanied by Miss Wordsworth, they made a tour in Germany.

Wordsworth's next publication was the first volume of his *Lyrical Ballads*, published just after he had left for the Continent by Joseph Cottle of Bristol, who purchased the copyright for thirty guineas. But it proved a great failure, and Cottle was a loser by the bargain. The critics were very severe upon it. Jeffrey in the *Edinburgh*, Byron in his "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers," James Smith in his "Rejected Addresses," and others of less note in the literary world, all fired their shafts of reason and ridicule at him. Many years, therefore, elapsed before Mr. Wordsworth again appeared as a poet. But

he was not idle, for in the same year that witnessed the failure of his *Lyrical Ballads* he wrote his "Peter Bell," though he kept it by him many years before he published it.

Wordsworth married, in the year 1803, Miss Mary Hutchinson of Penrith, and settled among his beloved lakes—first at Grasmere, and afterward at Rydal Mount. Southey's subsequent retirement to the same beautiful country and Coleridge's visits to his brother-poets originated the name of the "Lake School of Poetry," by which the opponents of their principles and the critics of the *Edinburgh Review* distinguished the three poets whose names are so intimately connected. In 1807 he put forth two volumes of his poems, and in the autumn of 1814 appeared, in quarto form, the celebrated "Excursion." It consists of sketches of life and manners among the mountains, intermingled with moral and devotional reflections. It is merely a part of a larger poem which was to be entitled "The Recluse," and to be prefaced by a minor one, delineating the growth of the author's mind, published since his death under the name of "The Prelude." "The Recluse" was to be divided into three parts. The "Excursion" forms the second of these; the first book of the first part is extant in manuscript, but the rest of the work was never completed.

No sooner did the "Excursion" appear than the critics were down upon it with a vengeance. "This will never do," was the memorable opening of the article in the *Edinburgh*. A few thought it "would do," and praised it; but while it was still dividing the critics "Peter Bell" appeared, to throw among them yet greater differences of opinion. - The

deriders of the poet laughed still louder than before, while his admirers believed, or affected to believe, that it added to the author's fame. Another publication the next year—"The White Doe of Rylstone"—was even more severely handled by one party, while with "the school" it found still greater favor than anything that he had written. In 1820 he published his noble series of "Sonnets to the River Duddon," which contain some of his finest poetry. Two years after appeared his "Ecclesiastical Sonnets," which were composed at the same time that Southey was writing his *History of the Church*.

In 1831 Wordsworth visited Scotland, and on his way to the lakes had an affecting interview—the last he ever had—with Sir Walter Scott, who was rapidly failing and was about to set off for an Italian clime. The evening of the 22d of September was a very sad one in his antique library. Lockhart was there, and Allan, the historical painter. Wordsworth was also feeble in health, and sat, with a green shade over his eyes and bent shoulders, between his daughter and Sir Walter. The conversation was melancholy, and Sir Walter remarked that Smollett and Fielding had both been driven abroad by declining health and had never returned. Next morning he left Abbotsford, and his guests retired with sorrowful hearts. Wordsworth has preserved a memento of his feelings in a beautiful sonnet. In 1833 he visited Staffa and Iona. The year 1834 was a sort of era in his life, by the publication of his complete works in four volumes. His friends, however, now began to fall around him. That year poor Coleridge bade adieu to his weary life. This must have touched many a chord of association in Wordsworth's heart. In 1836 his wife's sister, and his constant

friend and companion, died, and blow followed blow in fatal succession. As if to console him for the loss of so many that were dear to his heart, worldly honors began to be heaped upon him. In 1835, *Blackwood's Magazine* came out strongly in his defence. In 1839, amid the acclamations of the students, he received the degree of Doctor of Civil Law from Oxford University. In 1842 he received a pension of three hundred pounds a year, with permission to resign his office of stamp-distributor in favor of his son. Next year he was appointed to the laureateship, left vacant by the melancholy death of Southey. After this he lived a quiet and dignified life at Rydal, evincing little apparent sympathy with the arduous duties and activities of the every-day world—a world which he left calmly and peacefully, at a good old age, on the 23d of April, 1850.

CHARLES D. CLEVELAND.

HONOR THY PARENTS.

HONOR thy parents—those that gave thee birth,
And watched in tenderness thine earliest days,
And trained thee up in youth, and loved in all.
Honor, obey and love them; it shall fill
Their souls with holy joy, and shall bring down
God's richest blessing on thee; and, in days
To come, thy children, if they're given,
Shall honor thee and fill thy life with peace.

JONATHAN EDWARDS.

THE QUIET MR. SMITH.



HAT a quiet man your husband is, Mrs. Smith!"

Quiet! A snail is an "express-train" to him! If the top of this house should blow off, he'd just sit still and spread his umbrella. He's a regular pussy-cat. Comes into the front door as though the entry was paved with eggs, and sits down in his chair as if there was a nest of kittens under the cushion. He'll be the death of me yet. I read him all the horrid accidents, dreadful collisions, murders and explosions, and he takes it just as easy as if I was saying the ten commandments. He is never astonished or startled or delighted. If a cannon-ball should come through that window, he wouldn't move an eyelash. If I should make the voyage of the world and return some fine day, he'd take off his spectacles, put them in the case, fold up the newspaper and settle his dickey before he'd be ready to say, "Good-morning, Mrs. Smith." If he'd been born of a poppy, he couldn't be more soporific.

I wonder if all the Smiths are like him? When Adam got tired of naming his numerous descendants, he said, "Let all the rest be called Smith!" Well, I don't care for that; but he ought to have known better than to call my husband Abel Smith.

Do you suppose, if I were a man, I would let a woman support me? Where do you

think Abel's coats and cravats, and canes and cigars come from? Out of my brain!

"Quiet"! It's perfectly refreshing to me to hear of a comet or see a locomotive or look at a streak of chain-lightning. I tell you he is the expressed essence of chloroform.

FANNY FERN.

FEMALE TENDERNESS.

I WAS one of a party of five in the inside of a stage-coach, among whom were a jolly butcher and an elderly maiden-lady in green spectacles.

At a stopping-place the coachman was regaling himself with some foaming ale, when he was accosted by an official-looking personage, and some whispers passed from which I learned that a convict was about to be forwarded to the next seaport.

The coachman, however, to do him justice, softened the matter to the passengers with all possible skill:

"If you please, ma'am and gemmen, I wants to make room here for an individual."

"Is he a gentleman, coachman? and has he any pipe?" asked the lady in green spectacles.

"Quite a gentleman, ma'am, and not a morsel of 'backey about him, and, what's more, hasn't a ha'penny to buy a bit."

"Why, who is he? He has not much

the cut of a gentleman. Where's he bound for?"

"Why, he's going out of the country on the service of government."

"On the service of government! A scientific man, doubtless? What does he know? chemistry or geology? Or is he acquainted with *botany*?"

"Why, not yet, ma'am, though that's what he's going for. The fact is, ma'am—"

"Now, no nonsense, coachman," says the butcher; "is he not a convict?"

"Why, that's what the unfeeling calls 'em, but we as have pity says unfortunate."

"Pho, pho! Why, he has the gallows in his face."

"Yes, sir; and now he's worn irons he's got a *Newgate* in his legs."

"Oh, I can't admit a felon; I shall leave the coach!"

"Lord bless you, ma'am, he isn't a felon: he's only found guilty of burglary."

"Burglary! Oh! What! ride with a burglar? I wouldn't for the world. I will leave the coach! I will leave the coach!"

"Don't do that, ma'am: there's no occasion. The poor fellow says, to make himself agreeable, he'll wear handcuffs for the rest of the journey."

"But burglary! He has committed burglary, Mr. Coachman. I wouldn't ride with him for the world."

"Burglary! Who said burglary? I said *bigamy*—bigamy, ma'am. He's transported for marrying seven wives."

"Seven wives! Poor fellow! let him come in."

DOUGLAS JERROLD.

MAMMA'S BOY.

CUTTING steamships on the chair,
Cutting off the dolly's hair,
Cutting papers on the stair,
Cutting capers everywhere—
That's Willie.

Making "doggies" on the wall,
Making mud-pies in the hall,
Making "horse-lines" of my shawl,
Making trouble for us all—
That's Willie.

Hammering upon the floor,
Shouting till his throat is sore,
Making all youth's batteries roar,
All of this, and even more—
That's Willie.

Soiling all his finest clothes,
Stubbing out his "French-kid" toes,
Dirty cheeks and dirty nose,
Caring little how he goes—
That's Willie.

Ah! my heart is sore and sad
Thinking of my naughty lad;
Other mammas never had,
Never had a boy so bad
As Willie.

But when cuddled down to sleep,
And his arms around me creep,
Asking God his soul to keep,
Then in tender love I weep—
Then I know I hold too cheap
My precious Willie.

HOWARD M. FULLER.

THE SENSE OF BEAUTY.



BEAUTY is an all-pervading presence. It unfolds in the numberless flowers of the spring; it waves in the branches of the trees and the green blades of grass; it haunts the depths of the earth and sea and gleams out in the hues of the shell and the precious stone. And not only these minute objects, but the ocean, the mountains, the clouds, the heavens, the stars, the rising and setting sun, all overflow with beauty. The universe is its temple, and those men who are alive to it cannot lift their eyes without feeling themselves encompassed with it on every side.

Now, this beauty is so precious, the enjoyments it gives are so refined and pure, so congenial with our tenderest and noblest feelings and so akin to worship, that it is painful to think of the multitude of men as living in the midst of it, and living almost as blind to it as if, instead of this fair earth and glorious sky, they were tenants of a dungeon. An infinite joy is lost to the world by the want of culture of this spiritual endowment.

Suppose that I were to visit a cottage, and to see its walls lined with the choicest pictures of Raphael and every spare nook filled with statues of the most exquisite workmanship, and that I were to learn that neither man, woman nor child ever cast an eye at these

miracles of art, how should I feel their privation! how should I want to open their eyes and to help them to comprehend and feel the loveliness and grandeur which in vain courted their notice!

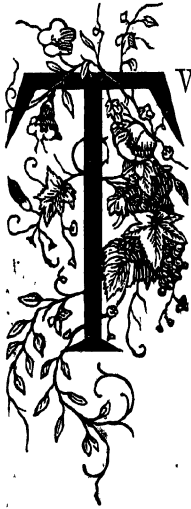
But every husbandman is living in sight of the works of a diviner Artist, and how much would his existence be elevated could he see the glory which shines forth in their forms, hues, proportions and moral expression! I have spoken only of the beauty of nature, but how much of this mysterious charm is found in the elegant arts, and especially in literature! The best books have most beauty.

The greatest truths are wronged if not linked with beauty, and they win their way most surely and deeply into the soul when arrayed in this their natural and fit attire. Now, no man receives the true culture of a man in whom the sensibility to the beautiful is not cherished, and I know of no condition in life from which it should be excluded.

Of all luxuries this is the cheapest and most at hand, and it seems to me to be most important to those conditions where coarse labor tends to give a grossness to the mind. From the diffusion of the sense of beauty in ancient Greece, and of the taste for music in modern Germany, we learn that the people at large may partake of refined gratifications which have hitherto been thought to be necessarily restricted to a few.

WILLIAM ELLERY CHANNING.

ANTIGONE.



WAS noon. Beneath the ar-
 dent ray
 Proud Thebes in all her glory
 lay ;
 On pillared porch, on marble
 wall,
 On temple, portico and hall,
 The summer sunbeams gayly
 fall,
 Bathing as in a flood of light
 Each sculptured frieze and
 column bright.

Dirce's pure stream meanders there,
 A silver mirror clear and fair,
 Now giving back the deep-blue sky,
 And now the city proud and high,

And now the sacred grove ;
 And sometimes on its wave a shade,
 Making the light more lovely, played,

When some close-brooding dove
 Flew from her nest on rapid wing
 For needful food across the spring

Or sought her home of love.
 The very air in that calm hour
 Seemed trembling with the conscious power
 Of its own balminess ;

The herbage, if by light foot pressed,
 Sent up sweet odors from its breast.

Sure, if coy Happiness
 E'er dwelt on earth, 'twas in that clime
 Of beauty, in that noonday prime
 Of thrilling pleasantness.

But who are they before the gate
 Of Thebes convened in silent state ?

Sad, gray-haired men with looks bowed
 down—

Slaves to a tyrant's haughty frown—
 And he the wicked king, and she
 The royal maid Antigone,
 Passing to death. A while she laid
 Her clasped hands on her heart, and stayed
 Her firmer step, as if to look
 On the fair world which she forsook ;
 And then the sunbeams on her face
 Fell, as on sculptured nymph or Grace,
 Lighting her features with a glow
 That seemed to mock their patient woe.

She stayed her onward step, and stood
 A moment's space ; oh what a flood
 Of recollected anguish stole
 In that brief moment o'er her soul !
 The concentrated grief of years,
 The mystery, horror, guilt and tears,
 The story of her life passed by
 E'en in the heaving of a sigh.

She thought upon the blissful hour
 Of infancy, when as a flower
 Set in the sun she grew,
 Without a fear, without a care,
 Enjoying, innocent and fair,
 As buoyant as the mountain-air,
 As pure as morning dew ;
 Till burst at once like lightning's flame
 The tale we tremble but to name,
 Of them from whom her being came.
 Poor Œdipus, and one,



Antigone.

The wretched yet unconscious dame
 Who wedded with her son.
 Then horror fast on horror rose ;
She, maddening, died beneath her woes,
 Whilst, crownless, sightless, hopeless, *he*
 Dared to outlive that agony.
 Through many a trackless path and wild
 The blind man and his duteous child
 Wandered, till pitying Theseus gave
 The shelter brief, the mystic grave :
 One weary heart finds rest at last.
 But when to Thebes the maiden passed,
 The god's stern wrath was there :
 Her brothers each by other slain,
 And one upon the bloody plain
 Left festering in the sun and rain,
 Tainting the very air.
 For none, the haughty Creon said,
 On pain of death should yield the dead
 Burial or tear or sigh,
 And—for alone she feebly strove
 To pay the decent rites of love—
 The pious maid must die.

She paused, and in that moment rose
 As in a mirror all her woes.
 She spake ; the flush across her cheek
 Told of the woe she would not speak
 As a brief thought of Hæmon stole
 With bitter love across her soul :
 " I die ; and what is death to me
 But freedom from long misery ?
 Joyful to fall before my time,
 I die ; and, tyrant, hear my crime :
 I did but strive his limbs to shield
 From the gaunt prowlers of the field ;
 I did but weave as Nature weaves,
 A shroud of grass and moss and leaves ;
 I did but scatter dust to dust,
 As desert wind on marble bust ;

I did but as the patient wren
 And the kind redbreast do for men.
 I die ; and what is death to me ?
 But tremble in thy tyranny,
 Tyrant ! and ye, base slaves of power,
 Tremble at freedom's coming hour !
 I die, and death is bliss to me."
 Then, with a step erect and free,
 With brow upraised and even breath,
 The royal virgin passed to death.

MARY RUSSELL MITFORD

IN THE MIRROR.

I LOOKED in the glimmering mirror
 In the mingled gleam and gloom,
 And I saw her standing beyond me
 At the door of the lonely room.

For all the guests had departed,
 And the dawn rose gray and chill,
 And the light of the lamp was dying,
 And the sweet dance-music was still.

Alone by the doorway I saw her
 In her soft white shimmering dress,
 In the gleam of her maiden beauty
 And her soul's white loveliness.

I passed by the glimmering mirror,
 But she did not hear me pass,
 And I only saw her reflected
 Like a dream in the gleam of the glass—

A pale, soft dream in the mirror,
 A dim face far withdrawn,
 A white-robed form in the starlight,
 Like the spirit of light and dawn.

And, lo! as I breathed and watched her
 I saw the sweet vision decay,
 And her face, in my breath on the mirror,
 Faintly fading away.

And I turned aside for an instant,
 And, lo! from the mirrored pane
 My breath had passed, and I saw her
 Like a spirit glimmer again..

And I thought, as I watched her shining,
 "When the heart's brief music is done,
 There are shining souls that await us
 In the strange bright world to come."

And I thought the world was the chamber
 And the gleaming mirror was death,
 And I, as I stood before it,
 Was the shadow of a breath.

I breathed; a shadow, before it—
 A shadow, a breathing clod;
 And I thought my darling, beyond it,
 Was the shining angel of God

Standing, white-robed, at the doorway
 Of heaven to welcome and bless
 In the gleam of her maiden beauty
 And her soul's white loveliness.

And oh, the day will be gracious—
 For on earth we are parted wide—
 When the mirror of-death is broken
 And we meet at the other side.

And I hope I shall see her hereafter
 As I saw her there by the door—
 Not changed, but the same for ever,
 And ever and evermore.

For I know no face in heaven
 To me will lovelier seem
 Than hers which I saw reflected
 In the gleam of the glass like a dream.
 SAMUEL K. COWAN.

THE MINSTREL-BOY.

THE minstrel-boy to the war is gone:
 In the ranks of death you'll find him;
 His father's sword he has girded on,
 And his wild harp slung behind him.
 "Land of song," said the warrior-bard,
 "Though all the world betrays thee,
 One sword at least thy rights shall guard,
 One faithful harp shall praise thee."

The minstrel fell, but the foeman's chain
 Could not bring his proud soul under;
 The harp he loved ne'er spoke again,
 For he tore its cords asunder,
 And said, "No chains shall sully thee,
 Thou soul of love and bravery!
 Thy songs were made for the brave and
 free:
 They shall never sound in slavery."

THOMAS MOORE

LIGHT.

THE night has a thousand eyes,
 And the day but one;
 Yet the light of the bright world dies
 With the dying sun.

The mind has a thousand eyes,
 And the heart but one;
 Yet the light of a whole life dies
 When love is done,

FRANCIS W. BOURDILLON.

THE HUNTING-PARTY.



AND forth he fared, while from
her turret high
That smiling form beheld
his hunter crew;
Pleased she beheld whose
unacquainted eye
Found in each varying
scene a pleasure new,
Nor yet had pomp fatigued
her sated view,
Nor custom palled the gloss
of royalty.

Like some gay child, a simple bliss she
drew

From every gaud of feudal pageantry,
And every brodered garb that swept in
order by.

And, sooth, it was a brave and antic sight,
Where plume and crest and tassel wildly
blending,

And bended bow, and javelin flashing bright,
Marked the gay squadron through the
copse descending;

The greyhound, with his silken leash con-
tending,

Wreathed the little neck, and on the fal-
coner's hand,

With restless perch and pinions broad
depending,

Each hooded goshawk kept her eager stand,
And to the courser's tramp loud rang the
hollow land.

And over all, in accents sadly sweet,
The mellow bugle poured its plaintive tone,

That Echo joyed such numbers to repeat,
Who, from dark glade or rock of pumice-
stone,
Sent to the woodland nymphs a softer
moan;
While, listening far, from forth some fallow
brown,
The swinked ploughman left his work
undone,
And the glad schoolboy from the neighboring
town
Sprang o'er each prisoning rail, nor recked
his master's frown.

Her warm cheeks pillowed on her ivory hand,
Her long hair waving o'er the battlement,
In silent thought Ganora kept her stand;
Though feebly now the distant bugle sent
Its fading sound, and on the brown hill's
bent

Nor horse nor hound nor hunter's pomp was
seen;

Yet still she gazed on empty space intent,
As one who, spellbound, on some haunted
green

Beholds a faëry show the twilight elms be-
tween.

REGINALD HEBER.

THE BELLS OF SHANDON.

WITH deep affection
And recollection
I often think of
Those Shandon bells,



The Gay Squadron.

*And bended low and javelin flashing bright,
March'd the gay squadron through the copse descending!*

Whose sounds so wild would,
In the days of childhood,
Fling round my cradle
Their magic spells.

On this I ponder
Where'er I wander,
And thus grow fonder,
Sweet Cork, of thee,
With thy bells of Shandon,
That sound so grand on
The pleasant waters
Of the river Lee.

I've heard bells chiming
Full many a clime in,
Tolling sublime in
Cathedral shrine,
While at a glib rate
Brass tongues would vibrate;
But all their music
Spoke naught like thine.

For memory, dwelling
On each proud swelling
Of thy belfry, knelling
Its bold notes free,
Made the bells of Shandon
Sound far more grand on
The pleasant waters
Of the river Lee.

I've heard bells tolling
Old Adrian's mole in,
Their thunder rolling
From the Vatican,
And cymbals glorious
Swinging uproarious
In the gorgeous turrets
Of Notre Dame;

But thy sounds were sweeter
Than the dome of Peter
Flings o'er the Tiber,
Pealing solemnly.
Oh, the bells of Shandon
Sound far more grand on
The pleasant waters
Of the river Lee.

There's a bell in Moscow,
While on tower and kiosk O
In Saint Sophia
The Turkman gets,
And loud in air
Calls men to prayer
From the tapering summits
Of tall minarets.

Such empty phantom
I freely grant them,
But there's an anthem
More dear to me:
'Tis the bells of Shandon,
That sound so grand on
The pleasant waters
Of the river Lee.

FATHER PROUT
(Francis Mahony).

REPUTATION.

O REPUTATION, dearer far than life.
Thou precious balsam, lovely, sweet of
smell,
Whose cordial drops, once spilt by some rash
hand,
Not all thy owner's care nor the repenting
toil
Of the rude spiller ever can collect
To its first purity and native sweetness!

SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES.



LYDIA H. SIGOURNEY. MRS. SIGOURNEY, who was born in 1791, was one of the first American women who gained real distinction by the pen, and she stands among the few who so charmingly illustrate the first period in our national literature. She wrote much, both in prose and in verse, most of it of a gentle didactic character. Her maiden-name was Huntley. When very young, she established a girls' school at Norwich, Connecticut, and the habit of instruction appears in almost everything she has written. Her first volume is entitled *Moral Pieces in Prose and Verse*. After two years of successful teaching she gave up her school, and in 1819 married Mr. Sigourney, a merchant of Hartford, whither she had removed her residence. Always inspired with a sense of duty and an ardent desire to do good, she used in her writings the form of letters as the most natural mode of conveying good advice; thus we have *Letters to Young Ladies*, *To Mothers*, *To my Pupils*, and in 1865—the year of her death—she published her last volume, entitled *Letters of Life*. She was a ready writer, a pleasant poet, a good preceptor and an excellent example to her sex.

MRS. ELIZABETH OAKES SMITH.

THIS graceful and voluminous writer, whose maiden-name was Prince, was

born in 1806 at a town, not far from Portland, Maine, which was then called North Yarmouth, but now Cumberland. She was of old Puritan and Huguenot descent. In 1823, before she was seventeen years old, she married Mr. Seba Smith, one of the leading journalists of his State, widely known as the original "Major Jack Downing." Financial troubles overtook her husband, and to aid him she began to write. She soon became known under various *noms de plume*, which her diffidence suggested, as a sweet poet, a graceful essayist, a dramatist and a novelist. Among her best poems are "The Acorn," "The Brook," "The Lost Angel" and "The Sinless Child." Her principal tragedy is *The Roman Tribute*. Among her novels those best known are *The Western Captive*, *Bertha and the Lily* and *The Newsboy*. She has written many harmonious sonnets and *My Autobiography*, from which the character and motive of her life may be gathered from her own introspection.

MRS. ELIZABETH F. ELLET.

MRS. ELLET was the daughter of Dr. W. N. Lummis, and was born at Sodus, on Lake Ontario, in 1818. At the age of seventeen she married Dr. William H. Ellet, first a professor in Columbia College, New York, and afterward at Columbia, South Carolina. She began to write very early: in 1833 she published a translation of Silvio Pellico's *Euphemia of Messina*, and in 1845 a tragedy entitled *Teresa Contarini*, which had some success upon the stage. She wrote

numerous articles for the *American Quarterly* on subjects connected with Italian, French and German literatures, and also many poems. More admired as a critic than as a poet, she found a more congenial rôle than either. Her most popular and valuable work is *The Women of the American Revolution*. In this she presents models for the women of her own day. She died in 1877.

ALICE AND PHCÆBE CAREY.

THESE gifted poetesses were born on a farm about eight miles from Cincinnati, in 1820. They began early to write verses. Alice was always delicate in person and health, while her sister was strong and well. They wrote at first for the Cincinnati newspapers, and as their pieces became known they were welcomed as contributors to the leading magazines. In 1847 they began to write for the *National Era*, at Washington, and were emboldened to publish, in 1850, a volume of poems contributed by both. This was so well received that they formed, in 1851, the somewhat hazardous plan of removing to New York city and supporting themselves by literary effort. In this they were successful. Living at first most frugally, they were enabled to increase their comforts from time to time; and at last they gathered at their house on stated evenings men and women distinguished in literature and art. They were now both regular contributors to the *Tribune*, the *Independent* and other influential papers. They were Universalists—devout and excellent women. The religious sentiment is finely displayed in the piece entitled “Nearer Home,” by Phœbe Carey. There is beautiful pathos in the poem (which has been placed in our collection)

by her sister, “An Order for a Picture.” Alice Carey died in February, and her sister in July, 1871.

ROBERT BLAIR.

ROBERT BLAIR was minister of the parish of Athelstaneford, in East Lothian. His son was a very high legal character in Scotland. The eighteenth century produced few specimens of blank verse of so powerful and simple a character as that of “The Grave.” It is a popular poem not merely because it is religious, but because its language and imagery are free, natural and picturesque.

The latest editor of the poets has, with singularly bad taste, noted some of this author’s most nervous and expressive phrases as vulgarisms, among which he reckons that of friendship “the solder of society.” Blair may be a homely, and even a gloomy, poet in the eye of fastidious criticism, but there is a masculine and pronounced character in his gloom and homeliness that keeps it most distinctly apart from either dulness or vulgarity. His style pleases us like the powerful expression of a countenance without regular beauty. He was born at Edinburgh, Scotland, A. D. 1699, and died A. D. 1746.

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

HUMAN FRAILTY.

FRAIL creatures are we all! To be the best

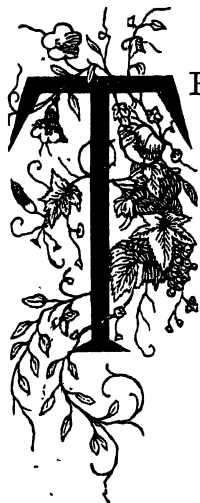
Is but the fewest faults to have:

Look thou, then, to thyself, and leave the rest

To God, thy conscience and the grave.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

HOW ÆSOP BROUGHT BACK HIS MASTER'S WIFE.



HE wife of Xanthus was well born and wealthy, but so proud and domineering withal as if her fortune and her extraction had entitled her to the breeches. She was horribly bold, meddling and expensive, as that sort of women commonly are; easily put off the hooks, and monstrous hard to be pleased again; perpetually chattering at her husband, and upon all occasions of controversy threatening him to be gone.

It came to this at last—that, Xanthus's stock of patience being quite spent, he took up a resolution of going another way to work with her, and of trying a course of severity, since there was nothing to be done with her by kindness. But this experiment, instead of mending the matter, made it worse, for upon harder usage the woman grew desperate and went away from him in earnest. She was as bad, 'tis true, as bad might well be, and yet Xanthus had a kind of hankering for her still; besides that, there was matter of interest in the case; and a pestilent tongue she had that the poor husband dreaded above all things under the sun.

But the man was willing, however, to make the best of a bad game, and so his wits and his friends were set at work, in the fairest manner that might be, to get her home again. But there was no good to

be done in it, it seems; and Xanthus was so visibly out of humor upon it that Æsop in pure pity bethought himself immediately how to comfort him.

"Come, master," says he; "pluck up a good heart, for I have a project in my noddle that shall bring my mistress to you back again with as good a will as ever she went from you."

What does my Æsop but away immediately to the market, among the butchers, poulterers, fishmongers, confectioners, etc., for the best of everything that was in season. Nay, he takes private people in his way too, and chops into the very house of his mistress's relations as by mistake.

This way of proceeding set the whole town agog to know the meaning of all this bustle, and Æsop innocently told everybody that his master's wife was run away from him and he had married another; his friends up and down were all invited to come and make merry with him, and this was to be the wedding-feast. The news flew like lightning, and happy were they that could carry the first tidings of it to the runaway lady; for everybody knew Æsop to be a servant in that family. It gathered in the rolling, as all other stories do in the telling, especially where women's tongues and passions have the spreading of them.

The wife, that was in her nature violent and unsteady, ordered her chariot to be made ready immediately, and away she posts back to her husband, falls upon him

with outrages of looks and language, and after the easing of her mind a little, "No, Xanthus," says she; "do not you flatter yourself with the hopes of wedding another woman while I am alive."

Xanthus looked upon this as one of Æsop's masterpieces, and for that bout all was well again betwixt master and mistress.

SIR ROGER L'ESTRANGE.

THE PAUPER'S DRIVE.*

THERE'S a grim one-horse hearse in a jolly round trot:

To the churchyard a pauper is going, I wot;
The road it is rough, and the hearse has no springs,

And hark to the dirge that the sad driver sings:

"Rattle his bones over the stones;
He's only a pauper, whom nobody owns!"

Oh, where are the mourners? Alas! there are none:

He has left not a gap in the world, now he's gone—

Not a tear in the eye of child, woman or man;

To the grave with his carcase as fast as you can!

"Rattle his bones over the stones;
He's only a pauper, whom nobody owns!"

What a jolting and creaking and splashing and din!

The whip how it cracks! and the wheels how they spin!

* This remarkable poem has often been attributed to Thomas Hood.

How the dirt right and left o'er the hedges is hurled!

The pauper at length makes a noise in the world.

"Rattle his bones over the stones;
He's only a pauper, whom nobody owns!"

Poor pauper defunct! he has made some approach

To gentility, now that he's stretched in a coach;

He's taking a drive in his carriage at last,
But it will not be long if he goes on so fast.

"Rattle his bones over the stones;
He's only a pauper, whom nobody owns!"

You bumpkin who stare at your brother conveyed,

Behold what respect to a cloddy is paid,
And be joyful to think when by death you're laid low

You've a chance to the grave like a gemman to go.

"Rattle his bones over the stones;
He's only a pauper, whom nobody owns!"

But a truce to this strain, for my soul it is sad

To think that a heart in humanity clad
Should make, like the brutes, such a desolate end,

And depart from the light without leaving a friend.

Bear softly his bones over the stones:
Though a pauper, he's one whom his Maker yet owns!

T. NOEL.

THE REIGN OF TERROR.

FROM THE DEATH OF DANTON TO THE FALL OF ROBESPIERRE (APRIL 10 TO JULY 29, 1794).

FROM THE "HISTORY OF EUROPE."



HE professed object of the decemvirs was to establish a republic in France after the model of the ancients—to change the manners, the habits, the public spirit, of the country. Sovereignty in the people, magistrates without pride, citizens without vice, simplicity of manners, fraternity of relations, austerity of character,—such were the basis on which their institutions were to rest. There was one objection to them—that they were utterly impracticable, from the character of the great body of mankind. To accomplish this object, it was indispensable to destroy the whole superior classes of society, to cut off all those who were pre-eminent among their neighbors either for fortune, rank, talent or acquirement. This was the end accordingly proposed in the indiscriminate massacres which they put in execution. And what would have been its consequence if completely carried into effect? To sink the whole human race to the level of the lowest classes and destroy everything which dignifies or adorns human nature. Such was the chimera which they followed through these oceans of blood. Politicians have no right, after such proceedings, to reproach religious enthusiasm with the reign of the saints or the approach of the millennium.

In pursuance of these views, St. Just made a labored report on the general police of the commonwealth, in which he recapitulated all the fabulous stories of conspiracies against the republic, explaining them as efforts of every species of vice against the austere rule of the people, and concluding with holding out the necessity of the government striking without intermission till it had cut off all those whose corruption opposed itself to the establishment of virtue. "The foundation of all great institutions," said he, "is terror. Where would now have been an indulgent republic? We have opposed the sword to the sword, and its power is in consequence established. It has emerged from the storm, and its origin is like that of the earth out of the confusion of chaos, and of man who weeps in the hour of nativity." As a consequence of these principles, he proposed a general measure of proscription against all the nobles as the irreconcilable opponents of the Revolution. "You will never," said he, "satisfy the enemies of the people till you have re-established tyranny in all its horrors. They can never be at peace with you: you do not speak the same language; you will never understand each other. Banish them by an inexorable law: the universe may receive them, and the public safety is our justification."

He then proposed a decree which banished all the ex-nobles, all strangers, from Paris, the fortified towns and seaports of France,

and declared outlawed whoever did not yield obedience in ten hours to the order. It was received with applause by the Convention, and passed, as all the decrees of government at that time, by acclamation.

The Committee of Public Safety, now confident in its own strength and strong in the universal submission of France, decreed the disbanding of the revolutionary army raised to overawe the capital. At the same time, the situations of the different ministers were abolished and twelve committees appointed to carry on the details of government. These commissions, entirely appointed by the Committee of Public Safety and dependent on their will, were, in fact, nothing but the offices in which they exercised their mighty and despotic powers.

Shortly after, steps were taken to extinguish all the popular societies which did not immediately depend on the great parent club of the Jacobins. It was resolved at that society that they would no longer receive any deputation from bodies formed since the 10th of August or keep up any correspondence with them, and that a committee should be appointed to consider whether it should be maintained with those which were formed before that event. This measure, directed in an especial manner against the club of the Cordeliers, the centre of the influence of Danton, soon produced the desired effect. Intimidated by the destruction of the leaders of that great society, the whole other clubs in France, to avoid the coming storm, dissolved themselves; and in less than ten days after the promulgation of this resolution there remained no secondary club in France but those which were affiliated with the Jacobins at Paris, which thenceforward became the sole

organ of government in regulating public opinion. It was next proposed to close the sittings of the Cordeliers, but this was unnecessary: that club, once so terrible, rapidly declined, and soon died a natural death. The Jacobins, swayed with absolute power by the Committee of Public Safety, with their affiliated societies, alone remained of all the innumerable clubs which had sprung up in France. Thus on all sides the anarchy of revolution was destroying itself, and out of its ruins the stern and relentless despotism of a few political fanatics was wringing out of the heart's blood of France the last remnants of democratic fervor.

Robespierre was the leader of this sect of fanatics, but he was associated in the committee with zealots more unpitiable or less disinterested than himself. These were St. Just and Couthon. The former exhibited the true features of gloomy fanaticism; a regular visage, dark and lank hair, a penetrating and severe look, a melancholy expression of countenance, revived the image of those desperate Scottish enthusiasts of whom modern genius has drawn so graphic a picture. Simple and unostentatious in his habits, austere in private and indefatigable in public, he was at twenty-five the most resolute because the most sincere of the decemvirs. A warm admirer of the republic, he was ever at his post in the committees and never wanting in resolution during his missions to the armies; enthusiastic in his passion for the multitude, he disdained, like Hebert, to imitate its vices or pander to its desires; steeled against every sentiment of pity, he demanded the execution of victims in the same manner as the supply of the armies. Proscriptions, like vic-

tories, were essential to the furtherance of his principles. He early attached himself to Robespierre, from the similarity of their ideas and the reputation of incorruptibility which he enjoyed. Their alliance created a portentous combination of envious, domineering passion with inflexible and systematic severity. Couthon was the creature of Robespierre. A mild expression of countenance, a figure half paralyzed, concealed a soul animated with the most unpitiable fanaticism.

These three men formed a triumvirate which soon acquired the management of the committee and awakened an animosity on the part of the other members which ultimately led to their ruin. In the mean while, however, they wielded the whole powers of government. If the Assembly was to be intimidated, St. Just was employed; if surprised, Couthon was entrusted; if any opposition was manifested, Robespierre was sent for, and his terrible voice soon stifled the expression of discontent.

To accomplish their regeneration of the social body, the triumvirate proceeded with gigantic energy and displayed the most consummate ability. For two months after the fall of Danton they labored incessantly to confirm their power. Their commissioners spread terror through the departments and communicated the requisite impulse to the affiliated Jacobin clubs, which alone now remained in existence. The National Guard was universally devoted to their will, and proved the ready instrument of the most sanguinary measures. The armies, victorious on every side, warmly supported their energetic administration and made the fron-

tiers resound with the praise of the government. Strong in the support of such powerful bodies, the fanatical leaders of the Revolution boldly and universally began the work of extermination. The mandates of death issued from the capital, and a thousand guillotines instantly were raised in every town and village of France. Amid the roar of cannon, the rolling of drums and the sound of the tocsin, the suspected were everywhere arrested, while the young and active marched off to the defence of the country. Fifteen hundred Bastilles, spread through the departments, soon groaned with the multitudes of captives; unable to contain their numbers, the monasteries, the palaces, the châteaux, were generally employed as temporary places of confinement. The abodes of festivity, the palaces of kings, the altars of religion, were loaded with victims. Fast as the guillotine did its work, it could not reap the harvest of death which everywhere presented itself; and the crowded state of the prisons soon produced contagious fevers, which swept off thousands of their unhappy inmates.

To support these violent measures, the utmost care was taken to preserve in full vigor the democratical spirit in the club of the Jacobins, the centre of the revolutionary action throughout France. By successive *purifications*, as they were called, all those who retained any sentiments of humanity, any tendency toward moderation, were expelled, and none left but men of iron steeled against every approach to mercy. The club in this way at length became the complete quintessence of cruelty and the focus of the most fearful revolutionary energy. Its influence daily augmented; as he approached the close of his career, Robespierre, suspicious of the Convention and the

Mountain, rested almost entirely on that chosen band of adherents whose emissaries ruled with absolute sway the municipality and the departments.

Seven thousand prisoners were soon accumulated in the different places of confinement in Paris; the number throughout France exceeded two hundred thousand. The condition of such a multitude of captives was necessarily miserable in the extreme; the prisons of the Conciergerie, of the Force and the Mairie, were more horrible than any in Europe. All the comforts which during the first months of the Reign of Terror were allowed to the captives of fortune were withdrawn. Such luxuries, it was said, were an insupportable indulgence to the rich aristocrats while without the prison walls the poor were starving for want. In consequence, they established refectories, where the whole prisoners, of whatever rank or sex, were allowed only the coarsest and most unwholesome fare. None were permitted to purchase better provisions for themselves, and to prevent the possibility of their doing so a rigorous search was made for money of every description, which was all taken from the captives. Some were even denied the sad consolation of bearing their misfortunes together, and to the terrors of solitary confinement were added those of death, which daily became more urgent and inevitable. Not content with the real terrors which they presented, the ingenuity of the jailers was exerted to produce imaginary anxiety: the long nights were frequently interrupted by visits from the executioners, solely intended to excite alarm; the few hours of sleep allowed to the victims were broken by the rattling of

chains and unbarring of doors, to induce the belief that their fellow-prisoners were about to be led to the scaffold; and the warrants for death against eighty prisoners were made the means of keeping six hundred in agony.

Dissatisfied with the progress of the executions, the Revolutionary Tribunal fell upon an extraordinary expedient to accelerate them. By the prospect of amnesty to themselves they prevailed on some of the basest of the captives to announce a project for escape in the prisons. "We must have a conspiracy," said Fouquier Tinville, "in the prisons. Its chiefs are already named; choose their companions: we must have sixty or a hundred." The victims whom the traitors selected were those whose rank or fortune was most likely to render them acceptable to the committee; their names were announced aloud in the prisons, and they were led out next morning to execution.

Despair of life, recklessness of the future, produced their usual effects on the unhappy crowd of captives. Some sunk into sullen indifference; others indulged in immoderate gayety and sought to amuse life even to the foot of the scaffold. The day before his execution the poet Ducorneau composed a beautiful ode, which was sung in chorus by the whole prisoners, and repeated, with a slight variation, after his execution. At other times the scene changed: in the midst of their ravings the prisoners first destined for the scaffold were transported by the *Phædon* of Plato and the death of Socrates; infidelity in its last moments betook itself with delight to the sublime belief of the immortality of the soul. The affections, continually called forth, flowed with uncommon warmth; their mutual fate excited among the prisoners

the strongest feelings of commiseration, and nothing astonished the few who escaped from confinement so much as the want of sympathy for the sufferings of mankind which generally prevailed in the world.

From the farthest extremities of France crowds of prisoners daily arrived at the gates of the Conciergerie, which successively sent forth its band of victims to the scaffold. Gray hairs and youthful forms, countenances blooming with health and faces worn with suffering, beauty and talent, rank and virtue, were indiscriminately rolled together to the fatal doors. With truth might have been written over their portals what Dante placed over the entrance of the infernal regions :

“All ye who enter here, leave Hope behind.”

Sixty persons often arrived in a day, and as many were on the following morning sent out to execution. Night and day the cars incessantly discharged victims into the prison; weeping mothers and trembling orphans were thrust in without mercy with the brave and the powerful; the young, the beautiful, the unfortunate, seemed in a peculiar manner the prey of the assassins. Nor were the means of evacuating the prisons augmented in a less fearful progression. Fifteen only were at first placed on the chariot, but their number was soon augmented to thirty, and gradually rose to eighty persons, who daily were sent forth to the place of execution; when the fall of Robespierre put a stop to the murders, arrangements had been made for increasing it to one hundred and fifty. An immense aqueduct to remove the gore had been dug as far as the Place St. Antoine, and four men were daily employed in emptying the blood of the victims into that reservoir.

It was three in the afternoon when the melancholy procession set out from the Conciergerie; the troop slowly passed through the vaulted passages of the prison amid crowds of captives, who gazed with insatiable avidity on the aspect of those about to undergo a fate which might so soon become their own. The higher orders, in general, behaved with firmness and serenity; silently they marched to death with their eyes fixed on the heavens, lest their looks should betray their indignation. Numbers of the lower class piteously bewailed their fate and called Heaven and earth to witness their innocence. The pity of the spectators was in a peculiar manner excited by the bands of females led out together to execution; fourteen young women of Verdun, of the most attractive forms, were cut off together. “The day after their execution,” says Riouffe, “the court of the prison looked like a garden bereaved of its flowers by a tempest.” On another occasion twenty women of Poitou, chiefly the wives of peasants, were placed together on the chariot; some died on the way, and the wretches guillotined their lifeless remains. One kept her infant in her bosom till she reached the foot of the scaffold; the executioners tore the innocent from her breast, and the screams of maternal agony were only stifled with her life.

Such accumulated horrors annihilated all the charities and intercourse of life. Before daybreak the shops of the provision-merchants were besieged by crowds of women and children clamoring for the food which the law of the *maximum* in general prevented them from obtaining. The farmers trembled to bring their fruits to the market, the shopkeepers to expose them to sale. The

richest quarters of the town were deserted; no equipages or crowds of passengers were to be seen on the streets; the sinister words *Propriété Nationale* ("National Property"—that is, confiscated to the state), imprinted in large characters on the walls, everywhere showed how far the work of confiscation had proceeded. Passengers hesitated to address their most intimate friends on meeting: the extent of calamity had rendered men suspicious even of those they loved the most. Every one assumed the coarsest dress and the most squalid appearance: an elegant exterior would have been the certain forerunner of destruction. At one hour only were any symptoms of animation to be seen: it was when the victims were conveyed to execution. The humane fled with horror from the sight; the infuriated rushed in crowds to satiate their eyes with the sight of human agony.

Night came, but with it no diminution of the anxiety of the people. Every family early assembled its members; with trembling looks they gazed round the room, fearful that the very walls might harbor traitors. The sound of a foot, the stroke of a hammer, a voice in the streets, froze all hearts with horror. If a knock was heard at the door, every one, in agonized suspense, expected his fate. Unable to endure such protracted misery, numbers committed suicide. "Had the reign of Robespierre," says Fréron, "continued longer, multitudes would have thrown themselves under the guillotine: the first of social affections, the love of life, was already extinguished in almost every heart."

In the midst of these unparalleled atrocities the Convention were occupied with the establishment of the civic virtues. Robespierre

pronounced a discourse on the qualities suited to a republic. He dedicated a certain number of the decennial *fêtes* to the Supreme Being, to Truth, to Justice, to Modesty, to Friendship, to Frugality, to Good Faith, to Glory and to Immortality. Barère prepared a report on the suppression of mendicity and the means of relieving the indigent poor. Robespierre had now reached the zenith of his popularity with his faction; he was denominated the Great Man of the Republic; his virtue, his genius, his eloquence, were in every mouth.

The speech which Robespierre made on this occasion was one of the most remarkable of his whole career:

"The idea of a Supreme Being and of the immortality of the soul is a continual call to justice; it is therefore a social and republican principle. Who has authorized you to declare that the Deity does not exist? Oh, you who support in such impassioned strains so arid a doctrine, what advantage do you expect to derive from the principle that a blind fatality regulates the affairs of men, and that the soul is nothing but a breath of air impelled toward the tomb? Will the idea of nonentity inspire man with more pure and elevated sentiments than that of immortality? Will it awaken more respect for others or himself, more courage to resist tyranny, greater contempt for pleasure or death? You who regret a virtuous friend, can you endure the thought that his noblest part has not escaped dissolution? You who weep over the remains of a child or a wife, are you consoled by the thought that a handful of dust is all that remains of the beloved object? You, the unfortunate, who expire under the strokes of an assassin, is not your last voice raised to appeal to the justice

of the Most High? Innocence on the scaffold, supported by such thoughts, makes the tyrant turn pale on his triumphal car. Could such an ascendant be felt if the tomb levelled alike the oppressor and his victim?

“Observe how, on all former occasions, tyrants have sought to stifle the idea of the immortality of the soul. With what art did Cæsar, when pleading in the Roman Senate in favor of the accomplices of Catiline, endeavor to throw doubts on the belief of its immortality! while Cicero invokes against the traitor the sword of the laws and the vengeance of Heaven. Socrates, on the verge of death, discoursed with his friends on the ennobling theme; Leonidas, at Thermopylæ, on the eve of executing the most heroic design ever conceived by man, invited his companions to a banquet in another world. The principles of the Stoics gave birth to Brutus and Cato even in the ages which witnessed the expiry of Roman virtue; they alone saved the honor of human nature, almost obliterated by the vices and the corruption of the empire.

“The Encyclopédistes, who introduced the frightful doctrine of atheism, were ever in politics below the dignity of freedom; in morality they went as far beyond the dictates of reason. Their disciples declaimed against despotism and received the pensions of despots; they composed alternately tirades against kings and madrigals for their mistresses; they were fierce with their pens and rampant in antechambers. That sect propagated with infinite care the principles of materialism; we owe to them that selfish philosophy which reduced egotism to a system, regarded human society as a game of chance where success was the sole distinction

between what was just and unjust, probity as an affair of taste or good breeding, the world as the patrimony of the most dextrous of scoundrels.

“The priests have figured to themselves a God in their own image; they have made him jealous, capricious, cruel, covetous, implacable; they have enthroned him in the heavens as a palace, and called him to the earth only to demand for their behoof tithes, riches, pleasures, honors and power. The true temple of the Supreme Being is the universe; his worship, virtue; his *fêtes*, the joy of a great people assembled under his eyes to tighten the bonds of social affection and present to him the homage of pure and grateful hearts.”

In the midst of the acclamations produced by these eloquent words, the Assembly decreed unanimously that they recognized the existence of the Supreme Being and of the immortality of the soul, and that the worship most worthy of him was the practice of the social virtues.

This speech is not only remarkable as containing the religious views of so memorable an actor in the bloodiest periods of the Revolution, but as involving a moral lesson of perhaps greater moment than any that occurred during its whole progress. For the first time in the annals of mankind a great nation had thrown off all religious principles and openly defied the power of Heaven itself, and from amid the wreck which was occasioned by the unchaining of human passions arose a solemn recognition of the Supreme Being and the immortality of the soul. It seemed as if Providence had permitted human wickedness to run its utmost length in order, amid the frightful scene, to demonstrate the necessity of religious belief and vindicate

the majesty of its moral government. In vain an infidel generation sought to establish the frigid doctrine of materialism. Their principles received their full development: the anarchy they are fitted to induce was experienced, and that recognition was wrung from a suffering which had been denied by a prosperous age.

Nor is this speech less striking as evincing the fanaticism of that extraordinary period and the manner in which, during revolutionary convulsions, the most atrocious actions are made to flow from the most pure and benevolent expressions. If you consider the actions of Robespierre, he appears the most sanguinary tyrant that ever desolated the earth; if you reflect on his words, they seem dictated only by the noblest and most elevated feelings. There is nothing impossible in such a combination; the history of the world exhibits too many examples of its occurrence: it is the nature of fanaticism, whether religious or political, to produce it. The Inquisition of Spain, the *autos-da-fé* of Castile, arose from the same principles as the daily executions of the French tyrant. It is because revolutions lead to such terrible results by so flowery and seductive a path that they are chiefly dangerous, and because the ruin thus induced is irrecoverable that the seducers of nations are doomed by inexorable justice to the same infamy as the betrayers of individuals.

Two unsuccessful attempts at assassination increased, as is always the case, the power of the tyrant. The first of these was made by an obscure but intrepid man, of the name of L'Admiral, who tried to assassinate Collot d'Herbois; the second, by a young woman named Cecile Renaud. L'Admiral, when

brought before his judges, openly avowed that he had intended to assassinate Robespierre before Collot d'Herbois. When called on to divulge who prompted him to the commission of such a crime, he replied firmly that it was not a crime; that he wished only to render a service to his country; that he had conceived the project without any external suggestion; and that his only regret was that he had not succeeded. The latter called at his house and entreated in the most earnest manner to see Robespierre; the urgency of her manner excited the suspicion of his attendants, and she was arrested. Two knives found in her bundle sufficiently evinced the purpose of her visit. Being asked what was her motive for wishing to see him, she replied, "I wished to see how a tyrant was made. I admit I am a royalist, because I prefer one king to fifty thousand." She behaved on the scaffold with the firmness of Charlotte Corday. Her whole relations, to the number of sixty, were involved in her fate, among whom were a number of young men bravely combating on the frontier in defence of their country.

Meanwhile, a magnificent *fête* was prepared by the Convention in honor of the Supreme Being. Two days before it took place Robespierre was appointed president and entrusted with the duty of supreme pontiff on the occasion. He marched fifteen feet in advance of his colleagues, in a brilliant costume, bearing flowers and fruits in his hands. His address, which followed, to the people was both powerful and eloquent; the generous sentiments which it contained revived hopes long dormant in their breasts, but were all dashed by the concluding words: "People, to-day

let us give ourselves up to the transports of pure happiness; to-morrow we will with increased energy combat vice and the tyrants." The ceremony on this occasion, which was arranged under the direction of the painter David, was very magnificent. An amphitheatre was placed in the gardens of the Tuileries, opposite to which were statues representing Atheism, Discord and Selfishness, which were destined to be burned by the hand of Robespierre. Beautiful music opened the ceremony, and the president, after an eloquent speech, seized a torch and set fire to the figures, which were soon consumed; and when the smoke cleared away, an effigy of Wisdom was seen in their place, but it was remarked that it was blackened by the smoke of those that had been consumed. Thence they proceeded to the Champs de Mars, where patriotic songs were sung, oaths taken by the young and homage offered to the Supreme Being.

The Committee of Public Safety being now avowedly in possession of supreme power, their adulators in the Convention and Jacobin Club offered them the ensigns of sovereignty. But they had the good sense to perceive that the people were not yet prepared for this change, and that the sight of guards or a throne might shake a power which five hundred thousand captives in chains could not expose to obloquy. "The members of the committee," said Couthon, "have no desire to be assimilated to despots; they have no need of guards for their defence. Their own virtue, the love of the people, Providence, watch over their days; they have no occasion for any other protection. When necessary, they will know how to die at their post in defence of freedom."

The bloody intentions announced by Robespierre were too effectually carried into effect on the day following the *fête* of the Supreme Being by the decree of the 22d Prairial, passed on the motion of Couthon. By this sanguinary law every form, privilege or usage calculated to protect the accused were swept away. "Every postponement of justice," says Couthon, "is a crime: every formality indulgent to the accused is a crime. The delay in punishing the enemies of the country should not be greater than the time requisite for identifying them." The right of insisting for an individual investigation and of being defended by counsel were withdrawn. In addition to those struck at by former laws, there were included in this new decree "all those who have seconded the projects of the enemies of France either by favoring the retreat of or shielding from punishment the aristocracy or conspirators, or by persecuting and calumniating the patriots, or by corrupting the mandates of the people, or by abusing the principles of the Revolution, of the laws or of the government by false or perfidious applications, or by deceiving the representatives of the people, or by spreading discouragement or false intelligence, or by misleading the public by false instruction or depraved example." The proof requisite to convict of these multifarious offences was declared to be "every piece of evidence, material, moral, verbal or written, which is sufficient to convince a reasonable understanding." The Revolutionary Tribunal was divided into four separate courts, each possessing the same powers as the original, and a public accuser and sufficient number of judges and jurymen awarded to each to enable them to proceed with rapidity in the work of extermination.

Accustomed as the Convention was to blind obedience, they were startled with this project. "If this law passes, nothing remains," says Ruamps, "but to blow out our brains." Alarmed at the agitation which prevailed, Robespierre mounted the tribune. "For long," said he, "the Assembly has argued and decided on the same day, because for long it has been liberated from the empire of faction. I demand that, instead of pausing on the proposal for adjournment, we sit till eight at night, if necessary, to discuss the project of the law which has now been submitted to it." The Assembly felt its weakness, and in thirty minutes the decree was *unanimously* adopted.

On the following day some members, chiefly adherents of the old party of Danton, endeavored to overthrow this sanguinary decree of the Assembly. Bourdon de l'Oise proposed that the safety of the members of the Assembly should be provided for by a special enactment. He was ably supported by Merlin, and the legislature seemed inclined to adopt the proposal. Couthon attacked the Mountain, from which the opposition seemed chiefly to emanate. Bourdon replied. "Let the members of the committee know," said he, "that if they are patriots, so are we. I esteem Couthon, I esteem the committee, but more than all I esteem the unconquerable Mountain, which has saved the public freedom."—"The Convention, the committee," said Robespierre, "the Mountain, are the same thing. Every representative who loves liberty, every representative who is resolved to die for his country, is part of the Mountain. Woe to those who would assassinate the people by permitting some miserable intriguers to divide the patriots

in order to elevate themselves on the public ruin!" The imperious tone of Robespierre, the menaces of his colleagues, again overawed the Assembly, and the law passed without the protecting clause proposed by Bourdon. Every individual in the Convention was now at the mercy of the dictators, and the daily spectacle of fifty persons executed was enough to subdue more undaunted spirits.

Armed by this accession of power, the proscriptions proceeded during the next two months with redoubled violence. The power of Robespierre was prodigious and wielded with an energy to which there is nothing comparable in the history of modern Europe. The ruling principle of his government was to destroy the whole aristocracy, both of rank and talent. It was on this foundation that his authority rested; the mass of the people ardently supported a government which was rapidly destroying everything which was above them in station or superior in ability. Every man felt his own consequence increased and his own prospects improved by the destruction of his more fortunate rivals. Inexorable toward individuals or leaders, Robespierre was careful of protecting the masses of the community; and the lower orders, who always have a secret pleasure in the depression of their superiors, beheld with satisfaction the thunder which rolled innocuous over their heads striking every one who could by any possibility stand in their way. The whole physical force of the Republic, which must always be drawn from the laboring classes, was thus devoted to his will. The armed force of Paris, under the orders of Henriot and formed of the lowest of the rabble, was

at his disposal; the clubs of the Jacobins, purified and composed according to his orders, were ready to support all his projects; the Revolutionary Tribunal blindly obeyed his commands; the new municipality, with Henriot at its head, was devoted to his will. By the activity of the Jacobin clubs and the universal prevalence of the same interests the same state of things prevailed in every department of France. Universally the lowest class considered Robespierre as identified with the Revolution, and as centring in his person all the projects of aggrandizement which were afloat in their minds. None remained to contest his authority but the remnants of the Constitutional and Girondist parties who still lingered in the Assembly.

The insolence of power and the atrocious cruelty of revolutionary revenge was, if possible, more strongly evinced in the provinces than in the metropolis. The disturbances on the northern frontier led to the special mission of a monster named Le Bon to these districts armed with the power of the revolutionary government. His appearance in these departments could be compared to nothing but the apparition of those hideous Furies so much the subject of dread in the times of paganism. In the city of Arras above two thousand persons, brought there from the neighboring departments, perished by the guillotine.

The career of Carrier at Nantes, where the popular vengeance was to be inflicted on the royalists of the western provinces, was still more relentless. Five hundred children of both sexes, the eldest of whom was not fourteen years old, were led out to the same spot to be shot. Never was so deplorable a spec-

tacle witnessed. The littleness of their stature caused most of the bullets, at the first discharge, to fly over their heads; they broke their bonds, rushed into the ranks of the executioners, clung round their knees and with supplicating hands and agonized looks sought for mercy. Nothing could soften these assassins: they put them to death even when lying at their feet. A large party of women, many with babes at their breast, were put on board the boats in the Loire. The innocent caresses, the unconscious smiles, of these little innocents filled their mothers' breasts with inexpressible anguish; they fondly pressed them to their bosoms, weeping over them for the last time. After being stripped their hands were tied behind their backs, their shrieks and lamentations were answered by strokes of the sabre, the signal was given, the planks cut and the shrieking victims for ever buried in the waves.

Human cruelty, it would be supposed, could hardly go beyond these executions, but it was exceeded by Le Bon at Bordeaux. A woman was accused of having wept at the execution of her husband; she was condemned, amid the applauses of the multitude, to sit several hours under the suspended blade, which shed upon her, drop by drop, the blood of the deceased, whose corpse was above her on the scaffold, before she was released by death from her agony.

One of the most extraordinary features of these terrible times was the apathy which the better classes both in Paris and the provinces evinced, and the universal disposition to bury anxiety in the delirium of present enjoyment. The people who had escaped death went to the operas daily with equal unconcern whether thirty or a hun-

dred heads had fallen during the day. The class of proprietors at Bordeaux, Marseilles and all the principal towns, timid and vacillating, could not be prevailed on to quit their hearths while the Jacobins, ardent, reckless and indefatigable, plunged a merciless sword into the bosom of the country. The soldiers everywhere supported their tyranny: the prospect of ransacking cellars and plundering coffers made them universally faithful to the government. "When in a country which we all conceived to be on the point of regeneration," says Louvet, "the men of property were everywhere so timid, and the wicked so audacious, it became evident that all assemblages of men, once dignified with the name of the people by such fools as myself, are, in truth, nothing more than an imbecile herd too happy to be permitted to crouch under the yoke of a despotic master."

Malesherbes, the generous and intrepid defender of Louis XVI., was too immaculate a character to escape destruction. For some time he had lived in the country in the closest retirement; a young man accused of emigration, concealed in his house, furnished a pretext for the apprehension of the venerable old man and all his family. When he arrived at the prison, all the captives rose up and crowded round him. They brought him a seat. "I thank you," said he, "for the attention you pay to my age, but I perceive one among you feebler than myself: give it to him." He was brought before the Revolutionary Tribunal along with his whole family; even the judges of that sanguinary court turned aside their heads to avert the heartrending spectacle. They were all condemned together. His daughter, Madame de Rozambo, when prepar-

ing to mount the fatal chariot, perceived Mademoiselle Sambreuil, whose heroic devotion had saved her father on the 2d of September, but who had again followed him to prison. Throwing herself into her arms, she exclaimed, "You have had the good fortune to save your father, and I have the glory of dying with mine."

Madame Elizabeth, sister to Louis XVI., was the next victim. When she was brought before the Revolutionary Tribunal, the judges and the jury manifested an unusual degree of impatience for her condemnation. Like the king and the queen, she manifested the utmost composure and serenity when under examination; her answers, clear, distinct and perfectly true, left no room for suspicion or misconstruction. Being accused of having succored some men who had been wounded in the Champs Élysées on the occasion of the revolt, she replied, "Humanity alone led me to dress their wounds; I needed no inquiry into the origin of their sufferings to feel the obligation to relieve them. I never thought this a merit, but I cannot see how it can be considered as a crime."—"Admit, at least," said the president, "that you have nourished in the young Capet the hope of regaining the throne of his father."—"I devoted myself," said she, "to the care of that infant, who was the more dear to me as he had lost those to whom he owed his being." Being accused of being an accomplice of the tyrant, "If my brother had been a tyrant," she replied, "neither you nor I would have been where we now are." She was condemned along with many others of illustrious rank and dignified virtue. She died with the serenity of an angel, praying for those who had taken her life. The beauty

of her form and the placidity of her expression awakened sentiments of commiseration even among the most savage of the revolutionary spectators.

Custine, son of the celebrated general of the same name, was executed for having let fall some expressions of attachment to his father; Alexandre Beauharnais, for having failed to raise the siege of Mayence. The letters of both to their wives the night before their execution exhibited the most touching strains of eloquence. Marshal Luckner, whom the Jacobins had so long represented as the destined saviour of France; General Biron, whose amiable qualities, notwithstanding the profligacy of his character, had long endeared him to society; General Lamartinière, whose successful war of posts had so long covered the northern frontier; and many other distinguished warriors,—were sent to the scaffold. All showed the same heroism in their last moments, but not greater than was displayed by pacific citizens and young women who had been totally unaccustomed to face danger. Dietrich, mayor of Strasburg, one of the most ardent friends of liberty, wrote to his son the night before his execution, “as he valued his last blessing, never to attempt to revenge his death.” One prisoner alone excited the indignation of the spectators by raising piteous cries on the chariot and striving, in a frenzy of terror, with the executioners on the scaffold: it was Madame du Barri, the infamous associate of Louis XV.

The Committee of Public Safety incessantly urged Fouquier Tinville, the public accuser, to accelerate the executions. He himself declared, in his subsequent trial, that on one occasion they ordered him to increase them to one hundred and fifty a day, and that the pro-

posal filled his mind with such horror that as he returned from the Seine the river appeared to run red with blood. The pretended conspiracy in the prisons served as an excuse for a frightful multiplication in the number of victims. One hundred and sixty were denounced in the prison of the Luxembourg alone, and from one to two hundred in all the other prisons of Paris. A fabricated attempt at escape in the prison of La Force was made the ground for sending several hundreds to the Revolutionary Tribunal. Fouquier Tinville had made such an enlargement of the hall of that dreaded court that room was afforded for one hundred and sixty to be tried at once, and he proposed to place at the bar the whole prisoners charged with the conspiracy in the Luxembourg at one sitting. He even went so far as to erect a guillotine in the court-room, in order to execute the prisoners the moment the sentence was pronounced; but Collot d'Herbois objected to this as tending “to demoralize punishment.”

The trial of these unhappy captives was as brief as during the massacres in the prisons. “Did you know of the conspiracy of the prisons, Dorival?”—“No.”—“I expected no other answer, but it will not avail you.” To another; “Are you not an ex-noble?”—“Yes.” To a third: “Are you not a priest?”—“Yes, but I have taken the oath.”—“You have no right to speak; be silent.”—“Were not you architect to Madame?”—“Yes, but I was disgraced in 1788.”—“Had you not a father-in-law in the Luxembourg?”—“Yes.” Such were the questions which constituted the sole trial of the numerous accused. No witnesses were called; their condemnations were pronounced al-

most as rapidly as their names were called: the law of the 22d Prairial had dispensed with the necessity of taking any evidence when the court were convinced by moral presumptions. The indictments were thrown off by hundreds at once, and the name of the individual merely filled in; the judgments were printed with equal rapidity, in a room adjoining the court, and several thousand copies circulated through Paris by little urchins, exclaiming, amid weeping and distracted crowds, "Here are the names of those who have gained prizes in the lottery of the holy guillotine." The accused were executed at leaving the court, or, at latest, on the following morning.

Since the law of the 22d Prairial had been passed the heads fell at the rate of fifty or sixty a day. "This is well," said Fouquier Tinville; "but we must get on more rapidly in the next decade: four hundred and fifty is the very least that must then be served up." To facilitate this immense increase, spies were sent into the prisons in order to extract from the unhappy wretches their secrets and designate to the public accuser those who might first be selected. These infamous wretches soon became the terror of the captives. They were enclosed as suspected persons, but their real mission was soon apparent from their insolence, their consequential airs, the preference shown them by the jailers, their orgies at the doors of the cells with the agents of the police. They were caressed, implored by the trembling prisoners, and received whatever little sums they had been able to secrete about their persons to keep their names out of the black list, but in vain. The names of such as they chose to denounce were made up in a list

called, in the prisons, "The Evening Journal," and the public chariots sent at nightfall to convey them to the Conciergerie preparatory to their trial on the following morning.

When the unfortunate captives heard the rolling of the wheels of the cars which were sent to convey them, the most agonizing suspense prevailed in the prisons. They flocked to the wickets of their corridors, placed their ears on the bars to hear the list, and trembled lest their names should be called out by the officers. Those who were named embraced their companions in misfortune and received their last adieus. Often the most heartrending separations were witnessed: a father tore himself from the arms of his children, a husband from his shrieking wife. Those who survived had reason to envy the lot of those conducted to the den of Fouquier Tinville; restored to their cells, they remained in a state of suspense worse than death itself till the same hour on the following night, when the rolling of the chariot-wheels renewed the universal agony of the captives.

To such a degree did the torture of suspense prey upon the minds of the prisoners that they became not only reckless of life, but anxious for death. The inhabitants who had reason to apprehend detention became indifferent to all the precautions requisite to secure their safety; many who had escaped voluntarily surrendered themselves to their persecutors or waited on the high road the first band of the National Guard to apprehend them. The young princess of Monaco, in the flower of youth and beauty, after receiving her sentence, obtained a respite; the horrors of surviving those she loved, however, preyed upon her mind, and she

died with sublime devotion. Madame Lavergne had hoped that by her intercession she would move the hearts of the judges in favor of her husband, the commandant of Longwy. When she saw that all was unavailing, and that sentence of death was pronounced, a cry of "*Vive le roi!*" was heard. All the spectators trembled at the fatal words. "*Vive le roi!*" exclaimed his wife, in more energetic tones; and when those next her exclaimed that she had lost her reason, she repeated the same words in a calmer voice, so as to leave no room for doubt as to her deliberate intention. She obtained the recompense she desired in dying beside her husband. Soon after, a sister followed the same method to avoid surviving her brother, and a young woman to accompany the object of her affection to another world. Servants frequently insisted upon following their masters to prison, and perished with them on the scaffold. Many daughters went on their knees to the members of the Revolutionary Committee to be allowed to join their parents in captivity, and when brought to trial pleaded guilty, though innocent, to the same charges. The efforts of the court and jury were unable to make them separate their cases; the tears of their parents even were unavailing in the generous contention filial affection prevailed over parental love. A father and son were confined together in the Maison Lazare; the latter was involved in one of the fabricated conspiracies of the prison. When his name was called out to stand his trial, his father came forward, and by personating his son was the means of saving his life by dying in his stead. "Do you know," said the president of the Revolutionary Tri-

bunal to Isabeau, "in whose presence you are standing?"—"Yes," replied the undaunted young man; "it is here that formerly virtue judged crime, and that now crime murders innocence."

The vengeance of the tyrants fell with peculiar severity upon all whose talents or descent distinguished them from the rest of mankind. The son of Buffon, the daughter of Vernet, perished without regard to the illustrious names they bore. Florian, the eloquent novelist, was so horror-struck with the scenes he had witnessed in prison that he died after the hour of deliverance had arrived. Lavoisier was cut off in the midst of his profound chemical researches; he pleaded in vain for a respite to complete a scientific discovery. Almost all the members of the French Academy were in prison, in hourly expectation of their fate. Roucher, an amiable poet, a few hours before his death, sent his miniature to his children, accompanied by these touching lines:

"Be not surprised, O lovely and charming objects, if an
air of sadness obscures my countenance:
When a skilful pencil was portraying my features,
I was waiting for the scaffold and thinking of you."

Chénier, a young man whose eloquent writings pointed him out as the future historian of the Revolution, and Champfort, one of its earliest and ablest supporters, were executed at the same time. A few weeks longer would have swept off the whole literary talent, as well as dignified names, of France.

But there is a limit to human suffering—an hour when indignant nature will no longer submit and courage arises out of despair. To that avenging hour time was fast approaching. The lengthened files of prisoners daily

led to the scaffold had long excited the commiseration of the better classes in Paris; the shops in the Rue St. Honoré were shut and its pavement deserted when the melancholy procession moving toward the Place de la Révolution passed along. Alarmed at these signs of dissatisfaction, the committee changed the place of execution, and fixed it at the Barrier de Trône, in the Faubourg St. Antoine, but even the workmen of that revolutionary district manifested impatience at the constant repetition of the dismal spectacle. The middling classes, who constitute the strength of the National Guard at Paris, began to be alarmed at the rapid progress and evident descent of the proscriptions. At first the nobles and ecclesiastics only were included; by degrees the whole landed proprietors were reached; but now the work of destruction seemed to be fast approaching every class above the lowest. On the lists of the Revolutionary Tribunal in the latter days of the Reign of Terror are to be found tailors, shoemakers, hairdressers, butchers, farmers, mechanics and workmen accused of anti-revolutionary principles. From the 10th of June to the 17th of July that court had sentenced twelve hundred and eighty-five persons to death. The people felt pity for these proscriptions, not only from their frequency, but their near approach to themselves. Their reason was at length awakened by the revolutionary fever having exhausted itself; humanity began to be felt at the ceaseless effusion of human blood after all their enemies had been destroyed. The Convention eagerly embraced the same sentiments; their conspicuous situation rendered it probable that they would be among the first victims, and every one, in the hope of sav-

ing his own life, ardently prayed for the downfall of the tyrants. But these expressions of public feeling only inspired their oppressors with greater impatience for human blood. "Let us put," said Vadier, "a wall of heads between the people and ourselves."—"The Revolutionary Tribunal," said Billaud Varennes, "thinks it has made a great effort when it strikes off seventy heads a day, but the people are easily habituated to what they always behold: to inspire terror we must double the number."—"How timid you are in the capital!" said Collot d'Herbois; "can your ears not stand the sound of artillery? It is a proof of weakness to murder your enemies: you should mow them down with cannon." The judges of the Revolutionary Tribunal, many of whom came from the galleys of Toulon, labored incessantly at the work of extermination, and mingled indecent ribaldry and jests with their unrelenting cruelty to the crowds of captives who were brought before them. An old man who had lost the use of his speech by a paralytic affection being placed at the bar, the president exclaimed, "No matter: it is not his tongue, but his head, that we want."

The superstition or terrors of Robespierre furnished the first pretext for a combination to shake his power. The members of the different committees, alarmed for their own safety, were secretly endeavoring to undermine his influence, when the fanaticism of an old woman named Catharine Théot gave them the means of extending their apprehensions to a larger circle. She proclaimed herself the mother of God and announced the approaching arrival of a regenerating Messiah. An ancient ally of Robespierre,

Dom Gerle, was the associate of her frenzy; they held nocturnal orgies, in which Robespierre was invoked as the supreme pontiff. The Committee of Public Safety, who were acquainted with all these proceedings, beheld, or feigned to behold, in their extravagances a design to make him the head of a new religion which might add to the force of political power the weight of spiritual fervor. Vadier was intrusted by the committee with the duty of investigating the mysteries; his report turned the fanatics into derision, but at the same time represented them as worthy of death, and they were accordingly thrown into prison. Robespierre strove to save them, but his colleagues withstood his influence; irritated, he retired from their meetings and confined himself to the club of the Jacobins, where his power was still predominant.

Naturally suspicious, the apprehensions of the tyrant now increased to the highest degree. His house was guarded by a body of Jacobins armed with pistols, chiefly composed of jurymen from the Revolutionary Tribunal. He never went out but attended by this obnoxious band. His table was covered by letters in which he was styled the "Envoy of God," the "New Messiah," the "New Orpheus." On every side his portrait was to be seen in marble, bronze or canvas, and below each line in which the Jacobinical poets extolled him above Cato and Aristides. But all his efforts and all the adulation of his satellites could not dispel the terrors which had seized his mind. On his desk, after his death, was found a letter in the following terms: "You yet live, assassin of your country, stained with the purest blood in France. I wait only the time when the

people shall strike the hour of your fall. Should my hope prove vain, this hand, which now writes thy sentence—this hand, which presses thine with horror—shall pierce thee to the heart. Every day I am with thee; every hour my uplifted arm is ready to cut short thy life. Worst of men, live yet a few days to be tortured by the fear of my vengeance. This very night, in seeing thee, I shall enjoy thy terrors, but thy eyes shall seek in vain my avenging form."

His violent partisans strongly urged the immediate adoption of the most vigorous measures. Henriot and the mayor of Paris were ready to commence a new massacre, and had a body of three thousand young assassins ready to aid those of September 2d; St. Just and Couthon were gained in the Committee of Public Safety; the president Dumas and the vice-president Coffinhal were to be depended on in the Revolutionary Tribunal. "Strike soon and strongly," said St. Just. "DARE! that is the sole secret of revolutions." They had already marked out Tallien, Bourdon de l'Oise, Thuriot, Roverè, Lecombe, Panis, Monestier, Legendre, Fréron, Barras and Cambon as the first victims. But the conspirators had no armed force at their command: the club of the Jacobins, which they wielded at pleasure, was only powerful from its weight on public opinion; the committees of government were all arrayed on the other side. Robespierre, therefore, was compelled to commence the attack in the Convention; he expected to sway them by the terror of his voice, or if, contrary to all former precedent, they held out, his reliance was on the municipality and an insurrection of the people similar to that which had been so suc-

cessful on the 31st of May. By their aid he hoped to effect the proscription of the Committee of Public Safety and their associates in the Mountain, as he had formerly done that of the Girondists and of the Committee of Twelve.

In a meeting of the Jacobins held on the 3d Thermidor (21st of July) he prepared the minds of the audience for a revolt against the Convention. "The Assembly," said he, "laboring under the gangrene of corruption and unable to throw off its impurities, is incapable of saving the republic; both will perish. The proscription of the patriots is the order of the day. For myself, I have one foot in the grave; in a few days I will place the other in it: the result is in the hands of Providence." The Jacobins were by this and similar addresses prepared for a revolutionary movement, but the secret of the insurrection, which was fixed for the 9th Thermidor, was confided only to Henriot and the mayor of Paris.

The leaders of the Convention and of the committees on their side were not idle. The immediate pressure of danger had united all parties against the tyrant. He made no secret in the popular society of his resolution to decimate the Assembly. At leaving one of the meetings where his designs had been openly expressed Barère exclaimed, "That Robespierre is insatiable; because we won't do everything he wishes, he threatens to break with us. If he speaks to us of Thuriot, Guffroi, Roverè and all the party of Danton, we understand him; even should he demand Tallien, Bourdon de l'Oise, Legendre, Fréron, we may consent in good time; but to ask Duval, Andoin, Léonard, Bourdon, Vadier, Vouland, is out of the question. To pro-

scribe members of the Committee of General Safety is to put the poniard to all our throats." Impressed with these feelings, they resolved to stand on their guard, though they did not venture to commence an attack on Robespierre, whose name was terrible and influence still so much the object of dread. Tallien was the leader of the party, an intrepid man and an old supporter of the revolutionary tyranny, but who had been awakened during his sanguinary mission to Bordeaux to better feeling by the influence of a young woman—afterward well known as Madame Tallien—of extraordinary beauty and more than masculine firmness of character.

At length, on the 8th Thermidor (26th of July), the contest began in the National Convention. The discourse of Robespierre was dark and enigmatical. "I come," said he, "to defend your outraged authority and violated independence; I also will defend myself. You will not be taken by surprise, for you have nothing in common with the tyrants whom you combat. To what faction do I belong? To yourselves. What is the party which ever since the commencement of the Revolution has crushed faction and swept off the traitors? It is yourselves, the people, the force of principles. That is my party. For six weeks I have been reduced to a state of impotence in the Committee of Public Safety; during that time has faction been better restrained or the country more happy? Representatives of the people, the time has arrived when you should resume the attitude which befits you: you are not placed here to be governed, but to govern the depositaries of your confidence. Let it be spoken out at once. A conspiracy exists against the pub-

lic freedom; it springs from a criminal intrigue in the bosom of the Convention. That intrigue is conducted by the members of the Committee of General Safety; the enemies of the republic have contrived to array that committee against the Committee of Public Safety; even some members of this latter committee have been infected; and the coalition thus formed seeks to ruin the country. What is the remedy for the evil? To punish the traitors; to purge the committees of their unworthy members; to place the Committee of General Safety under the control of that of Public Safety; to establish the unity of government under the auspices of the Convention; and thus to crush faction under the weight of the national representation and raise on its ruins the power of justice and freedom."

This speech was received with breathless attention. Not a sound was heard during its delivery; not a whisper of applause followed its close. At the proposal that it should be printed the first symptoms of resistance began. Bourdon de l'Oise opposed its publication, but, Barère having supported it, the Assembly, fearful of committing itself openly with its enemies, agreed to the proposal. The members of the Committee of General Safety, seeing the majority wavering, deemed it now necessary to take decisive steps. "It is no longer time," said Cambon, "for dissembling; one man paralyzes the Assembly, and that man is Robespierre."—"We must pull the mask off any countenance on which it is placed," said Billaud Varennes; "I would rather that my carcase served for a throne to the tyrant than render myself, by my silence, the accomplice of his crimes."—"It is not enough," said

Vadier, "for him to be a tyrant: he aims farther, like a second Mohammed, at being proclaimed the envoy of God." Fréron proposed to throw off the hated yoke of the committees. "The moment is at last arrived," said he, "to revive the liberty of opinion. I propose that the Assembly reverse the decree which permitted the arrest of the representatives of the people: who can debate with freedom when imprisonment is hanging over his head?" Some applause followed this proposal; but Robespierre was felt to be too powerful to be overthrown by the Convention, unaided by the committees. This extreme measure, therefore, was rejected, and the Assembly contented itself with reversing the decree which ordered the publication of his address, and sent it to the committees for examination. Robespierre retired, surprised at the resistance he had experienced, but still confident of success on the following day, from the insurrection of the Jacobins and of the municipality.

In the evening he repaired to the popular society, where he was received with enthusiasm. Henriot, Dumas, Coffinhal and his other satellites surrounded him and declared themselves ready for action. "I know," says Henriot, "the road to the Convention, and I am ready to take it again."—"Go," said Robespierre. "Separate the wicked from the weak; deliver the Assembly from the wretches who enthrall it; render it the service which it expects from you, as you did on the 31st of May and the 2d of June. March! You may yet save liberty." After describing the attacks directed against his person, he added, "I am ready, if necessary, to drink the cup of Socrates."—"Robespierre," exclaimed one of the deputies, "I am

ready to drink it with you. The enemies of Robespierre are those of the country; let them be named, and they shall cease to exist." During all the night he made arrangements for the disposal of his partisans on the following day. Their points of rendezvous were fixed at the hall of the Jacobins and the Hôtel de Ville, where they were to be in readiness to receive his orders from the National Assembly.

The two committees, on their side, were not idle. During the whole night they sat in deliberation. It was felt by every one that a combination of all parties was required to shake the redoubted power of Robespierre. All their efforts, accordingly, were directed to this object. St. Just continued firm to his leader, but by unremitting exertions the Jacobins of the Mountain succeeded in forming a coalition with the leaders of the Plain and of the Right. "Do not flatter yourselves," said Tallien to the Girondists, "that he will ever spare you: you have committed an unpardonable offence in being freemen. Let us bury our ruinous divisions in oblivion. You weep for Vergniaud; we weep for Danton: let us unite their shades by striking Robespierre."—"Do you still live?" said he to the Jacobins; "has the tyrant spared you this night? Yet your names are the foremost on the list of proscription. In a few days he will have your heads if you do not take his. For two months you have shielded us from his strokes; you may now rely on our support as our gratitude." The friends of Danton were so exasperated at the death of their leader that they long resisted all advances toward a reconciliation, but at length, moved by the entreaties of the Plain

and the Right, they agreed to join the coalition. Before daybreak all the Assembly had united for the overthrow of the tyrant.

At an early hour on the morning of the 9th Thermidor (July 27th) the benches were thronged by its members; those of the Mountain were particularly remarkable for the serried ranks and determined looks of the coalition. The leaders walked about the passages, confirming each other in their generous resolution. Bourdon de l'Oise pressed Durand Maillane by the hand; Roverè and Tallien followed his example. The latter evinced that undoubting confidence which is so often the presage and cause of success. "Take your place," said he, looking around him. "I have come to witness the triumph of freedom: this evening Robespierre is no more." At noon St. Just mounted the tribune; Robespierre took his station on the bench directly opposite, to intimidate his adversaries by his look. His knees trembled, the color fled from his lips, as he ascended to his seat: the hostile appearance of the Assembly already gave him an anticipation of his fate.

St. Just commenced a speech from the tribune. "I belong," said he, "to no party; I will combat them all. The course of events has possibly determined that this tribune should be the Tarpeian Rock for him who now tells you that the members of the committees have strayed from the path of wisdom." Upon this he was violently interrupted by Tallien, who took the lead in the revolt. "Shall the speaker," said he, "for ever arrogate to himself, with the tyrant of whom he is the satellite, the privilege of denouncing, accusing and proscribing the members of the Assembly? Shall he for ever go

on amusing us with imaginary perils, when real and pressing dangers are before our eyes? After the enigmatical expressions of the tyrant yesterday from that place, can we doubt what St. Just is about to propose? You are about," said he, "to raise the veil; I will tear it asunder!" Loud applauses on all sides followed this exclamation. "Yes," exclaimed he, "I will tear it asunder; I will exhibit the danger in its full extent—the tyrant in his true colors. It is the whole Convention which he now proposes to destroy; he knows well, since his overthrow yesterday, that, however much he may mutilate that great body, he will no longer find it the instrument of his tyrannical designs. He is resolved that no sanctuary should exist for freedom, no retreat for the friends of the republic. He has, in consequence, resolved to destroy you all; yes, this very day—ay, in a few hours. Two thousand assassins have sworn to execute his designs; I myself last night heard their oaths, and fifty of my colleagues heard them with me. The massacre was to have commenced in the night with the Committee of Public Safety and of General Security, all of whom were to have been sacrificed except a few creatures of the tyrant; the fidelity of the soldiers, who fear the Convention, alone has preserved them from this terrible calamity. Let us instantly take measures commensurate to the magnitude of the danger; let us declare our sittings permanent till the conspiracy is broken and its chiefs arrested. I have no difficulty in naming them; I have followed their steps through their bloody conjuration. I name Dumas, the atrocious president of the Revolutionary Tribunal; I name Henriot, the infamous commander of the Na-

tional Guard." Here, Billaud Varennes interrupted the orator and gave some fuller details on the conspiracy which had been matured in the society of the Jacobins, and denounced Robespierre as its chief. "The Assembly will perish," he concluded, "if it shows the least signs of weakness."—"We shall never perish," exclaimed the members, rising in a transport of enthusiasm from their seats. Tallien resumed: "Can there be any doubt now about the reality of the conspiracy? Have you conquered so many tyrants only to crouch beneath the yoke of the most atrocious of them all? The charge against Robespierre is already written in your hearts. Is there a voice among you which will declare that he is not an oppressor? If there is, let him stand forth; for him have I offended. Tremble, tyrant, tremble! See with what horror freemen shrink from your polluted touch. We enjoy your agony, but the public safety requires it should no longer be prolonged. I declare, if the National Convention hesitate to pass the decree of accusation, I will plunge this dagger in your bosom;" and he drew the glittering steel from his breast in the midst of the Assembly, which resounded with applause.

During this impassioned harangue, which was pronounced with the most vehement action, Robespierre sat motionless with terror. The Convention, amid a violent tumult, decreed the arrest of Henriot, Dumas and his other associates, and their own permanence and numerous measures of precaution were suggested. But Tallien, who perceived that amid these multifarious proposals the main object of destroying Robespierre was likely to be forgot, resumed his place in-

the tribune: "Let us think only of the tyrant. You have not a moment to lose; he is every hour collecting his strength. Why accumulate charges, when his conduct is engraven on every heart? Let him perish by the arm he has invented to destroy others. To what accused did *he* ever give the right of speaking in his defence? Let us say, with the juries of the Revolutionary Tribunal, 'Our minds have long been made up.' If you declare him outlawed, can he complain who has outlawed nine-tenths of France? Let there be no formalities with the accused; you cannot too much abridge their punishment: he has told you so himself a hundred times. Let us strike him in the bosom of the Assembly; let his associates perish with him on the bench of the Revolutionary Tribunal, in the club of the Jacobins, at the head of the traitorous municipality."

Robespierre tried in vain, during the tumult which followed this address, to obtain a hearing. The president, Thuriot, whom he had often threatened with death, constantly drowned his voice by ringing his bell. In vain he looked for support among the former satellites of his power; all, frozen with terror, shrunk from his gaze. "Down with the tyrant!" resounded from all sides of the hall. In despair he turned to the few survivors of the Girondists. "Retire from these benches," they exclaimed; "Vergniaud and Condorcet have sat here."—"Pure and virtuous citizens," said he to the deputies on the right, "will you give me the liberty of speech which the assassins refuse?" A profound silence followed the demand. "For the last time, president of assassins," said he, turning to the chair, "will you allow me to speak?" The con-

tinued noise drowned his voice. He then sunk on his seat, pale and exhausted; his voice, which had become a shrill scream from agitation and vehemence, at length totally failed; foam issued from his mouth. "Wretch!" exclaimed a voice from the Mountain; "you are choked by the blood of Danton."—"Ah! you would avenge Danton?" rejoined Robespierre. "Cowards, why did you not defend him?"—"Citizens," exclaimed Billaud Varennes, "liberty is about to be restored."—"Say rather," replied Robespierre, "that crime is about to triumph," as he left the hall with the other proscribed deputies.

The act of accusation was then carried amid the most violent agitation. The younger brother of Robespierre had the generosity to insist that he should be included in the charge. "I am as culpable as my brother," said he. "I share his virtues: I am willing to share his fate." Le Bas followed his example. At length the two Robespierres, Le Bas, Couthon, St. Just, Dumas and Henriot were unanimously put under arrest and sent to prison; and the Assembly broke up at five o'clock.

During this stormy contest the partisans of Robespierre were collecting at the hall of the Jacobins and at the Hôtel de Ville. They expected that he would be victorious in the Convention, and that the armed force would only be called on to support its decrees. Part of the National Guard were assembled at the rendezvous, when a messenger arrived from the Convention requiring the mayor to appear at the bar and give an account of the state of the capital. "Return to your associates," said Henriot, "and say that we are in deliberation here how to purify their ranks. Tell

Robespierre to remain firm and fear nothing." At half-past four they received intelligence of the arrest of Robespierre and his accomplices, which soon circulated with the rapidity of lightning through Paris. Instantly they gave orders to sound the tocsin, close the barriers, convoke the general council and assemble the sections. The Jacobins declared their sittings permanent, and the most rapid means of communication were established between these two great centres of the insurrection.

To excite the people to revolt, Henriot, with a drawn sabre in his hand, at the head of his staff, traversed the streets exclaiming, "To arms to save country!" In his course through the Faubourg St. Antoine he met the procession of eighty prisoners proceeding, as usual, to execution. The crowd had stopped the chariots and loudly demanded that they should be released, but he had the barbarity to order them to be led on; and they all suffered. On his return two deputies of the Convention met him in the Rue St. Honoré and prevailed on some horsemen to obey the orders of the Convention and arrest his person; he was handcuffed and conducted to the Committee of General Safety. About the same time the national agent Payan was seized. The Convention seemed triumphant; its principal enemies were in confinement.

But the insurgents regained their advantage between six and seven o'clock, in consequence of the dispersion of the members of the Assembly and the energetic measures of the municipality. Robespierre had been sent to the Conciergerie, and the other conspirators to the different prisons in Paris; the magistrates sent detachments to deliver

them. Robespierre was speedily brought in triumph to the Hôtel de Ville, where he was received with the utmost enthusiasm and soon joined by his brother and St. Just. Coffinhal set off at the head of two hundred cannoneers to deliver Henriot; he arrived in the Place de Carrousel, and, having forced the guard of the Convention, penetrated to the rooms of the Committee of General Safety and delivered that important leader.

The Assembly met at seven o'clock. Intelligence was immediately brought of the fearful successes of the insurgents, their insurrectionary measures, the liberation of the triumvirs, the assemblage at the Hôtel de Ville, the convocation of revolutionary committees and of the sections. In the midst of the alarm, the members of the two committees, driven from their offices, arrived in consternation with the account of the forcing of the Tuileries, the delivery of Henriot and the presence of an armed force round the Convention. The agitation was at its height, when Amar entered and announced that the terrible cannoneers had pointed their guns against the walls of their hall. "Citizens," said the president, covering his face with his robe, "the hour has arrived to die at our posts."—"We are ready to die," exclaimed the members. Animated by a sublime resolution, every one spontaneously resumed his seat, and the Assembly unanimously took the oath. The vociferous crowd in the gallery at the same time disappeared.

In this extremity Tallien and his friends acted with the firmness which in revolutions so often proves successful. "Everything conspires," said he, "to assure the triumph of the Convention and the liberty of France.

By his revolt Robespierre has opened to us the only path which is safe with tyrants. Thank Heaven, to deliver our country we need not now await the uncertain decisions of a tribunal filled with his creatures. He has brought his fate upon himself; let us declare him outlawed with all his accomplices; let us include the rebellious municipality in the decree; let us besiege him in the centre of his power; let us instantly convoke the sections and allow the public horror to manifest itself by actions. Name a commander of the armed force. There must be no hesitation: in such a strife he who assumes the offensive commands success." All these decrees were instantly passed. Henriot was declared outlawed and Barras named to the command of the military force; Fréron, Bourdon de l'Oise and other determined men associated with him in the perilous duty. The Committee of Public Safety was now fixed on as the centre of operations; the *générale* beat, and emissaries were instantly despatched to all the sections to summon them to the defence of the Convention, while a macer was despatched to summon the municipality to the bar of the Assembly; but such was the arrogance of that body, in the anticipation of immediate victory, that they returned for answer, "Yes, we shall come to their bar, but at the head of the insurgent people."

While the government were adopting these energetic measures, Henriot was haranguing the cannoneers in the Place de Carrousel. The fate of France hung on their decision; could he have persuaded them to act, the Convention would have been destroyed before the tardy succors could arrive from the remote quarters of the capital. Happily, they

could not be brought to fire on the legislature, and their refusal decided the fortune of the day. Dispirited at this unwonted failure with the troops, and alarmed at the cries which broke from the multitude as soon as the decrees of the Assembly were known, he withdrew to the Hôtel de Ville; the armed force followed his example; and the Convention, so recently besieged within its walls, speedily became the assailing party.

Paris was soon in the most violent state of agitation. The tocsin summoned the citizens to the Hôtel de Ville, the *générale* called them to the Convention. The deputies of the Assembly and the commissioners of the municipality met in the sections and strove for the mastery in those important bodies. On all sides the people hastened to arms; the streets were filled by multitudes crowding to their different rallying-points; cries of "Long live the Convention! Long live the Commune!" broke forth in the different columns, according to the prevailing opinion of their members; while the rolling of cannon and ammunition-wagons by torchlight toward the Hôtel de Ville gave a fearful presage of the contest that was approaching.

The emissaries of the municipality first arrived at the rendezvous of the sections; but the National Guard, distracted and uncertain, hesitated to obey the summons of the magistrates. They could only be brought, in the first instance, to send deputations to the commune to inquire into the state of affairs. Meanwhile, the news of Robespierre's arrest circulated with rapidity, and a ray of hope shot through the minds of numerous proscribed individuals who were in concealment in the city. With trembling steps they issued from their hiding-places,

and, approaching the columns of their fellow-citizens, besought them to assist in dethroning the tyrant. The minds of many were already shaken, those of all in a state of uncertainty, when, at ten o'clock, the commissioners of the Convention arrived with the intelligence of their decrees, of the summons to assist them, of the appointment of a commander-in-chief and of a rallying-point at the hall of the Assembly. Upon this they no longer hesitated; the battalions of the National Guard from all quarters marched toward the Convention, and defiled through the hall in the midst of the most enthusiastic applause. At midnight above three thousand men had arrived. "The moments are precious," said Fréron; "the time for action has come. Let us instantly march against the rebels. We will summon them, in the name of the Assembly, to deliver up the traitors, and, if they refuse, we will lay the Hôtel de Ville in ashes."—"Depart," said Tallien, "and let the rising sun not shine on one of the conspirators in life." The order was promptly obeyed. A few battalions and pieces of artillery were left to guard the Assembly, and the remainder of the forces, under the command of Barras, marched at midnight against the insurgents. The night was dark: a feeble moonlight only shone through the gloom; but the forced illumination of the houses supplied a vivid light, which shone on the troops, who in profound silence and in serried masses marched from the Tuileries, along the quays of the river, toward the Place de Grève, the headquarters of the insurgents.

The tumult now became so violent that at length the sound reached the prisons. The unhappy inmates of their gloomy cells put

their ears to the bars of the windows, listened to every sound, and yet trembled lest the agitation should be the prelude to a general massacre of the captives. Soon, however, the downcast looks of the jailers, words whispered to the ears of the framers of the lists and the consternation of these wretches threw a ray of hope through their despairing minds. Shortly after, it was discovered, by half-suppressed words heard in the streets, that Robespierre was in danger. The relations of the captives placed themselves under the windows and informed them by signs of what was passing, and then the exhilaration of the prisoners broke out in the most vehement and tumultuous joy.

Meanwhile, the adherents of Robespierre, consisting almost entirely of the cannoneers and of the armed force commanded by Henriot, who were composed of the very lowest of the rabble, had assembled in great force at the Hôtel de Ville. The Place de Grève was filled with artillery, bayonets and pikes; Robespierre had been received with the utmost enthusiasm, and the delivery of Henriot raised to the highest pitch the confidence of the conspirators. But as the night advanced and no columns of the National Guard arrived, this confidence gave place to the most sinister presentiments. Even in the Faubourg St. Antoine, the centre of all former insurrections, the delegates of the municipality failed in rousing the populace. "What the better have we been," said they, "of all the insurrections? What has Robespierre done for us? Where are the riches, all the fields, he promised us? When we are dying of famine, does he expect to satisfy us by the daily spectacle of a hundred aristocrats dying on the scaffold?"

Does he suppose we are cannibals, to feed on human flesh and drink human blood? He has done nothing for us; we will do nothing for him." Such was the language of the populace in the most revolutionary quarter of Paris. The fever of innovation had exhausted itself; even the lowest of the people were dissatisfied with the rulers they had chosen for themselves.

At midnight the rumor began loudly to spread through the ranks of the insurgents that the municipality had been declared outlawed, that the sections had joined the Convention, and that their forces were advancing against the insurgents. To obviate its impression, Payan read aloud in the council-room the decree of the Convention, and inserted in it the names of all those of their party whom he observed in the gallery, hoping thereby to attach them, from desperation, to the cause of Robespierre; but an opposite effect immediately ensued, as they all instantly took to flight, leaving the gallery deserted. Nor did affairs wear a more promising aspect out of doors. There were about two thousand men stationed in the Place de Grève, with a powerful train of artillery; but their dispositions were already much shaken by the obvious defection of their fellow-citizens, when the light of the torches showed the heads of the columns of the National Guards appearing in all the avenues which led to the square. The moment was terrible. Ten pieces of the artillery of the Convention were placed in battery, while the cannoneers of the municipality, with their lighted matches in their hands, stood beside their guns on the opposite side. But the authority of the law prevailed: the decree of the legislature was read by torchlight,

and the insurgent troops refused to resist it. Some emissaries of the Convention glided into the ranks of the municipality and raised the cry "Long live the Convention!" The insurgents were moved by the harangue of Meda, the commander of the national artillery, and in a short time the Place de Grève was deserted and the whole cannoneers retired to their homes or ranged themselves on the side of the Assembly.

Henriot descended the stair of the Hôtel de Ville, but, seeing the square deserted, he vented his execrations on his faithless followers, who had for the most part abandoned the king in the same manner on the 10th of August, and hastened back to his comrades. The conspirators, finding themselves unsupported, gave themselves up to despair. The National Guard rushed rapidly up the stair and entered the room where Robespierre and the leaders of the revolt were assembled. Robespierre was sitting with his elbow on his knees and his head resting on his hand; Meda discharged his pistol, which broke his under-jaw, and he fell under the table. St. Just implored Le Bas to put an end to his life. "Coward, follow my example," said he, and blew out his brains. Couthon was seized under a table, feebly attempting to strike with a knife, which he wanted the courage to plunge in his heart. Coffinhal and the younger Robespierre threw themselves from the windows, and were seized in the inner court of the building. Henriot had been thrown down the stair by Coffinhal, but, though bruised and mutilated, he contrived to crawl into the entrance of a sewer, from whence he was dragged out by the troops of the Convention.

Robespierre and Couthon, being supposed to be dead, were dragged by the heels to the

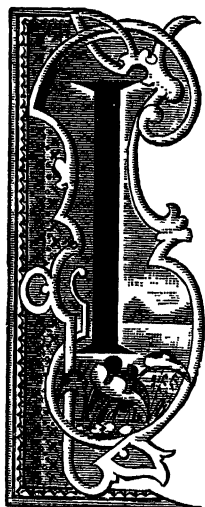
Quai Pelletier, where it was proposed to throw them into the river; but it being discovered, when day returned, that they still breathed, they were stretched on a board and carried to the Assembly. The members having refused to admit them, they were conveyed to the Committee of General Safety, where Robespierre lay for nine hours stretched on a table—the same with that where he had signed the death-warrant of so many noble citizens—with his broken jaw still bleeding and suffering alike under bodily pain and the execrations and insults of those around him. During the whole time that this cruel torture lasted he evinced a stoical apathy; foam merely issued from his mouth, which the humanity of some around him led them to wipe off; but his finger, still with convulsive energy, was fixed on the holster of the pistol which he had not had the courage to discharge. From thence he was sent to the Conciergerie, where he was confined in the same cell which had been occupied by Danton, Hebert and Chaumette. At length he was brought, with all his associates, to the Revolutionary Tribunal, and as soon as the identity of their persons was established they were condemned.

At four in the morning on the 29th of July all Paris was in motion to witness the death of the tyrant. He was placed on the chariot between Henriot and Couthon, whose remains were as mutilated as his own; the crowd, which for long had ceased to attend the executions, manifested the utmost joy at their fate. He was conducted to the Place de la Révolution; the scaffold was placed on the spot where Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette had suffered. The blood from his jaw burst through the bandage and overflowed his dress;

his face was ghastly pale. He shut his eyes, but could not close his ears against the imprecations of the multitude. A woman, breaking from the crowd, exclaimed, "Murderers of all my kindred, your agony fills me with joy. Descend to hell covered with the curses of every mother in France!" Twenty of his comrades were executed before him. When he ascended the scaffold, the executioner tore the bandage from his face; the lower jaw fell upon his breast, and he uttered a yell which filled every heart with horror. For some minutes the frightful figure was held up to the multitude; he was then placed under the axe, and the last sounds which reached his ears were the exulting shouts, which were prolonged for some minutes after his death.

Along with Robespierre were executed Henriot, Couthon, St. Just, Dumas, Coffinhal, Simon and all the leaders of the revolt. St. Just alone displayed the firmness which had so often been witnessed among the victims whom they had sent to the scaffold. Couthon wept with terror; the others died uttering blasphemies, which were drowned in the cheers of the people. They shed tears for joy; they embraced each other in transport; they crowded round the scaffold to behold the bloody remains of the tyrants. "Yes, Robespierre, there is a God!" said a poor man as he approached the lifeless body of one so lately the object of dread. His fall was felt by all present as an immediate manifestation of the Divinity.

Thus terminated the Reign of Terror—a period fraught with greater political instruction than any of equal duration which has existed since the beginning of the world.



I SEE THEM ON THEIR WINDING WAY.

SEE them on their winding
way ;

Above their ranks the moon-
beams play ,

And nearer yet, and yet
more near,

The martial chorus strikes
the ear.

They're lost and gone : the
moon is past ;

The wood's dark shade is
o'er them cast,

And fainter, fainter, fainter still,
The dim march warbles up the hill.

Again, again, the pealing drum,
The clashing horn : they come ! they come !
And lofty deeds and daring high
Blend with their notes of victory.

Forth, forth, and meet them on their way !
The trampling hoofs brook no delay—
The thrilling fife, the pealing drum ;
How late, but oh how loved, they come !

REGINALD HEBER.

THE VAGABONDS.

WE are two travellers, Roger and I.
Roger's my dog.—Come here, you
scamp !

Jump for the gentleman. Mind your eye !
Over the table ! Look out for the lamp !—

The rogue is growing a little old ;
Five years we've tramped through wind
and weather,
And slept out-doors when nights were cold,
And ate and drank—and starved—to-
gether.

We've learned what comfort is, I tell you !

A bed on the floor, a bit of rosin,
A fire to thaw our thumbs (poor fellow !

The paw he holds up there's been frozen),
Plenty of catgut for my fiddle

(This out-door business is bad for the
strings),

Then a few nice buckwheats hot from the
griddle,

And Roger and I set up for kings.

No, thank ye, sir ; I never drink :

Roger and I are exceedingly moral.—

Aren't we, Roger ?—See him wink !

Well, something hot, then : we won't
quarrel.

He's thirsty, too ; see him nod his head ?

What a pity, sir, that dogs can't talk !

He understands every word that's said,

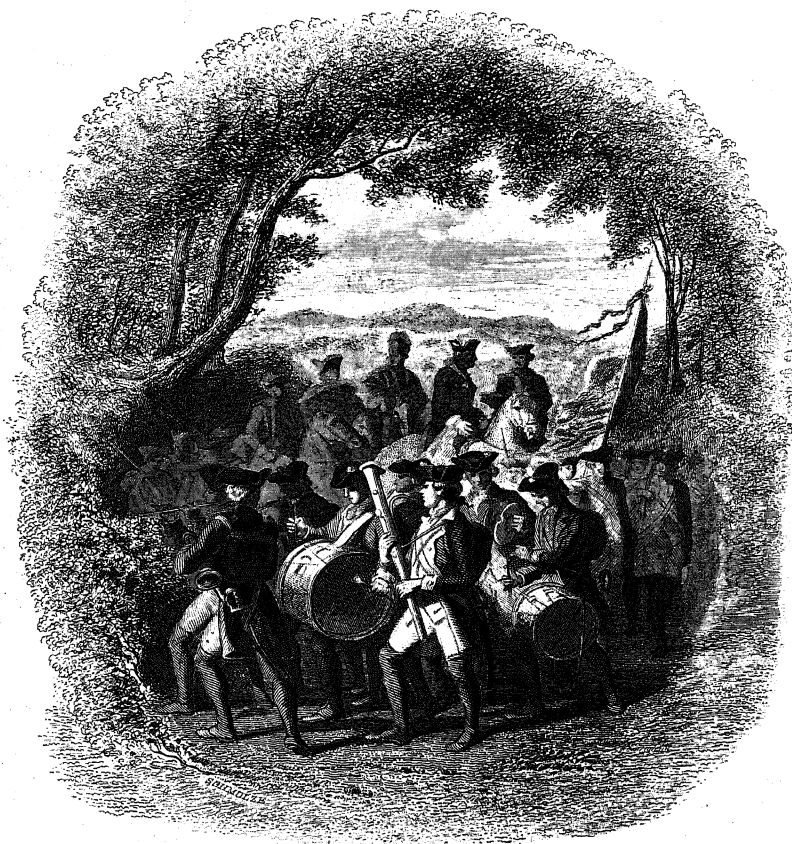
And he knows good milk from water and
chalk.

The truth is, sir, now I reflect,

I've been so sadly given to grog

I wonder I've not lost the respect

(Here's to you, sir !) even of my dog.



They Come! They Come!

*Again, again, the pealing drum.
The clashing horn—they come, they come!!*

But he sticks by through thick and thin,
 And this old coat, with its empty pockets
 And rags that smell of tobacco and gin,
 He'll follow while he has his eyes in his
 sockets.

There isn't another creature living
 Would do it and prove, through every
 disaster,
 So fond, so faithful and so forgiving
 To such a miserable, thankless master.
 No, sir! See him wag his tail and grin.
 By George! it makes my old eyes water—
 That is, there's something in this gin
 That chokes a fellow. But no matter!

We'll have some music, if you're willing,
 And Roger (hem! what a plague a cough
 is, sir!)
 Shall march a little.—Start, you villain!
 Stand straight! 'Bout face! Salute your
 officer!
 Put up that paw! Dress! Take your rifle!—
 Some dogs have arms, you see.—Now
 hold your
 Cap while the gentlemen give a trifle
 To aid a poor old patriot soldier.

March! Halt! Now show how the rebel
 shakes
 When he stands up to hear his sentence;
 Now tell us how many drams it takes
 To honor a jolly new acquaintance.—
 Five yelps—that's five. He's mighty know-
 ing.
 The night's before us: fill the glasses.
 Quick, sir! I'm ill; my brain is going!
 Some brandy! Thank you. There! it
 passes.

Why not reform? That's easily said;
 But I've gone through such wretched
 treatment,
 Sometimes forgetting the taste of bread
 And scarce remembering what meat meant,
 That my poor stomach's past reform,
 And there are times when, mad with
 thinking,
 I'd sell out heaven for something warm
 To prop a horrible inward sinking.

Is there a way to forget to think?
 At your age, sir, home, fortune, friends,
 A dear girl's love— But I took to drink;
 The same old story: you know how it
 ends.
 If you could have seen these classic features!
 You needn't laugh, sir; they were not
 then
 Such a burning libel on God's creatures:
 I was one of your handsome men.

If you had seen her, so fair and young,
 Whose head was happy on this breast,
 If you could have heard the songs I sung
 When the wine went round, you wouldn't
 have guessed
 That ever I, sir, should be straying
 From door to door with fiddle and dog,
 Ragged and penniless, and playing
 To you to-night for a glass of grog.

She's married since—a parson's wife.
 'Twas better for her that we should part—
 Better the soberest, prosiest life
 Than a blasted home and a broken heart.
 I have seen her? Once. I was weak and
 spent
 On the dusty road: a carriage stopped;

But little she dreamed, as on she went,
 Who kissed the coin that her fingers
 dropped.

You've set me talking, sir. I'm sorry :
 It makes me wild to think of the
 change.

What do you care for a beggar's story ?
 Is it amusing? you find it strange?

I had a mother so proud of me !
 'Twas well she died before— Do you
 know

If the happy spirits in heaven can see
 The ruin and wretchedness here below ?

Another glass, and strong, to deaden
 This pain ; then Roger and I will start.
 I wonder has he such a lumpish, leaden,
 Aching thing in place of a heart ?

He is sad sometimes, and would weep if he
 could,

No doubt, remembering things that
 were—

A virtuous kennel with plenty of food,
 And himself a sober, respectable cur.

I'm better now : that glass was warm-
 ing.—

You rascal ! limber your lazy feet !
 We must be fiddling and performing
 For supper and bed, or starve in the
 street.—

Not a very gay life to lead, you think ?
 But soon we shall go where lodgings are
 free

And the sleepers need neither victuals nor
 drink :

The sooner the better for Roger and me.

J. T. TROWBRIDGE.

THE ANGEL'S WHISPER.

A BABY was sleeping ; its mother was
 weeping,

For her husband was far on the wild, rag-
 ing sea :

And the tempest was swelling round the
 fisherman's dwelling,

And she cried, " Dermot darling, oh come
 back to me !"

Her beads while she numbered the baby still
 slumbered,

And smiled in her face while she bended
 her knee.

" Oh, blessed be that warning, my child, thy
 sleep adorning,

For I know that the angels are whispering
 with thee.

" And while they are keeping bright watch
 o'er thy sleeping,

Oh, pray to them softly, my baby, with
 me,

And say thou wouldst rather they'd watched
 o'er thy father,

For I know that the angels are whispering
 with thee."

The dawn of the morning saw Dermot re-
 turning,

And the wife wept with joy her babe's
 father to see,

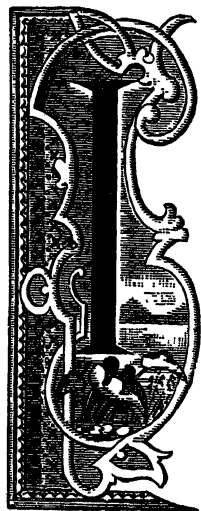
And, closely caressing her child with a
 blessing,

Said, " I knew that the angels were whis-
 pering with thee."

SAMUEL LOVER.

GONE WITH A HANDSOMER MAN.

FROM FARM BALLADS.



'VE worked in the field all day, a-ploughin' the "stony streak;"

I've scolded my team till I'm hoarse; I've tramp-ed till my legs are weak; I've choked a dozen swears (so's not to tell Jane fibs)

When the plough-p'int struck a stone and the handles punched my ribs.

I've put my team in the barn, and rubbed their sweaty coats;

I've fed 'em a heap of hay and half a bush-el of oats;

And to see the way they eat makes me like eatin' feel,

And Jane won't say to-night that I don't make out a meal.

Well said! the door is locked! but here she's left the key,

Under the step, in a place known only to her and me;

I wonder who's dying or dead, that she's hustled off pell-mell?

But here on the table's a note, and probably this will tell.

Good God! my wife is gone! my wife is gone astray!

The letter it says, "Good-bye, for I'm a-going away;

I've lived with you six months, John, and so far I've been true;
But I'm going away to-day with a handsomer man than you."

A han'somer man than me! Why, that ain't much to say;

There's han'somer men than me go past here every day.

There's han'somer men than me—I ain't of the han'some kind;

But a *lovin'er* man than I was I guess she'll never find.

Curse her! curse her! I say, and give my curses wings!

May the words of love I've spoke be changed to scorpion stings!

Oh, she filled my heart with joy, she emptied my heart of doubt,

And now, with a scratch of a pen, she lets my heart's blood out!

Curse her! curse her! say I; she'll some time rue this day;

She'll some time learn that hate is a game that two can play;

And long before she dies she'll grieve she ever was born;

And I'll plough her grave with hate, and seed it down to scorn!

As sure as the world goes on, there'll come a time when she

Will read the devilish heart of that han'somer man than me;



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Photo Artist, St. Louis.*

Will Carleton.

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And there'll be a time when he will find, as
others do,
That she who is false to one can be the same
with two.

And when her face grows pale, and when her
eyes grow dim,
And when he is tired of her and she is tired
of him,
She'll do what she ought to have done, and
coolly count the cost;
And then she'll see things clear, and know
what she has lost.

And thoughts that are now asleep will wake
up in her mind,
And she will mourn and cry for what she
has left behind;
And maybe she'll sometimes long for me—
for me— But no!
I've blotted her out of my heart, and I will
not have it so.

And yet in her girlish heart there was some-
thin' or other she had
That fastened a man to her, and wasn't en-
tirely bad;
And she loved me a little, I think, although
it didn't last;
But I mustn't think of these things: I've
buried 'em in the past.

I'll take my hard words back, nor make a
bad matter worse;
She'll have trouble enough; she shall not have
my curse;
But I'll live a life so square—and I well
know that I can—
That she always will sorry be that she went
with that han'somer man.

Ah, here is her kitchen dress! it makes my
poor eyes blur;
It seems, when I look at that, as if 'twas
holdin' her.
And here are her weekday shoes, and there
is her weekday hat,
And yonder's her weddin'-gown: I wonder
she didn't take that.

'Twas only this mornin' she came and called
me her "dearest dear,"
And said I was makin' for her a regular
paradise here;
O God! if you want a man to sense the
pains of hell,
Before you pitch him in just keep him in
heaven a spell!

Good-bye! I wish that death had severed us
two apart.
You've lost a worshipper here, you've crushed
a lovin' heart.
I'll worship no woman again; but I guess
I'll learn to pray,
And kneel as *you* used to kneel before you
run away.

And if I thought I could bring my words on
Heaven to bear,
And if I thought I had some little influence
there,
I would pray that I might be, if it only
could be so,
As happy and gay as I was a half an hour
ago.

JANE (*entering*).

Why, John, what a litter here! you've
thrown things all around!
Come, what's the matter now? and what've
you lost or found?

And here's my father here, a-waiting for supper, too;
I've been a-riding with him: he's that han'-somer man than you.—

Ha! ha! Pa, take a seat, while I put the kettle on,
And get things ready for tea, and kiss my dear old John.—

Why, John, you look so strange! Come, what has crossed your track?
I was only a-joking, you know; I'm willing to take it back.

JOHN (*aside*).

Well, now, if this *ain't* a joke, with rather a bitter cream!
It seems as if I'd woke from a mighty ticklish dream;
And I think she "smells a rat," for she smiles at me so queer;
I hope she don't! Good Lord! I hope that they didn't hear!

'Twas one of her practical drives—she thought I'd understand!
But I'll never break sod again till I get the lay of the land.
But one thing's settled with me—to appreciate heaven well,
'Tis good for a man to have some fifteen minutes of hell.

WILL CARLETON.

RIENZI TO THE ROMANS.

FRIENDS,

I come not here to talk. Ye know too well
The story of our thralldom. We are slaves!
The bright sun rises to his course, and lights

A race of slaves; he sets, and his last beam
Falls on a slave. Not such as, swept along
By the full tide of power, the conqueror leads
To crimson glory and undying fame,
But base, ignoble slaves—slaves to a horde
Of petty tyrants, feudal despots, lords
Rich in some dozen paltry villages,
Strong in some hundred spearmen, only great
In that strange spell a name. Each hour
dark fraud

Or open rapine or protected murder
Cries out against them. But this very day
An honest man, my neighbor—there he stands—

Was struck—struck like a dog—by one who wore

The badge of Ursini, because, forsooth,
He tossed not high his ready cap in air
Nor lifted up his voice in servile shouts
At sight of that great ruffian! Be we men,
And suffer such dishonor? men, and wash
not

The stain away in blood? Such shames are common.

I have known deeper wrongs—I, that speak to ye:

I had a brother once, a gracious boy
Full of all gentleness, of calmest hope,
Of sweet and quiet joy; there was the look
Of heaven upon his face which limners give
To the beloved disciple. How I loved
That gracious boy, younger by fifteen years,
Brother at once and son! He left my side
A summer bloom on his fair cheeks, a smile
Parting his innocent lips: in one short hour
The pretty, harmless boy was slain. I saw
The corse—the mangled corse; and then I cried

For vengeance. Rouse ye, Romans! Rouse ye, slaves!

Have ye brave sons? Look in the next
 fierce brawl
 To see them die! Have ye fair daughters?
 Look
 To see them live, torn from your arms,
 distained,
 Dishonored! And if ye dare call for justice,
 Be answered by the lash! Yet this is Rome,
 That sat on her seven hills and from her
 throne
 Of beauty ruled the world! Yet we are
 Romans!
 Why, in that elder day to be a Roman
 Was greater than a king. And once again—
 Hear me, ye walls, that echoed to the tread
 Of either Brutus!—once again, I swear,
 The Eternal City shall be free!

MARY RUSSELL MITFORD.

TIME, THE OLD TRAVELLER.

THEY slander thee, old Traveller,
 Who say that thy delight
 Is to scatter ruin far and wide
 In thy wantonness of might;
 For not a leaf that falleth
 Before thy restless wings
 But in thy flight thou changest
 To a thousand brighter things,
 Thou passest o'er the battle-field
 Where the dead lie stiff and stark,
 Where naught is heard save the vulture's scream
 And the gaunt wolf's famished bark;
 But thou hast caused the grain to spring
 From the blood-enriched clay,
 And the waving corn-tops seem to dance
 To the rustic's merry lay.

Thou hast strewn the lordly palace
 In ruin o'er the ground,
 And the dismal screech of the owl is heard
 Where the harp was wont to sound;
 But the selfsame spot thou coverest
 With the dwellings of the poor,
 And a thousand happy hearts enjoy
 What one usurped before.

'Tis true thy progress layeth
 Full many a loved one low,
 And for the brave and beautiful
 Thou hast caused our tears to flow;
 But always near the couch of Death
 Nor thou nor we can stay,
 And the breath of thy departing wing
 Dries all our tears away.

WILLIAM H. TIMROD.

THE PAINTER.

LEST men suspect your tale untrue,
 Keep probability in view;
 The traveller leaping o'er those bounds
 The credit of his book confounds.
 Who with his tongue hath armies routed
 Makes even his real courage doubted,
 But flattery never seems absurd:
 The flattered always takes your word;
 Impossibilities seem just;
 They take the strongest praise on trust;
 Hyperboles, though ne'er so great,
 Will still come short of self-conceit.

So very like a painter drew
 That every eye the picture knew;
 He hit complexion, feature, air,
 So just the life itself was there,
 No flattery with his colors laid
 To bloom restored the faded maid;

He gave each muscle all its strength,
The mouth, the chin, the nose's length ;
His honest pencil touched with truth,
And marked the date of age and youth.
He lost his friends, his practice failed :
Truth should not always be revealed ;
In dusty piles his pictures lay,
For no one sent the second pay.
Two bustos fraught with every grace,
A Venus' and Apollo's face,
He placed in view ; resolved to please,
Whoever sat, he drew from these ;
From these corrected every feature,
And spirited each awkward creature.

All things were set ; the hour was come,
His pallet ready o'er his thumb.
My Lord appeared ; and, seated right
In proper attitude and light,
The painter looked. He sketched the piece,
Then dipped his pencil, talked of Greece,
Of Titian's tints, of Guido's air :
" Those eyes, My Lord, the spirit there,
Might well a Raphael's hand require
To give them all the native fire ;
The features, fraught with sense and wit,
You'll grant are very hard to hit ;
But yet with patience you shall view
As much as paint and art can do.
Observe the work." My lord replied :
" Till now I thought my mouth was wide ;
Besides, my nose is somewhat long ;
Dear sir, for me, 'tis far too young."

" Oh, pardon me," the artist cried ;
" In this the painters must decide.
The piece even common eyes must strike :
I warrant it extremely like."

My lord examined it anew ;
No looking-glass seemed half so true.

A lady came with borrowed grace :
He from his Venus formed her face.
Her lover praised the painter's art,
So like the picture in his heart.
To every age some charm he lent ;
Even beauties were almost content.
Through all the town his art they praised ;
His custom grew : his price was raised.
Had he the real likeness shown,
Would any man the picture own ?
But when thus happily he wrought,
Each found the likeness in his thought.

JOHN GAY.

OLD AGE AND DEATH.

THE seas are quiet when the winds give
o'er ;

So calm are we when passions are no more,
For then we know how vain it was to boast
Of fleeting things too certain to be lost.
Clouds of affection from our younger eyes
Conceal that emptiness which age describes.

The soul's dark cottage, battered and decayed,
Lets in new light through chinks that Time
has made :

Stronger by weakness, wiser men become
As they draw near to their eternal home.
Leaving the old, both worlds at once they
view

That stand upon the threshold of the new.

EDMUND WALLER.

BEAUTY A TYPE.

BEAUTY was lent to Nature as the type
Of heaven's unspeakable and holy joy,
Where all perfection makes the sum of bliss.

SARAH JOSEPHA HALE.

MARCO BOZZARIS.



T midnight, in his guarded
tent,
The Turk was dreaming of
the hour

When Greece, her knee in
suppliance bent,
Should tremble at his
power :

In dreams through camp and
court he bore

The trophies of a conqueror ;
In dreams his song of
triumph heard ;

Then wore his monarch's signet-ring,
Then pressed that monarch's throne—a king ;
As wild his thoughts, and gay of wing,
As Eden's garden bird.

At midnight, in the forest shades,
Bozzaris ranged his Suliote band,
True as the steel of their tried blades,
Heroes in heart and hand.

There had the Persian's thousands stood,
There had the glad earth drunk their blood,
On old Plataea's day ;
And now there breathed that haunted air
The sons of sires who conquered there,
With arm to strike, and soul to dare,
As quick, as far, as they.

An hour passed on. The Turk awoke ;
That bright dream was his last.
He woke to hear his sentries shriek,
"To arms ! they come ! The Greek ! the
Greek !"

He woke to die 'midst flame and smoke,
And shout and groan, and sabre-stroke,
And death-shots falling thick and fast
As lightnings from the mountain-cloud,
And heard, with voice as trumpet loud,
Bozzaris cheer his band :

"Strike till the last armed foe expires !
Strike for your altars and your fires !
Strike for the green graves of your sires,
God and your native land !"

They fought like brave men, long and
well ;

They piled that ground with Moslem slain ;
They conquered, but Bozzaris fell,
Bleeding at every vein.

His few surviving comrades saw
His smile when rang their proud hurrah
And the red field was won,
Then saw in death his eyelids close
Calmly as to a night's repose,
Like flowers at set of sun.

Come to the bridal-chamber, Death !

Come to the mother's when she feels,
For the first time, her first-born's breath ;

Come when the blessed seals
That close the pestilence are broke,
And crowded cities wail its stroke ;
Come in consumption's ghastly form,
The earthquake shock, the ocean storm ;
Come when the heart beats high and warm

With banquet-song and dance and wine,—
And thou art terrible : the tear,
The groan, the knell, the pall, the bier,

And all we know or dream or fear
Of agony, are thine.

But to the hero, when his sword
Has won the battle for the free,
Thy voice sounds like a prophet's word,
And in its hollow tones are heard

The thanks of millions yet to be.
Come when his task of fame is wrought,
Come with her laurel-leaf, blood-bought,

Come in her crowning hour, and then
Thy sunken eye's unearthly light
To him is welcome as the sight

Of sky and stars to prisoned men;
Thy grasp is welcome as the hand
Of brother in a foreign land;

Thy summons welcome as the cry
That told the Indian isles were nigh

To the world-seeking Genoese
When the land-wind, from woods of palm
And orange-groves and fields of balm,
Blew o'er the Haytian seas.

Bozzaris! with the storied brave
Greece nurtured in her glory's time
Rest thee: there is no prouder grave
Even in her own proud clime.

She wore no funeral weeds for thee,
Nor bade the dark hearse wave its plume,
Like torn branch from death's leafless tree

In sorrow's pomp and pageantry,
The heartless luxury of the tomb;
But she remembers thee as one
Long loved and for a season gone.

For thee her poet's lyre is wreathed,
Her marble wrought, her music breathed;
For thee she rings the birthday-bells;
Of thee her babes' first lisping tells;

For thine her evening prayer is said
At palace, couch and cottage-bed;
Her soldier, closing with the foe,
Gives for thy sake a deadlier blow;
His plighted maiden, when she fears
For him, the joy of her young years,
Thinks of thy fate and checks her tears;

And she, the mother of thy boys,
Though in her eye and faded cheek
Is read the grief she will not speak,

The memory of her buried joys,
And even she who gave thee birth,
Will, by their pilgrim-circled hearth,

Talk of thy doom without a sigh;
For thou art Freedom's now, and Fame's—
One of the few, the immortal, names
That were not born to die.

FITZ-GREENE HALLECK.

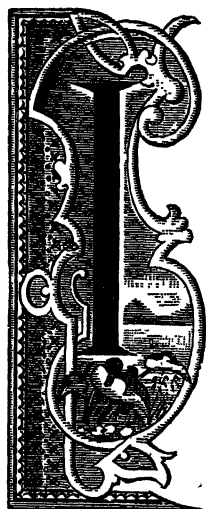
THE NEW AGE.

THUNDERING and bursting
In torrents, in waves,
Carolling and shouting
Over tombs, amid graves,
See, on the cumbered plain,
Clearing a stage,
Scattering the past about,
Comes the new age.

Bards make new poems;
Thinkers, new schools;
Statesmen, new systems;
Critics, new rules.
All things begin again;
Life is their prize;
Earth with their deeds they fill—
Fill with their cries.

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

A VISION OF VIRGINS.



HAD a vision of the night.

It seemed

There was a long red tract
of barren land

Blocked in by black hills,
where a half moon
dreamed

Of morn, and whitened.

Drifts of dry brown sand,

This way and that, were
heaped below ; and flats

Of water—glaring shallows where strange
bats

Came and went and moths flickered.

To the right,

A dusty road that crept along the waste

Like a white snake ; and farther up I traced

The shadow of a great house far in sight—

A hundred casements all ablaze with light,

And forms that flit athwart them as in haste,

And a slow music such as sometimes kings

Command at mighty revels, softly sent

From viol and flute and tabor, and the strings

Of many a sweet and slumbrous instrument,

That wound into the mute heart of the night

Out of that distance.

Then I could perceive

A glory pouring through an open door,

And in the light five women. I believe

They wore white vestments, all of them.

They were

Quite calm, and each still face unearthly fair,

Unearthly quiet. So, like statues all,

Waiting they stood without that lighted
hall,

And in their hands, like a blue star, they
held

Each one a silver lamp.

Then I beheld

A shadow in the doorway. And one came

Crowned for a feast. I could not see the
Face ;

The Form was not all human. As the flame
Streamed over it a presence took the place
With awe.

He, turning, took them by the hand
And led them each up the white stairway,
and

The door closed.

At that moment the moon dipped

Behind a rag of purple vapor, ripped

Off a great cloud some dead wind, ere it
spent

Its last breath, had blown open ; and, so rent,
You saw behind blue pools of light, and
there

A wild star swimming in the lurid air.

The dream was darkened. And a sense of
loss

Fell like a nightmare on the land, because

The moon yet lingered in her cloud-eclipse.

Then, in the dark, swelled sullenly across

The waste a wail of women.

Her blue lips

The moon drew up out of the cloud.

Again

I had a vision on that midnight plain.

Five women, and the beauty of despair

Upon their faces ; locks of wild wet hair,



The Ten Virgins.

Clammy with anguish, wandered low and loose
 O'er their bare breasts, that seemed too filled
 with trouble
 To feel the damp crawl of the midnight
 dews
 That trickled down them. One was bent
 half double,
 A dismayed heap that hung o'er the last
 spark
 Of a lamp slowly dying. As she blew
 The dull light redder, and the dry wick
 flew
 In crumbling sparkles all about the dark,
 I saw a light of horror in her eyes,
 A wild light on her flushed cheek, a wild
 white
 On her dry lips—an agony of surprise
 Fearfully fair.

The lamp dropped. From my sight
 She fell into the dark.

Beside her sat
 One without motion, and her stern face
 flat
 Against the dark sky.

One, as still as death,
 Hollowed her hands about her lamp, for
 fear
 Some motion of the midnight or her breath
 Should fan out the last flicker. Rosy-clear,
 The light oozed through her fingers o'er her
 face.

There was a ruined beauty hovering there
 Over deep pain, and dashed with lurid grace
 A waning bloom.

The light grew dim and blear,
 And she too slowly darkened in her place.
 Another, with her white hands hotly locked
 About her damp knees, muttering madness,
 rocked

Forward and backward. But at last she
 stopped,
 And her dark head upon her bosom dropped
 Motionless.

Then one rose up with a cry
 To the great moon, and stretched a wrathful
 arm
 Of wild expostulation to the sky,
 Murmuring, "These earth-lamps fail us! and
 what harm?
 Does not the moon shine? Let us rise and
 haste

To meet the Bridegroom yonder over the
 waste!

For now I seem to catch once more the tone
 Of viols on the night. 'Twere better done,
 At worst, to perish near the golden gate,
 And fall in sight of glory one by one,
 Than here all night upon the wild to wait
 Uncertain ills. Away! the hour is late."
 Again the moon dipped.

I could see no more:
 Not the least gleam of light did heaven af-
 ford.

At last I heard a knocking on a door,
 And some one crying, "Open to us, Lord!"
 There was an awful pause.

I heard my heart
 Beat.

Then a Voice: "I know you not. De-
 part!"
 I caught, within, a glimpse of glory, and
 The door closed.

Still in darkness dreamed the land.
 I could not see those women. Not a breath!
 Darkness and awe—a darkness more than
 death:

The darkness took them.

EDWARD ROBERT BULWER-LYTTON.



The Foolish Virgins.

POETRY.

OF all those arts in which the wise excel,
Nature's chief masterpiece is writing
well;

No writing lifts exalted man so high
As sacred and soul-moving poesy;
No kind of work requires so nice a touch,
And if well finished nothing shines so much;
But Heaven forbid we should be so profane
To grace the vulgar with that noble name.
'Tis not a flash of fancy which, sometimes
Dazzling our minds, sets off the slightest
rhymes,

Bright as a blaze, but in a moment done:
True wit is everlasting, like the sun,
Which, though sometimes behind a cloud
retired,

Breaks out again, and is by all admired.

Number and rhyme and that harmonious sound
Which not the nicest ear with harshness
wound

Are necessary, yet but vulgar arts,
And all in vain these superficial parts
Contribute to the structure of the whole
Without a genius, too, for that's the soul—
A spirit which inspires the work throughout,
As that of Nature moves the world about,
A flame that glows amidst conceptions fit,
Even something of divine and more than wit,
Itself unseen, yet all things by it shown,
Describing all men, but described by none.

Where dost thou dwell? what caverns of the
brain

Can such a vast and mighty thing contain?
When I at vacant hours in vain thy absence
mourn,

Oh where dost thou retire? and why dost
thou return,

Sometimes with powerful charms, to hurry
me away

From pleasures of the night and business of
the day?

Ev'n now too far transported, I am fain
To check thy course and use the needful
rein;

As all is dulness when the fancy's bad,
So without judgment fancy is but mad,
And judgment has a boundless influence,
Not only in the choice of words or sense,
But on the world, on manners and on men.
Fancy is but the feather of the pen;
Reason is that substantial useful part
Which gains the head, while t'other wins
the heart.

JOHN SHEFFIELD
(Duke of Buckinghamshire).

THE BEGGAR-MAID.

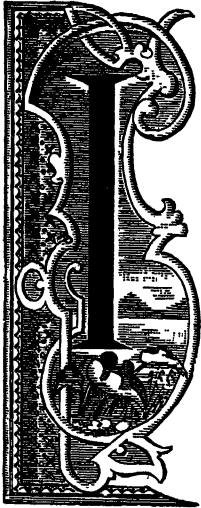
HER arms across her breast she laid;
She was more fair than words can say:
Barefooted came the beggar-maid
Before the king Cophetua.
In robe and crown the king stepped down
To meet and greet her on her way;
"It is no wonder," said the lords:
"She is more beautiful than day."

As shines the moon in clouded skies,
She in her poor attire was seen:
One praised her ankles, one her eyes,
One her dark hair and lovesome mien.
So sweet a face, such angel grace,
In all that land had never been;
Cophetua sware a royal oath:

"This beggar-maid shall be my queen!"

ALFRED TENNYSON.

THE SUPERANNUATED MAN.



Fperadventure, reader, it has been thy lot to waste the golden years of thy life, thy shining youth, in the irksome confinement of an office; to have thy prison-days prolonged through middle age down to decrepitude and silver hairs without hope of release or respite; to have lived to forget that there are such things as holidays, or to remember them but as the prerogatives of childhood,—then, and then only, will you be able to appreciate my deliverance.

It is now six and thirty years since I took my seat at the desk in Mincing Lane. Melancholy was the transition at fourteen from the abundant playtime and the frequently intervening vacations of school-days to the eight, nine, and sometimes ten, hours a day attendance at the counting-house. But time partially reconciles us to anything. I gradually became content—doggedly contented, as wild animals in cages.

It is true I had my Sundays to myself; but Sundays, admirable as the institution of them is for purposes of worship, are for that very reason the very worst adapted for days of unbending and recreation. In particular there is a gloom for me attendant upon a city Sunday, a weight in the air. I miss the cheerful cries of London, the music and the ballad-singers, the buzz and stirring murmur of the streets. Those eternal bells depress me. The closed shops repel me.

Prints, pictures, all the glittering and endless succession of knacks and gew-gaws and ostentatiously displayed wares of tradesmen which make a weekday saunter through the less busy parts of the metropolis so delightful, are shut out—no bookstalls deliciously to idle over; no busy faces to recreate the idle man who contemplates them ever passing by; the very face of business a charm by contrast to his temporary relaxation from it; nothing to be seen but unhappy countenances—or half happy at best—of emancipated 'prentices and little tradesfolk, with here and there a servant-maid that has got leave to go out, who, slaving all the week, with the habit has lost almost the capacity of enjoying a free hour, and livelily expressing the hollowness of a day's pleasuring. The very strollers in the fields on that day look anything but comfortable.

But, besides Sundays, I had a day at Easter and a day at Christmas, with a full week in the summer to go and air myself in my native fields of Hertfordshire. This last was a great indulgence, and the prospect of its recurrence, I believe, alone kept me up through the year and made my durance tolerable. But when the week came around, did the glittering phantom of the distance keep touch with me? or rather was it not a series of seven uneasy days spent in restless pursuit of pleasure and a wearisome anxiety to find out how to make the most of them? Where was the quiet? where the promised rest? Before I had a taste of it, it was vanished. I was at the desk again, counting

upon the fifty-one tedious weeks that must intervene before such another snatch would come. Still, the prospect of its coming threw something of an illumination upon the darker side of my captivity. Without it, as I have said, I could scarcely have sustained my thralldom.

Independently of the rigors of attendance, I have ever been haunted with a sense (perhaps a mere caprice) of incapacity for business. This, during my latter years, had increased to such a degree that it was visible in all the lines of my countenance. My health and my good spirits flagged. I had perpetually a dread of some crisis to which I should be found unequal. Besides my daylight servitude, I served over again all night in my sleep, and would awake with terrors of imaginary false entries, errors in my accounts, and the like. I was fifty years of age, and no prospect of emancipation presented itself. I had grown to my desk, as it were, and the wood had entered into my soul.

My fellows in the office would sometimes rally me upon the trouble legible in my countenance, but I did not know that it had raised the suspicions of any of my employers, when, on the 5th of last month, a day ever to be remembered by me, L——, the junior partner in the firm, calling me on one side, directly taxed me with my bad looks and frankly inquired the cause of them. So taxed, I honestly made confession of my infirmity, and added that I was afraid I should eventually be obliged to resign his service. He spoke some words, of course, to hearten me, and there the matter rested. A whole week I remained laboring under the impression that I had acted imprudently in my dis-

closure—that I had foolishly given a handle against myself, and had been anticipating my own dismissal.

A week passed in this manner—the most anxious one, I verily believe, in my whole life—when on the evening of the 12th of April, just as I was about quitting my desk to go home (it might be about eight o'clock), I received an awful summons to attend the presence of the whole assembled firm in the formidable back parlor. I thought now my time was surely come; I have done for myself; I am going to be told that they have no longer occasion for me. L——, I could see, smiled at the terror I was in, which was a little relief to me, when to my utter astonishment B——, the eldest partner, began a formal harangue to me on the length of my services, my very meritorious conduct during the whole of the time. (The deuce! thought I; how did he find out that? I protest I never had the confidence to think as much.) He went on to descant on the expediency of retiring at a certain time of life (how my heart panted!), and, asking me a few questions as to the amount of my own property—of which I have a little—ended with a proposal, to which his three partners nodded a grave assent, that I should accept from the house, which I had served so well, a pension for life to the amount of two-thirds of my accustomed salary—a magnificent offer. I do not know what I answered, between surprise and gratitude, but it was understood that I accepted their proposal, and I was told that I was free from that hour to leave their service. I stammered out a bow, and at just ten minutes after eight I went home—forever. This noble benefit (gratitude forbids me to conceal their names) I owe to the kind-

ness of the most munificent firm in the world—the house of Boldero, Merryweather, Bosanquet & Lacy.

For the first day or two I felt stunned, overwhelmed. I could only apprehend my felicity; I was too confused to taste it sincerely. I wandered about, thinking I was happy and knowing that I was not. I was in the condition of a prisoner in the old Bastille suddenly let loose after a forty years' confinement. I could scarce trust myself with myself. It was like passing out of Time into Eternity, for it is a sort of Eternity for a man to have his Time all to himself. It seemed to me that I had more Time on my hands than I could ever manage. From a poor man, poor in Time, I was suddenly lifted up into a vast revenue. I could see no end of my possessions; I wanted some steward or judicious bailiff to manage my estates in Time for me.

And here let me caution persons grown old in active business not lightly nor without weighing their own resources to forego their customary employment all at once, for there may be danger in it. I feel it by myself, but I know that my resources are sufficient; and, now that those first giddy raptures have subsided, I have a quiet home-feeling of the blessedness of my condition. I am in no hurry. Having all holidays, I am as though I had none. If Time hung heavy upon me, I could walk it away; but I do *not* walk all day long, as I used to do in those transient holidays, thirty miles a day, to make the most of them. If Time were troublesome, I could read it away; but I do *not* read in that violent measure with which, having no Time my own but candlelight Time, I used to weary out my head and eyesight in bygone

winters. I walk, read or scribble (as now) just when the fit seizes me. I no longer hunt after pleasure: I let it come to me. I am like the man

“that's born, and has his years come to him,
In some green desert.”

“Years!” you will say. “What is that superannuated simpleton calculating upon? He has already told us he is past fifty.”

I have indeed lived nominally fifty years, but deduct out of them the hours which I have lived to other people, and not to myself, and you will find me still a young fellow; for *that* is the only true Time which a man can properly call his own—that which he has all to himself: the rest, though in some sense he may be said to live it, is other people's Time, not his. The remnant of my poor days, long or short, is at least multiplied for me threefold. My ten next years, if I stretch so far, will be as long as any preceding thirty. 'Tis a fair Rule-of-Three sum.

Among the strange fantasies which beset me at the commencement of my freedom, and of which all traces are not yet gone, one was that a vast tract of time had intervened since I quitted the counting-house. I could not conceive of it as an affair of yesterday. The partners and the clerks with whom I had for so many years and for so many hours in each day of the year been closely associated, being suddenly removed from them, they seemed as dead to me. There is a fine passage which may serve to illustrate this fancy in a tragedy by Sir Robert Howard. Speaking of a friend's death:

“'Twas but just now he went away;
I have not since had time to shed a tear;

And yet the distance does the same appear
As if he had been a thousand years from me!
Time takes no measure in Eternity."

To dissipate this awkward feeling, I have been fain to go among them once or twice since to visit my old desk-fellows—my co-brethren of the quill that I had left below in the state militant. Not all the kindness with which they received me could quite restore to me that pleasant familiarity which I had hitherto enjoyed among them. We cracked some of our old jokes, but methought they went off but faintly. My old desk, the peg where I hung my hat, were appropriated to another. I knew it must be, but I could not take it kindly. D——I take me if I did not feel some remorse—beast if I had not—at quitting my old compeers, the faithful partners of my toils for six and thirty years, that smoothed for me with their jokes and conundrums the ruggedness of my professional road. Had it been so rugged, then, after all? or was I simply a coward? Well, it is too late to repent; and I also know that these suggestions are a common fallacy of the mind on such occasions. But my heart smote me. I had violently broken the bands betwixt us. It was at least not courteous. I shall be some time before I get quite reconciled to the separation. Farewell, old cronies! yet not for long, for again and again I will come among ye, if I shall have your leave. Farewell, Ch——, dry, sarcastic and friendly! Do——, mild, slow to move and gentlemanly! Pl——, officious to do and to volunteer good services! And thou, thou dreary pile, fit mansion for a Gresham or a Whittington of old, stately house of merchants, with thy labyrinthine passages and light-excluding, pent-up offices,

where candles for one-half the year supplied the place of the sun's light, unhealthy contributor to my weal, stern fosterer of my living, farewell! In thee remain, and not in the obscure collection of some wandering bookseller, my "works." There let them rest as I do from my labors, piled on thy massy shelves—more MSS. in folio than ever Aquinas left, and full as useful. My mantle I bequeathe among ye.

A fortnight has passed since the date of my first communication. At that period I was approaching to tranquillity, but had not reached it. I boasted of a calm, indeed, but it was comparative only. Something of the first flutter was left—an unsettling sense of novelty, the dazzle to weak eyes of unaccustomed light. I missed my old chains, forsooth, as if they had been some necessary part of my apparel. I was a poor Carthusian from strict cellular discipline suddenly by some revolution returned upon the world. I am now as if I had never been other than my own master. It is natural to me to go where I please, to do what I please. I find myself at eleven o'clock in the day in Bond Street, and it seems to me that I have been sauntering there at that very hour for years past. I digress into Soho to explore a book-stall. Methinks I have been thirty years a collector. There is nothing strange nor new in it. I find myself before a fine picture in the morning. Was it ever otherwise? What is become of Fish Street Hill? Where is Fenchurch Street? Stones of old Mincing Lane, which I have worn with my daily pilgrimage for six and thirty years, to the footsteps of what toil-worn clerk are your everlasting flints now vocal? I indent the gayer flags of Pall Mall. It is 'Change time, and

I am strangely among the Elgin Marbles. It was no hyperbole when I ventured to compare the change in my condition to a passing into another world. Time stands still in a manner to me. I have lost all distinction of season. I do not know the day of the week or of the month. Each day used to be individually felt by me in its reference to the foreign-post days—in its distance from or proximity to the next Sunday. I had my Wednesday feelings, my Saturday nights' sensations. The genius of each day was upon me distinctly during the whole of it, affecting my appetite, spirits, etc. The phantom of the next day, with the dreary five to follow, sat as a load upon my poor Sabbath recreations. What charm has washed that Ethiop white? What is gone of Black Monday? All days are the same. Sunday itself—that unfortunate failure of a holiday, as it too often proved, what with my sense of its fugitiveness and over-care to get the greatest quantity of pleasure out of it—is melted down into a weekday. I can spare Time to go to church now without grudging the huge cantle which it used to seem to cut out of the holiday. I have Time for everything. I can visit a sick friend. I can interrupt the man of much occupation when he is busiest. I can exult over him with an invitation to take a day's pleasure with me to Windsor this fine May morning. It is Lucretian pleasure to behold the poor drudges whom I have left behind in the world carking and caring—like horses in a mill, drudging on in the same eternal round. And what is it all for? A man can never have too much Time to himself, nor too little to do. Had I a little son, I would christen him NOTHING-TO-DO; he should do

nothing. Man, I verily believe, is out of his element as long as he is operative. I am altogether for the life contemplative. Will no kindly earthquake come and swallow up those accursed cotton-mills? Take me that lumber of a desk there, and bowl it down

“As low as to the fiends.”

I am no longer * * * * *, clerk to the firm of, etc.; I am Retired Leisure. I am to be met with in trim gardens. I am already come to be known by my vacant face and careless gesture, perambulating at no fixed place nor with any settled purpose. I walk about, not to and from. They tell me a certain *cum-dignitate* air that has been buried so long with my other good parts has begun to shoot forth in my person. I perceptibly grow into gentility. When I take up a newspaper, it is to read the state of the opera. *Opus operatum est*. I have done all that I came into this world to do. I have worked task-work, and have the rest of the day to myself.

CHARLES LAMB.

CRESCENTIUS.

I LOOKED upon his brow: no sign
Of guilt or fear was there;
He stood as proud by that death-shrine
As even o'er Despair
He had a power; in his eye
There was a quenchless energy,
A spirit that could dare
The deadliest form that Death could take,
And dare it for the daring's sake.
He stood, the fetters on his hand;
He raised them haughtily;

And had that grasp been on the brand,
 It could not wave on high
 With freer pride than it waved now.
 Around he looked with changeless brow
 On many a torture nigh—
 The rack, the chain, the axe, the wheel,
 And, worst of all, his own red steel.

I saw him once before : he rode
 Upon a coal-black steed,
 And tens of thousands thronged the road
 And bade their warrior speed ;
 His helm, his breastplate, were of gold,
 And graved with many a dent that told
 Of many a soldier's deed ;
 The sun shone on his sparkling mail,
 And danced his snow-plume on the gale.

But now he stood chained and alone,
 The headsman by his side,
 The plume, the helm, the charger, gone ;
 The sword which had defied
 The mightiest lay broken near ;
 And yet no sign or sound of fear
 Came from that lip of pride,
 And never king or conqueror's brow
 Wore higher look than his did now.

He bent beneath the headsman's stroke
 With an uncovered eye ;
 A wild shout from the numbers broke
 Who thronged to see him die :
 It was a people's loud acclaim,
 The voice of anger and of shame—
 A nation's funeral cry ;
 Rome's wail above her only son,
 Her patriot and her latest one.

L. E. LONDON.

PARTING.

MY early love, and must we part ?
 Yes ; other wishes win thee now ;
 New hopes are springing in thy heart,
 New feelings brightening o'er thy brow,
 And childhood's light and childhood's home
 Are all forgot at glory's call ;
 Yet cast one thought in years to come
 On her who loved thee o'er them all.

When pleasure's bowl is filled for thee,
 And thou hast raised the cup to sip,
 I would not that one dream of me
 Should chase the chalice from thy lip ;
 But should there mingle in the draught
 One dream of days that long are o'er,
 Then—only then—the pledge be quaffed
 To her who ne'er shall taste it more.

When love and friendship's holy joys
 Within their magic circle bind thee,
 And happy hearts and smiling eyes,
 As all must wear who are around thee,
 Remember that an eye as bright
 Is dimmed, a heart as true is broken,
 And turn thee from thy land of light
 To waste on these some little token.

But do not weep : I could not bear
 To stain thy cheek with sorrow's trace ;
 I would not draw one single tear,
 For worlds, down that beloved face.
 As soon would I, if power were given,
 Pluck out the bow from yonder sky,
 And free the prisoned floods of heaven,
 As call one teardrop to thine eye.

Yet oh, my love—I know not why :
 It is a woman's thought—but while

Thou offerest to my memory,
 The tribute should not be a smile ;
 For, though I would not see thee weep,
 The heart methinks should not be gay
 That would the fast of feeling keep
 For her who loves it, far away.

No! Give me but a single sigh
 Pure as we breathed in happier hours,
 When very sighs were winged with joy,
 Like gales that have swept over flowers—
 That uttering of a fond regret,
 That strain my spirit long must pour ;
 A thousand dreams may wait us yet ;
 Our holiest and our first is o'er.

T. K. HERVEY.

THE RELIEF OF LUCKNOW.

OH, that last day in Lucknow fort!
 We knew that it was the last—
 That the enemy's mines had crept surely in
 And the end was coming fast.

To yield to that foe meant worse than death,
 And the men and we all worked on ;
 It was one day more of smoke and roar,
 And then it would all be done.

There was one of us—a corporal's wife,
 A fair young gentle thing,
 Wasted with fever in the siege,
 And her mind was wandering,

She lay on the ground in her Scottish plaid,
 And I took her head on my knee.
 "When my father comes hame frae the
 pleugh," she said,
 "Oh, please, then waken me."

She slept like a child on her father's floor
 In the flecking of woodbine shade,
 When the house-dog sprawls by the half-
 open door,
 And the mother's wheel is stayed.

It was smoke and roar and powder-stench
 And hopeless waiting for death,
 But the soldier's wife, like a full-tired child,
 Seemed scarce to draw her breath.

I sank to sleep, and I had my dream
 Of an English village lane
 And wall and garden, till a sudden scream
 Brought me back to the rear again.

There Jessie Brown stood listening,
 And then a broad gladness broke
 All over her face, and she took my hand
 And drew me near and spoke :

"The Highlanders! Oh, dinna ye hear
 The slogan far awa' ?
 The McGregors! Ah! I ken it weel ;
 It is the grandest of them a'.

"God bless the bonny Highlanders!
 We're saved! we're saved!" she cried,
 And fell on her knees, and thanks to God
 Poured forth like a full flood-tide.

Along the battery-line her cry
 Had fallen among the men,
 And they started; for they were there to
 die :
 Was life so near them then?

They listened for life, and the rattling fire
 Far off, and the far-off roar,

Were all; and the colonel shook his head,
And they turned to their guns once more.

Then Jessie said, "The slogan's dune,
But can ye no hear them noo?
The Campbells are comin'! It's nae a
dream:
Our succors hae broken through."

We heard the roar and the rattle afar,
But the pipers we could not hear;
So the men plied their work of hopeless war,
And knew that the end was near.

It was not long ere it must be heard—
A shrilling, ceaseless sound;
It was no noise of the strife afar,
Or the sappers under ground.

It was the pipe of the Highlanders,
And now they played "Auld Lang Syne;"
It came to our men like the voice of God,
And they shouted along the line.

And they wept and shook each other's hands,
And the women sobbed in a crowd;
And every one knelt down where we stood,
And we all thanked God aloud.

That happy day, when we welcomed them in,
Our men put Jessie first,
And the general took her hand, and cheers
From the men like a volley burst.

And the pipers' ribbons and tartan streamed,
Marching round and round our line,
And our joyful cheers were broken with tears
As the pipers played "Auld Lang Syne."

ROBERT LOWELL.

GOOD PHILOSOPHY.

DOWN in the meadow the grass was
green,
And buds were red on the maple tree,
And far to the south we saw the sheen
Of the luminous purple sea;
We stood alone in the mossy porch
Of the ancient house that was her home,
And the sun shone like a golden torch
Where the clouds were white as foam.

Ah! but we loved in the mellow glow,
For her red, ripe lips were warm and
sweet,
And words were easy to say, you know,
And the hours were very fleet,
And vows were made as the sun went down,
And feet would linger despite old Time,
And the lonely way that led to town
When the curfew-bell should chime.

And her name—what was it? Maud or
May?
For the grass is green, the maple red,
And a long, long year has fled away
Since those sweet vows were said.
Her husband and she are lately gone
To Paris or Moscow. What matter which?
For my name, you see, is simply John,
And he's Count Stephanlasitch.

I know that her face was sweet and fair,
That her lips were red as cherries are,
That the sun made gold amid her hair
And her eyes shone like a star;
But, unless I err, the meadow-path
Holds just as dainty a maid as she;
And why should I nurse despair and wrath,
When a new love waits for me?

THOMAS S. COLLIER.

POCAHONTAS.*



At last they brought him to *Meronoco moco*, where was Powhatan, their emperor. Here more than two hundred of those grim courtiers stood wondering at him as he had been a monster till Powhatan and his train had put themselves in their greatest braveries. Before a fire, upon a seat like a bedstead, he sat covered with a great robe, made of *Rarowcun* skins, and all the tails hanging by. On either hand did sit a young wench of sixteen or eighteen years, and along on each side of the house two rows of men, and behind them as many women, with all their heads and shoulders painted red, many of their heads bedecked with the white down of birds, but every one with something, and a great chain of white beads about their necks. At his entrance before the king, all the people gave a great shout. The queen of *Appamatuck* was appointed to bring him water to wash his hands, and another brought him a bunch of feathers, instead of a towel, to dry them. Having feasted him after their best barbarous manner they could, a long consultation was held, but the conclusion was, two great stones were brought before Powhatan; then as many as could laid hand on him, dragged him to them, and thereon laid his head; and, being ready with their clubs to

beat out his brains, Pocahontas, the king's dearest daughter, when no entreaty could prevail, got his head in her arms and laid her own upon his to save him from death; whereat the emperor was contented he should live to make him hatchets and her bells, beads and copper; for they thought him as well of all occupations as themselves. For the king himself will make his own robes, shoes, bows, arrows, pots; plant, hunt or do anything so well as the rest.

They say he bore a pleasant show,
But sure his heart was sad;
For who, can pleasant be, and rest,
That lives in fear and dread,
And, having life suspected, doth
It still suspected lead?

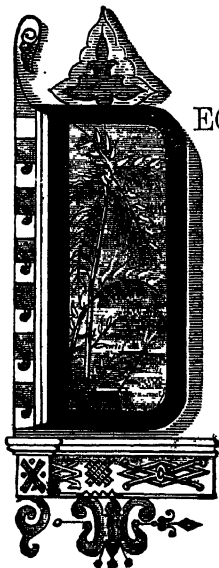
CAPTAIN JOHN SMITH.

READING.

FOR general improvement a man should read whatever his immediate inclination prompts him to; though, to be sure, if a man has a science to learn, he must regularly and resolutely advance. What we read with inclination makes a stronger impression. If we read without inclination, half the mind is employed in fixing the attention; so there is but half to be employed on what we read. I read Fielding's *Amelia* through without stopping. If a man begins to read in the middle of a book and feels an inclination to go on, let him not quit it to go to the beginning. He may perhaps not feel again the inclination.

DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON.

* The work from which this selection is taken was written by Thomas Studley, Robert Fenton, Edward Harrington and Captain John Smith. The selection is believed to be from the pen of Captain Smith.



LEAVES FROM THE DIARY OF A POOR SCHOOLMASTER.

DECEMBER 18th.—These holidays are very welcome to me. Mind as well as body needs refreshment. The frost is still severe, but the sun shone this morning with the splendor of a May day, and the slight covering of snow, which in these country-places does not become sullied as in towns, gave unusual beauty to the whole landscape. The peculiar character of trees is much more perceptible in winter than in summer, when the tracery of their branches is hidden by the leaves. I was struck by this to-day as I walked down the lane adjoining the grounds of the Hall.

The trees here are of great size; the oak, the maple, the horse- and Spanish chestnuts, the birch, the ash, and even elm, grow finely grouped together in a comparatively small space. Here and there a black evergreen, the Scotch and Weymouth pine, add still greater diversity. Bare trees shooting up and spreading out their branches into the keen, bracing air have always had, to my fancy, a fine effect. They seem hard and gray as if made of iron; each has its own peculiar and characteristic twist and turn and angle; each individual twig of the same tree differs from the rest; yet all have the same general character, and that in all lands and from all time unchanged.

This is wonderful. God's works are wonderful as they are manifold.

Instead of pursuing the lane forward to the meadows, I crossed the stile to the left and went down to the old ponds below the Hall, which, being now hardly-frozen over, are a great attraction to the boys. If I had wanted my whole school, I should have found them assembled here with red-and-white comforters round their necks and worsted gloves on. I have an instinctive knowledge of, as well as liking for, boys. I know all in the village—even the Sunday-scholars. I soon discovered, therefore, that among the sliders was one who was a stranger. He might be ten or twelve, looked poor and was scantily clothed, and neither had he any skill on the ice. He kept near the edge, apart from the others, and was making little essays with more perseverance than success. I watched him for some time. Among the sliders yonder were boys not half his age, who slid fearlessly twenty or thirty yards at once. I thought him one of those maladroit beings who do everything in a clumsy, left-handed way, and felt compassion for him. To such, whether boys or men, the easiest things are hard; good intention avails little; their work is without completeness; they blunder rather than go through life; their very existence seems a blunder. While I stood thus thinking, he fell; it was an awkward fall, and I feared he was hurt. I stepped upon the ice, therefore, to help him up, but he sprang nimbly to his feet and received my expressions of



Mary Howitt.

pity with a face crimson with mortification or anger.

"I am not hurt," said he, with almost a defiant air.

The lad was handsome at that moment, and I seemed to recognize his countenance; I thought he was one of the Welds of Kirkton, and said so.

"Kirkton!" said he; "where's that?"

"You must know Kirkton," said I—"the next village?"

"No," returned he; "I never was at Kirkton."

This was very strange.

"If you don't know Kirkton," said I, "then where do you come from?"

"Manchester," replied he.

Manchester! that was upward of a hundred miles off. I understood now why he could not slide: he had lived all his days in a close town where there was no ice to slide on.

"And what brought you from Manchester to this country-place?" I asked. "Have you friends here?"

"I don't think I have," was his somewhat singular reply.

"Did you expect to find friends here?"

"I don't know," said he, shortly.

I was at once convinced that he had something to conceal, and suspicions unfavorable to him entered my mind. Perhaps he was a thief.

"How came you to leave your friends in Manchester?" I asked.

"I had business here," said he, in the cool tone of one who seems determined to be incommunicative.

My suspicions were the more confirmed. I looked keenly at the boy, and he met my

glance with that proud, defiant look which I had before noticed, and which gave to the whole countenance a singularly striking expression.

"Business here, have you?" remarked I, not without a feeling of the absurd pretension of the boy, and yet as if not wishing to pry into his concerns. "And you are disappointed in not finding some acquaintance here? That is it, is it not?"

"I never said anything about acquaintance," said he; "I have no acquaintance."

"But friends, then?" said I, thinking that he merely quibbled about the word.

"I don't know," returned he, shortly, and, stepping from the ice to the bank, seemed disposed to leave both me and the water-side.

But I was not going to let him so escape. I followed him, and we walked together along the fields toward the lane. By dint of close inquiry, I found he had been but a few days in the village; that he had walked most of the way from Manchester, getting only occasional lifts in carts or wagons on the road. He did not beg, he said, proudly; he should never beg. He wanted to get work in the village. He lodged at Widow Marshall's, and she had promised to get him some winding to do.

The boy is a riddle to me. I shall make inquiries from Widow Marshall respecting him.

19th.—Went down to Widow Marshall's this morning; found her busy in her frame, as usual. She is an industrious woman. Fell into talk with her about old times, when she mentioned that this was her birthday. She is now sixty-five—the age of my mother the day she died. The poor cannot keep birthdays, nor do they often

receive birthday presents; but for my beloved parent's sake I sent her a hundred-weight of coals, a loaf of bread, two ounces of tea and half a pound of sugar. This little act made me happier than if I had kept my own birthday twice over.

Widow Marshall could not tell me much about the strange boy. She takes in well-recommended travellers to lodge in her house, and somebody, she imagines, must have sent the boy to her; but she cannot make out who, for he seems of a very reserved disposition. She had nothing to say against him, however, and she is a woman with a keen insight into character and not disposed to think too well of the class of people she has to deal with. He had thirteenpence-halfpenny in his pocket when he came to her. He told her that he wanted to get work, but she could not imagine what could make him leave a thriving place like Manchester, where everybody had plenty to do, for a poor out-of-the-way place like Moreton, unless it was that he was a lad of roving disposition and no place came amiss to him. This is likely enough to be the case. She said she had got some winding for him to do this morning, but he had now set off to Kirkton; and why he would go there she could not tell. She said he came back last night full of Kirkton and the old hall there; and when she told him that it belonged to Squire Jellico, as well as Moreton Hall—though he did not live there any more than at Moreton—and that it was an old tumble-down place, he seemed quite excited about it and said he should set off and have a look at it. So off he went this morning without a bit of breakfast, and she couldn't think what he could be after. Begging it couldn't be, nor picking and stealing, for there was noth-

ing to be got in a poor place like Kirkton. However, when he came back, there was the winding for him to do if he liked; and if not, he must look out for other quarters, as he had come to the end of his money last Saturday night and she couldn't afford to keep him for nothing. He was a queer sort of chap, she said; there was something very deep about him: she couldn't make him out. Sometimes she thought he'd been used to bettermost sorts of people, and then again he seemed almost soft. He was desperately taken with the ice, and yet he couldn't slide a bit; for her part, she should have thought Manchester lads must be used to ice. She shouldn't wonder but that he was gone again to the ponds, and that going to Kirkton was all a pretence. I walked down to the ponds on this suggestion of Mrs. Marshall's. The boys of the village were sliding, but our stranger (Widow Marshall did not know his name further than it was Charley) was not there.

The wind has changed to-day, and there is every appearance of the frost going. It has lasted already fifteen days. I warned my boys to keep out of danger, and then walked on to Kirkton; but I saw nothing of the strange boy. I did not make inquiries from the old woman at the Hall, as the dog there is very fierce and I did not think it likely the boy would venture in.

Called on my friend Mr. Gardner, and, though it was early in the afternoon, drank a dish of tea with him, which he obligingly ordered on my account. Have not seen him since the death of Mr. Jellico's son, who was boarded with him. The poor child was just turned of ten when he died. He was a boy of but small capacity, though of most prom-

ising disposition, and his death seems to have been a great trial to my friend. He had a fine salary with him, the effects of which are evident in his library. His collection of philological works is now very valuable. He showed me a present he received from Squire Jellico—the *Works* of Jeremy Taylor, in eight volumes, finely printed and bound in Russia, and which were sent to him as a compliment after the boy's death.

I grieve to hear that the unhappiness between the squire and his lady still continues. A divorce is now spoken of, but I hope it will not proceed so far; and yet no quarrels are so hard to make up as those between married people when they have once become public. There are fine points in the squire's character, and many good things are told of his lady; yet a fatal *something*—nobody rightly knows what, though there are many surmises—seems to have sundered them for ever. This led us to speak of an unhappy event which occurred just before I came to Moreton, and which was, in fact, the cause of my coming at all; and, as I have not alluded to it hitherto in these pages, I may as well mention it now.

My predecessor at Moreton grammar-school was one Mr. Nathaniel Day; he came from somewhere in the North and was a favorite of the rector and squire: it was the old squire then; he was therefore nominated to the grammar-school, on which occasion the salary was raised from thirty to fifty pounds a year and two additional rooms built to the schoolhouse, which made it much more comfortable. He was no great hand at teaching, however, as the last generation, I think, proves; but he cultivated flowers with much success and played both on the vio-

loncello and the harpsichord, and was consequently made church-organist, for he had a great turn for music. Not many years after he came to Moreton his wife died, leaving him one child, a daughter. As the father was so much favored by the squire, the little girl—Alice was her name—was taken great notice of by old Miss Gadsby, who lived at Kirkton Hall; for the old squire married the elder Miss Gadsby, who with her sister was coheirship of Kirkton, and who inhabited the Hall till the time of her death, some eight or nine years ago, when it came into the hands of the present Squire Jellico. Well, little Alice Day, as I said, being motherless, was much noticed by old Miss Gadsby, and received through her means a better education than was suited to her station, and when she grew up to be about seventeen or eighteen was reckoned one of the greatest beauties in all the country. The old man her father was prodigiously proud of her; and when the young squire—then about three or four and twenty—came home from college, he unfortunately set admiring eyes on her. He used to spend a deal of time at Kirkton; but his father, who had become, as it were, stupid with free living, and the old lady, who was nearly blind, suspected nothing. It soon became the talk of both Kirkton and Moreton; and Mr. Day—poor man!—who flattered himself that he should one of these days see his daughter mistress of the Hall, shut his eyes willingly to all that went forward, and every evening after school-hours went up to the Hall to play at cards with the old gentleman and help the butler to get him to bed; for he was mostly drunk by that time. From one of these drunken

slumbers he never woke, and things now took such a turn with poor Mr. Day as he never looked for. He thought all impediment removed out of the way, but others on which he had never calculated had arisen. Alice Day was the last woman young Squire Jellico now thought of marrying, whatever his promises had once been, and though in true justice she ought to have been the first. When this sad knowledge came to her father, his rage was terrible, not only against the betrayer of his daughter, but against her; while old Miss Gadsby, whose blind eyes were now doubly blinded, regarded the young and deceived victim alone as the guilty one. Poor Mr. Day had carried it with a high hand in the village when he thought fortune would favor him, and this was not forgotten by the villagers. He was a man whom no one liked because so many had envied him, and he had no friends. He had been very proud, and now this downfall and humiliation cut him up, as one may say, to the very roots. In a few weeks' time so much did he take it to heart that no one would have known him. From a strong, fleshy man he wasted away to a mere shadow, and died literally of a broken heart. His few things were sold up, and his daughter left the village.

I had some little interest in the parish, and, as the young squire gave it out that he should continue the fifty pounds a year salary, my brother, who was then living on a farm at Kirkton, sent for me out of Suffolk, and I was fortunate enough to be nominated against fourteen other candidates. I came the very day that poor Alice was last seen in the village. Her father had been

buried the evening before, and a melancholy funeral it was. With some help of the squire, as was supposed, she went off to a distance, nobody knew where, but, as most people thought, among her own relations up in the North, where, I pray God at this distant period—for it is twelve years since, next May—she met with friends who would compassionate her hard fate. Within twelve months of the old squire's death the young squire married the only daughter of Sir Leonard Harcourt, with whom he had a large fortune, but the marriage, as is well known, is not a happy one and is now childless, which, as people say, is a great grief to Squire Jellico; for in case of his leaving no heir male all the property will go to his second cousin, Jukes Jellico of Kent, with whom he is not on good terms. Very unfortunate is it for Moreton and Kirkton that this unhappy breach exists between those who are the true exemplars of a large population which naturally looks to them as its head.

There is to be a great Christmas held at the Hall this year. Squire Jellico comes down with many of his London friends, and great preparations are making for their reception. I noticed an unusual sight as I walked within view of the Hall—viz., smoke coming out of eight different chimneys. The gamekeepers are all alive in the preserves, and a butler and other servants from London are come down for the occasion. It is said that Mrs. Jellico has gone to Italy, and that the squire makes these rejoicings in consequence. Hopes are entertained of his returning to live at the Hall—at least, for part of the year—there being a rumor to that effect. It makes a great difference in a poor place like Moreton

whether a large household is at the Hall or not, for money is sorely wanted here.

Returned home late in the afternoon. The wind is still in the north, and the roads are beginning to be soft. I warned the boys off the ponds as I passed them. I saw nothing of the strange boy on my way back, nor could the lads give me any information, as he had not been seen by them that day. It is singular that I feel so strong an interest in him. But there is something uncommon in his look and behavior. Openness and candor are so truly the attributes of childhood that we are startled by reserve and circumspection; yet he has not a depraved or cunning look, but a something singularly grave and penetrating in his eye, with that occasionally proud and defiant look which seems to resist and repel inquiry. I could imagine that he has had experience not suited to his years; there is a something about him, to use the homely adage, which reminds me of "the old head on the young shoulders." I may be deceiving myself—may be converting a poor common crow into a phoenix—but I confess to a sentiment toward him approaching to affection. I should like to attach such a being to me; my heart has unoccupied room which yearns for a tenant, for early sorrow and disappointment do not close every heart against affection and human trust.

21st.—Must have taken cold in my walk from Kirkton, as the roads were damp and my shoes not of the best. Have been confined to the house these two days. In the afternoon walked down to Widow Marshall's. Found her in some anxiety, as the strange boy has not returned. He owed her eighteen pence for three nights' lodging and victuals. I gave her the money, and thus settled his

little score. We shall perhaps not see him again.

22d, Sunday.—Better of my cold. Attended morning service. As I sat in church I was well pleased to observe our young friend. He came not with the Widow Marshall, but he looked clean and decent. He sat in the aisle, on the free benches, and conducted himself well during the service. The Sunday-schoolers came in in an orderly manner, with their teachers at their head, and marched up the aisle past him. If he remains in the parish, I must have something done for him.

The church was pretty full, principally because the squire and his friends were expected to be there. But the great pew was empty, although the new stove which has been put up had been lighted the day before, and all duly aired. Some of the servants, however, were in the church. After service it was found that the squire did not arrive last night, nor is expected till Tuesday, the 24th, when both he and his friends are looked for. Seven and twenty beds are made up; so that a large party is expected.

In the afternoon I walked toward the ponds. The wind changed to north last night and the ice is again firm, and, though it was Sunday, the boys were sliding. I saw my little friend again on the ice; he was still by himself, but had ventured out much farther, and was sliding pretty well. He is not maladroit, as I imagined. I watched him for some time, meaning to beckon him to me, but as soon as he saw me he came forward of his own accord and thanked me for having paid his little debt to Widow Marshall.

"But," said he, with his proud manner,

"I was not going to cheat her; I meant to pay her, and I shall repay you."

Without contesting this subject with him, I asked him to walk home with me and I would give him a cup of tea. I doubted not but that I should overcome his reserve, for kindness has great power. I did not, however, make much out, as I reserved my questions for the fireside, when I thought Becky's good tea and some seed-cake which Mrs. Garnett had given me would open his heart. When I reached home, however, I found Mr. Garnett and a friend of his come to drink tea and spend the evening with me; so that I was reluctantly obliged to send my little friend into the kitchen, where, Becky not being in a good humor, I am afraid he was not well entertained, for he left before tea was well over. On my way home, however, I learned that he had been, as he said, to Kirkton, had not only been in but over the Hall, and had been allowed to sleep in an outhouse. The old woman had given him some victuals and had shown him the family pictures, and he had been in the church and seen the tombs there. He is probably an embryo antiquarian whose name may become renowned in some future day, for such tastes are rare in boys of his age and class. I asked him what made him take so great an interest in these old things. Again he put on that strange look, and, turning on me his large gray eyes, said coolly, but with a flushed countenance that seemed to belie his words, that he didn't know. I counselled him to get some work to do, and in reply he inquired if he could be employed at the Hall. I laughed, saying I supposed he wanted to see the old rooms and the family pictures there.

"Yes," said he, in a much more frank tone than was common to him.

I promised, therefore, to ask Mrs. Julip, the housekeeper, to let him go through the Hall some day, but, as the condition of this, made him promise to be a good boy and get some work.

24th.—It is strange how my interest in this boy grows; it is no common feeling of idle curiosity or mere pity that I have for him.

I walked to-day through the town. It has been all astir. The squire arrived at eight this morning, having travelled post all night. Several parties arrived in the course of the day, and the White Lion was thronged with postilions and post-horses. They were decorating the church with holly as I passed; the door was open, and I walked in. To my surprise, I found my young friend in the chancel; he was reading the inscriptions on the tombs of the Jellicos. He can read well. I made him read several of them to me, and explained the Latin to him. I made him also read the ten commandments, but he knows these by heart. I asked him who had taught him. He said his mother.

And how came he to leave his mother? I inquired.

He turned hastily away and wept. The boy has known sorrow, and the wound is yet fresh.

25th, Christmas Day.—This has been a day of strange tribulation. A sudden thaw came on yesterday, and continued through the night. The boys, as usual, went to the ponds, but few ventured on the ice, as it was giving way. The poor stranger lad, for whom, as I have before said, these waters seemed to have a strange fascination, went

down, leapt thoughtlessly from the bank across the water which had already covered the ice from the land, and began sliding at some distance. He was now a tolerable proficient and very daring, but from his reserved manners, his evident poverty and his being a stranger he had no acquaintance among the village lads. Nevertheless, some of them warned him of his danger. Before long the ice on which another lad was sliding gave way, and he must have sunk had not the stranger rushed to the spot and pulled him out. But this brave act was only performed at his own sacrifice: the ice broke in with him, and while the boy he had rescued was received on the bank by his comrades our little hero sank. He made desperate efforts to save himself, but the ice all around was rotten and soon gave way. His danger was instantly perceived by the boys on the water's edge, and a loud cry was raised. Several ran for help, and two, with noble courage, sprang upon the ice in the hope of saving him, but a short time proved this to be impossible. He was apparently left alone to perish. Presently, however, some of the boys who had run to the village returned with men, bringing a rope, but, unfortunately, it was too short to reach him. By this time he was becoming exhausted. But a new anxiety seemed to possess him: this was to save something, which appeared to be a small packet of papers, which for some time he held between his teeth, as if to preserve them from the water. After struggling for a long time and making wonderful efforts to save himself, he sank to rise no more. I know not when any event of late years has so much distressed me. I did not hear of it till an hour afterward,

when Widow Marshall brought me word, she having been down to the ponds to see if nothing could be done to save him; for, as she lives at that end of the village, her house was one of the first the boys ran to in their dismay. Why did they not come instantly to me? I ran down to the ponds, although I had no hope of life being restored, even if the body were found. A great crowd were on the banks, and two men with a boat and drags were on the water, the ice having been broken for that purpose; but the poor body must have been floated away, for it could not be found.

As I stood on the edge of the water thinking of the poor houseless lad who had just lost his life, I turned my eyes in the direction of the Hall, which from this point is wholly visible. It was becoming dusk, and the large mansion was lighted up as if for a great festivity. There is a grand Christmas entertainment there to-night; for, though Mrs. Jellico is absent, the dean of Windsor, who is a relative of the squire's, is there with his lady, and a large family party and all the gentry of the neighborhood—nay, of half the county—are invited. What a contrast was this to the cold, dreary night, the desolate water, the drowned but un-found body of the fatherless, motherless and homeless boy! Life is full of strange contrasts!

I feel as if I had sustained a great loss—as if life had been deprived of something of worth. What might not that boy have been to me! What undeveloped powers lay not within him? what a wealth of feeling and affection?

26th.—The body has not been found. I have thought much to-day of the papers

which the poor boy appeared so anxious to save. They say that he was heard to exclaim with a despairing voice, "I have lost them!" just before he sank. He held them between his teeth, probably in the vain hope of keeping them dry. What could they be? My curiosity suggests many ideas. Perhaps some last letter of his mother; perhaps a little money. In the idea that it might be money, some of the men were additionally eager in their search. I confess to a desire to know myself.

27th.—Had a strange dream or vision last night. It seemed to me to be the daybreak of a summer's morning. A sunny mist of an opal color appeared to fill my chamber, gathering round my bed, at the foot of which lay a brightness as of noonday, and amid these gradually revealed themselves, as if fashioned of light, two figures—the strange boy and a woman of resplendent beauty. The boy had the same countenance, but beautiful exceedingly, and the woman held him by the hand. They looked at me with an expression of divine love, and I seemed to hear, although not by outward speech, these words:

"These are mother and son: she was the schoolmaster's daughter of whom thou hast heard."

The knowledge thus conveyed brought with it no astonishment, but a calm certainty, as of eternal truth.

"Yes," I seemed to say to myself, "thou art the daughter of Nathaniel Day, and this is thy son; and it is now well with thee."

"It is well," she replied.

With that all disappeared, and I awoke. It was pitch-dark in my room. I sat up in

bed and looked around—for the impression of my dream was still as strong in my mind as reality itself—but there was nothing.

Perhaps this singular dream or vision was but the effect of my excited feelings, for the loss of the boy has troubled me much. Perhaps supernatural appearances, so called, are the deepest of truths and I have been privileged to have the secrets of the grave laid open before me—to behold the dead, or, more correctly speaking, the really living. I know not. I dare not disbelieve, nor yet wholly believe. It may be so. This boy may be the child of poor Alice Day, and the papers which he was so anxious to save might contain proofs of the fact. And I must confess that the expression of proud reserve which struck me so much in his countenance is not unlike that of the Jellicos. What would have been the consequence had he lived and asserted his claim of parentage on the squire? But he needs no earthly father now: the great Father of all has taken him home. The subject can matter to no one now. I therefore shall not speak of my dream, for there are many Sadducees even in a poor ignorant place like Moreton. In these pages and in the faithful chronicle of my memory let it alone remain.

30th.—This day the body was found. A boy who was on his way to Kirkton this morning ran back to the village with the news that he could see the poor drowned boy's shoes near the bank, under the ice. He was taken out and carried to the Nag's Head, near Widow Marshall's. I went down to see him; he was laid on a board in the great club-room, and the coroner's inquest was held about three in the afternoon. The body was as fresh and the

countenance as undisfigured as if he were lying in a decent and placid sleep. This was astonishing to all, and Mr. Hatherall, the coroner, who had lately lost a son, a fine lad of twelve, was so much affected at the sight as to be unable to speak for some time. As for myself, it was more than I could bear. I stayed but a short time in the room, and, cutting off a lock of his dark hair, returned home, when I spent some time in Scripture reading, which I always find consolatory to my spirits.

31st.—The last day of the year. This being the alternate Sunday when there was no afternoon service, the poor lad's funeral was ordered for three o'clock. It was a parish funeral, of course, but what did that matter? I, who had been privileged to see the spirit in its blessedness, could not mourn that his poor perishable remains were unattended to their last resting-place by worldly pomp. Nevertheless, I paid half a crown to Mr. Coates, the undertaker, for the use of a pall, and I and the Widow Marshall agreed to see the poor body laid decently in the earth.

The funeral was somewhat later than was intended, owing to a farmer's funeral from Heathlands, which was to take place first, being after time. The Sunday-scholars, therefore, were all out, and thronged about the Nag's Head door to see it move off. I went out to them and spoke a few words about the poor lad who had come a stranger among them, only, as it were, to give proof of a noble heart and noble self-sacrifice, and then to die. Some of the children, the girls especially, seemed much affected. I marshalled them, therefore, in a little order, for the coffin just then came out, and they fol-

lowed in twos and twos, Mrs. Marshall and I bringing up the rear. I had on my best black suit and she wore mourning, which she had borrowed; so that it was a respectable funeral.

Just as we got out of Nag's Head Lane into the main street the squire's carriage drove up—he was going out—and two gentlemen were with him. Our little funeral procession stopped the way, and his coachman pulled up. The squire seemed in a very merry humor, and, putting his head out of the window, asked Tim Stephens, the barber, what funeral that was. Tim replied that it was only a poor lad—whom nobody knew—that had been drowned in the pond: that was all. The squire drove on, and I pondered seriously on the mysteries of life. There father and son met; where would their next meeting be?

April 12th.—The swallows are come. The boys brought me word that one and another had seen them singly or in twos and threes. The spring this year is steady and genial and full of amenities. Worked in my garden, this being a half holiday. The primroses which I set under the nut-hedge are very beautiful, and the wild red variety which I brought out of the fields last spring flourishes well. I will plant many more of these roots, as well as of the oxlip, which likes my garden greatly. It is not every wild flower that can bear cultivation; the whole tribe of orchises, for instance, seems to resist human endeavors, while the primrose and oxlip, and a few others, take all in a kindly spirit and make gracious returns. I have mentioned to the boys my wish for these flowers.

16th.—My desire to have some roots of

the red primrose has led to a singular discovery. Surely we are only agents in the hand of a mighty Power, and our lightest wishes tend to purposes and are linked with effects of which we ourselves have not the remotest idea.

I worked in my garden, as usual, this Saturday afternoon; and when I considered my day's work about done and was summoned by Becky to tea, the true interest of the day only just began. Tim Stephens and Jack Bartlett, to whom every close and dingle in the parish are known, brought me a basket full of red primrose and oxlip roots, which I immediately planted. They had taken with them an old basket for that purpose, in the bottom of which, it being full of holes, they had laid some old written paper to keep the soil from falling through. There has ever been a great fascination to me in written paper. Having set my roots, therefore, with which I was well pleased, I took out the damp and crumpled paper, which, having carefully freed from mould, I laid on the hearth to dry while I drank my tea. It is a folio sheet of paper closely written over in a woman's hand, and appears to be a letter or narrative, but without either beginning or end, and portions of it, from apparent exposure to weather or other rough usage, are quite illegible. Beginning at once with the first word, the middle of a sentence, I wrote down as follows:

"nor can be convinced but that I am your wedded wife, although I am an outcast and have been suffered to perish in want. In this belief I die. My heart is broken, but that cannot signify to him who has allowed things to go on as they have done. Oh,

Charles, let me recall the past—" (Here many lines are illegible.) "—and known only to God, for to none have my sorrows and sufferings been revealed. I was assured of a legal marriage, and then in my extremest need I received from you an asseverated declaration that I had been deceived, and that I could make no legal claim on you, but must live a dishonored woman, and that my child must bear the stigma of illegitimacy. Had I, then, no cause of complaint? You blamed me for not submitting to dishonor—for not remaining to be your mistress when I knew myself no longer your wife. I would not receive your visits on these terms, and therefore the barest means of subsistence for me and my child were refused." (Again a considerable portion which I cannot decipher.) "My applications on his behalf were scorned. I received no answers to my letters; and at length came one from your wife. God in heaven! why did I not become mad? I know not. Mad I must have become, or I should have committed suicide but that I had yet a tie to life, and that was my child—*your* child.

"I loved you in the young, wonderfully bright years which now appear to me ages ago, as if a portion of some former existence—loved you with that adoring, confiding love which the young, humbly-born girl gives to her wealthy lover. But still I was virtuous. It was necessary for you to practise the cruelest, the basest deception, for you to delude me into the belief that I was your wife, before I became yours. I saw reason why our marriage should be concealed. Alas! I should as soon have doubted in Heaven as in you. But when the true time for acknowledgment came—when no outward

impediment stood longer in the way and you were master of your own actions—what was the acknowledgment as regarded me? That I was disgraced—that I had no legal hold—” (Here, again, many lines are defaced.) “I did not ask aid from them, for I and my poor babe were worse than heathens in their eyes. We were literally without friends—alone in the wide world. I had a little school, and I endeavored conscientiously before God to do my duty, but my health failed. For some time I had the hope of a permanent situation as teacher of a large national school, in which I should have been well provided for, but at the very moment when I thought all was settled—after months of anxious waiting—it was whispered that my child was not born in wedlock. God forgive me! I had represented myself as a widow; and a widow, indeed, I was. I was called before the committee without the slightest intimation of wherefore, and was desired by a grave and reverend gentleman, in the presence of twelve others, to produce my marriage certificate. Prevarication was now hopeless. The closest scrutiny was commenced. I dared not deny the truth, and with many tears, though I never spoke my betrayer’s name, stated how I had been deceived by a sham marriage. But my candor availed nothing. I was now a sinner in two ways: I was a mother though not a wife, and I had lied to the committee. I had wilfully endeavored to deceive them and to bring disgrace on their philanthropy. I stood humbled and confounded before them, like the woman taken in sin; but there was no Christ Jesus there to silence them with his reproof of love. Every hand flung a stone

at me. I was crushed and overwhelmed, and I went from their presence like a detected thief. I had now not only no friends, but many enemies.

“My boy was now seven. If it had pleased the divine Justice to visit my shortcomings and backslidings with the stern condemnation of suffering, he had mingled mercy in my bitter cup in this child. Beautiful was he in person, and of a divine spirit.” (Here follows another portion which is illegible. And let me now bear testimony against myself. I no longer read this letter with closed eyes. It was written by Alice Day—she who appeared to me in that wonderful dream. I have, of a truth, been singularly mixed up in this affair. This, then, is the very paper which the poor lad made such efforts to save. Perish it could not. God, in his inscrutable providence, has saved it from the drowning waters and sent it to my hand. I must transcribe the rest, though the poor writer meant it for other eyes than mine; and I must learn from the boys in the morning where this was found, and if there yet remains more. I now proceed.)

“My health was wholly gone. The friend who had shown me such kindness in the hospital did not desert me when we both came out. We took a room together and worked for the ready-made-linen shops. In order that no after-discoveries might be prejudicial to me with her, I told her the truth. She loved me only the more for it. We divided our little earnings between us, and my boy was a child to us both. She was a much better workwoman than I, but she was frequently laid up with sickness. I was her nurse, and then worked double time. Our life was a slow death. For three years we

thus struggled on together, and then she fell ill with ophthalmia. She was removed to the ophthalmic hospital, and in three days she was carried off suddenly by an acute disease of which the doctors had not been aware. Her death was a great blow. I had thought of late years that I was growing callous to suffering, but her death proved it not to be so.

"Another trial came. One of the good district visitors, to whom my poverty and my willing industry were known, recommended me as the female superintendent of a benevolent institution which was just established. My few long-disused acquirements fitted me for it, but my marriage certificate was again demanded. I made this time no pretence of widowhood and told the truth only—as before, carefully concealing your name. But the truth testified against me. The good district visitor shook his head mournfully, and my name was not even proposed.

"Eighteen months now succeed which are but a fierce and hopeless battle against the cruellest ills of life—sickness and absolute want. Downward and ever downward is the career of poverty—if not in crime, at least in misery. I, who had in former years prided myself on beauty and to whom beauty had been a snare, was now prematurely old, my joints racked with rheumatism and my fingers incapable of holding the needle, which had once been the means of bread. I should have died in the union workhouse but that to go there I should be severed from my child. He it was who now worked. For eighteen months we have lived on his earnings. He knows all, for he is not merely a child. The hard realities of life

have given to him the wisdom of maturer years.

"I write this with death before me: it is the only legacy I have to leave him. I have told him all the love which filled my soul for his father. I meant, perhaps, to awaken abhorrence in his heart, but, like the prophet of the Old Testament, I, who came to curse, remained to bless. We have both of us received only evil at your hand, yet we love you. Close not, then, your heart against your child.

"I hear that God has been pleased to remove your lawful heir by death. My child can never fill his place in the eye of the law, but oh, I beseech you with my dying breath, give him a place in your heart and let him not, with all his noble gifts and his generous, self-forgetting impulses, be an outcast in the world! My last prayer to God is that he will incline your heart to your child and make him a blessing to you—a blessing beyond worldly—"

Here the manuscript breaks off abruptly, and, as it does not conclude the sheet, I imagine that she died and left the sentence unfinished. The beginning, then, only is wanting, and that I must endeavor to obtain if possible.

17th, Easter Sunday.—Rose early after a sleepless night and went in search of the two boys. I asked them where they had found the paper which was under the flower-roots, and Stephens, who is a ready talker—perhaps because he is the son of a barber, who are proverbially nimble-tongued—soon gave me the information. He said he was looking among the old sedges by the lower pond for reed-sparrows' nests, as they were on their way to Crabtree Dingle for the

primroses, when Jack Bartlett, who carried the basket, suddenly exclaimed that he had forgotten to get a bit of paper to put in the bottom to keep the soil from tumbling through, and just at that moment he saw some paper lying among the dry sedge roots; he picked it up and laid it in the basket: that was all. I did not wish to excite curiosity; therefore, after some further talk on casual subjects, I got them to describe the exact spot, and then set off by myself to find what further waif and stray might be cast up by the waters of the pond. My search was more successful than I expected. I found also, among the dry roots of the sedge, a little old pocket-book covered with dry mud, and which, having been saturated with water, was now dried by the sun and wind.

I opened it with a peculiar sentiment of awe and interest. The hands which last closed it were cold in the grave, and it was itself evidence of events and feelings which had been mysteriously laid open before me. The flap of the pocket-book was torn, and thus the letter had fallen out, but the rest of the contents seemed safe. It is one of those "ladies' memorandum-books" which are published every year, and this bears date fourteen years ago and contained occasional notings down—mostly rendered illegible by the wet. One or two, however, I can make out, thus: "*May 6.*—At Kirkton, Miss G. gave me a new gingham dress; it is pink, and very pretty. *June 12.*—Miss G. angry because I trod on Fan's tail. Have finished the mits; Miss G. likes them. My father fetched me home. *26.*—Back again at Kirkton. I do love this old house and all its old pictures and furniture. Miss G. can-

not do without me; she is very good to-day. Have brought my father's shirts here to finish." These are a specimen of the entries contained in the book—evidences, they, of a simple, innocent, childlike life. She knew not love: the serpent had not then entered her Eden.

The larger packet contained various short but passionate declarations of love bearing date a year later and signed "C. J." (Charles Jellico), and two others, of a still later date, evidently written after she had illegally become his wife.

I am tossed and tempest in mind. Perhaps I have done wrong in reading them. I think not—for how otherwise could I know their nature?—and I shall make no unworthy use of them. But one thing, however, is clear to me: the unfinished letter was designed for Mr. Jellico's reading, and to him it shall go. The pocket-book, perhaps, was meant only for the boy: I know not; but it also shall go to the squire—to the writer of those delusive letters, to the destroyer of that innocent heart which has left its childlike impress on those pages.

Easter Monday.—This being holiday, I put on my Sunday suit and walked up to the Hall. I felt considerably agitated, as my errand was so strange and altogether unprecedented; and the squire, though well disposed toward me, is not a man of easy access or one who relishes the familiar approach of inferiors. I found him, however, more affable than usual; he had just finished breakfast, and conducted me into the library, where, he said, he preferred transacting business. He seated himself in a large leathern chair, and, pointing to me to take another, turned to me with a laugh, saying,

"Well, Mr. Goodman, what trouble have you now in hand? Is the schoolhouse burned down or have the children got the small-pox?"

"Sir," I said, "it is not a trifle which brings me to you, neither is it a laughing-matter."

Here I related as briefly as possible the history of the boy's sojourn amongst us, recalling to his mind the funeral which had stopped his carriage on the last evening of the old year. Without exciting his suspicions as to what my communications tended to, I then added that, strange as it might appear, the papers about which the last living thoughts of the boy had been occupied, and which had come into my hands, appeared to have reference to himself, and that I considered it right, therefore, that they should pass direct from my hands into his own.

The squire looked somewhat grave, but he assumed a careless air, and, putting forth his hand to receive the packet, said,

"Very good. You can leave them with me, and when I have leisure I will attend to them."

With this I took my leave.

19th.—No message from the squire. I feel anxious and perturbed. I desire to know the effect produced on this hard man of the world by that affecting chronicle of suffering caused by himself.

23d, Saturday.—The squire came to my house to-day. I had just finished tea when Becky rushed in, all excitement, saying that he was walking in the garden and desired to speak with me. I went out, well knowing that this visit could have reference to only one subject. Before going out, however, I bade my servant Becky go and inquire after

Joseph Pudsey, who, though an old man, is ill of whooping-cough—a very rare case—for I wished her out of the way before I brought the squire into the house, having reason to suspect her of listening.

The first words the squire put to me were whether I had read the papers which I had put into his hands.

I replied that I had done so, and, moreover, I again related to him how they had fallen into my hands; for, though I had already told him this, he seemed to have forgotten it.

He said I had done very wrong, as they ought to have been given at once into his hands, seeing they were on private business, and that of a serious nature. I showed him, in return, how impossible it would have been for me to know for whom they were designed unless they had been first read, saying, furthermore, that it was well that they fell into my hands instead of others', who might not have respected their contents as I had done. He could not but confess the truth of my words, and then, resting his head upon his hand, sunk in deep thought for some time, his countenance wearing an air of deep dejection.

I respected his feelings too much to break the silence, and waited for him to speak. At length he said in a low and tremulous voice,

"You are a man of honor, Mr. Goodman, and I believe that any confidence reposed in you will be inviolate. In your eyes I appear at this moment as a villain; few, however, are so bad but that something may be said in their extenuation. I will now, as regards this most unhappy affair, relate to you some facts which have never before passed my lips, and these, though they may not excuse me, will prove at least that I am not wholly

hardened, and that I have not been without my own share of suffering."

For half an hour he spoke, and I listened without interrupting him, satisfied that not only are the wages of sin death, but the greater the violation of principle and the sin against knowledge, the severer the penalty inflicted by an accusing conscience. I pitied the man whom I thus saw agonized by self-condemnation, but I will not reveal—will not commit even to this sacred transcript of my life and my feelings—the agony of another, who, in a moment of self-forgetfulness perhaps, laid bare before me the secrets of his own soul.

24th.—I am in a singular position with regard to the squire. I know too much regarding him either for his peace or my own. I regret the confidence which he has placed in me; he will soon regret it himself, if he have not done so already. It will be galling to a proud spirit like his, and he will probably seek to remove me from this place.

26th.—Becky brings me word that the squire has suddenly left the Hall. He set off for London last night, travelling post, as usual. Some think this has reference to his lady, who is now in Rome. More probably, I think, it is owing to this communication to me. He has, perhaps, left this neighborhood for ever.

30th.—Letter from the squire in London. He offers me his interest in obtaining the situation of master of a grammar-school in Yorkshire, the income of which is one hundred pounds per annum. I am taken by surprise. I know not whether this is meant by him as a punishment or a reward. I do not of my own free will incline to leave this place, to the rising generation of which I am become greatly attached. Yorkshire is a

land of strangers to me, and I feel as one about to be disinherited; yet so full of contradictory impulses is the heart that I do not feel free to decline it. I am in a sore perplexity.

O Lord, I am in thy hands: do thou guide me, and all will then be well.

MARY HOWITT.

SEMPRONIUS'S SPEECH FOR WAR.

MY voice is still for war.

Gods! can a Roman Senate long debate
Which of the two to choose, slavery or death?
No! Let us rise at once, gird on our swords,
And at the head of our remaining troops
Attack the foe, break through the thick array
Of his thronged legions, and charge home
upon him.

Perhaps some arm, more lucky than the rest,
May reach his heart and free the world from
bondage.

Rise, Fathers, rise! 'Tis Rome demands
your help.

Rise and revenge her slaughtered citizens
Or share their fate! The corpse of half her
Senate

Manures the fields of Thessaly while we
Sit here deliberating in cold debate

If we should sacrifice our lives to honor
Or wear them out in servitude and chains.

Rouse up! For shame! Our brothers of
Pharsalia

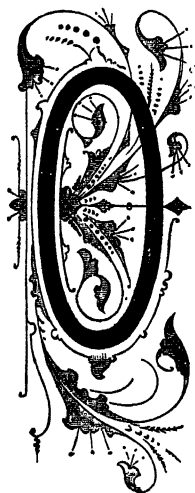
Point at their wounds and cry aloud, "To
battle!"

Great Pompey's shade complains that we are
slow,

And Scipio's ghost walks unrevenged amongst
us.

JOSEPH ADDISON.

CHARLES THE TWELFTH.



ON what foundation stands the
warrior's pride,
How just his hopes, let
Swedish Charles decide.

A frame of adamant, a soul
of fire,
No dangers fright him and
no labors tire;
O'er love, o'er fear, extends
his wide domain,
Unconquered lord of pleasure
and of pain;

No joys to him pacific sceptres yield;
War sounds the trump: he rushes to the
field;

Behold surrounding kings their powers com-
bine,

And one capitulate, and one resign;
Peace courts his hand, but spreads her charms
in vain:

"Think nothing gained," he cries, "till
naught remain;

On Moscow's walls till Gothic standards fly,
And all be mine beneath the polar sky."

The march begins in military state,
And nations on his eye suspended wait;
Stern Famine guards the solitary coast,
And Winter barricades the realms of frost;
He comes: not Want and Cold his course
delay;

Hide, blushing Glory, hide Pultowa's day.
The vanquished hero leaves his broken bands,
And shows his miseries in distant lands,
Condemned a needy suppliant to wait
While ladies interpose and slaves debate.

But did not Chance at length her error mend?
Did no subverted empire mark his end,
Or hostile millions press him to the ground?
His fall was destined to a barren strand,
A petty fortress and a dubious hand;
He left the name at which the world grew
pale
To point a moral or adorn a tale.

DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON.

THE SKATER.

IN the frosty season, when the sun
Was set, and, visible for many a mile,
The cottage windows blazed through twilight
gloom,

I heeded not their summons. Happy time
It was indeed for all of us: for me
It was a time of rapture. Clear and loud
The village clock tolled six; I wheeled about,
Proud and exulting, like an untired horse
That cares not for his home. All shod with
steel,

We hissed along the polished ice in games
Confederate, imitative of the chase
And woodland pleasures—the resounding
horn,

The pack loud-chiming and the hunted hare.
So through the darkness and the cold we
flew,

And not a voice was idle: with the din
Smitten, the precipices rang aloud;
The leafless trees and every icy crag
Tinkled like iron; while far-distant hills
Into the tumult sent an alien sound
Of melancholy not unnoticed, while the stars

Eastward were sparkling clear, and in the
west

The orange sky of evening died away.
Not seldom from the uproar I retired
Into a silent bay, or sportively
Glanced sideways, leaving the tumultuous
throng

To cut across the reflex of a star
That fled, and, flying still before me, gleamed
Upon the glassy plain; and oftentimes,
When we had given our bodies to the wind,
And all the shadowy banks on either side
Came sweeping through the darkness, spinning
still

The rapid line of motion, then at once
Have I, reclining back upon my heels,
Stopped short; yet still the solitary cliffs
Wheeled by me, even as if the earth had
rolled

With visible motion her diurnal round.
Behind me did they stretch in solemn train,
Feebler and feebler, and I stood and watched
Till all was tranquil as a dreamless sleep.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

THE SEA.

THE sea, the sea, the open sea!
The blue, the fresh, the ever free!
Without a mark, without a bound,
It runneth the earth's wide regions round;
It plays with the clouds, it mocks the skies,
Or like a cradled creature lies.

I'm on the sea, I'm on the sea!
I am where I would ever be,
With the blue above and the blue below,
And silence wheresoe'er I go.
If a storm should come and awake the deep,
What matter? I shall ride and sleep.

I love—oh how I love!—to ride
On the fierce foaming, bursting tide,
When every mad wave drowns the moon
Or whistles aloft his tempest tune,
And tells how goeth the world below,
And why the sou'-west blasts do blow.

I never was on the dull tame shore
But I loved the great sea more and more,
And backward flew to her billowy breast
Like a bird that seeketh its mother's nest;
And a mother she was, and is, to me,
For I was born on the open sea.

The waves were white, and red the morn,
In the noisy hour when I was born;
And the whale it whistled, the porpoise
rolled,
And the dolphins bared their backs of gold;
And never was heard such an outcry wild
As welcomed to life the ocean-child.

I've lived since then, in calm and strife,
Full fifty summers a sailor's life,
With wealth to spend and a power to range,
But never have sought nor sighed for a
change;

And Death, whenever he come to me,
Shall come on the wild, unbounded sea.

BARRY CORNWALL.

OUT OF SHADOW.

OUT of shadow into sunlight,
Out of darkness into day,
So, oft, we tread, unheeding,
Our well-appointed way,
Nor dream that after sorrow
May dawn a glad to-morrow.

MARY DWINELL CHELLIS.



The Skater.

THE CHOICE.

IF Heaven the grateful liberty would
 give
 That I might choose my method how to
 live,
 And all those hours propitious Fate should
 lend
 In blissful ease and satisfaction spend,
 Near some fair town I'd have a private seat,
 Built uniform—not little nor too great;
 Better if on a rising ground it stood,
 On this side fields, on that a neighboring
 wood.

It should within no other things contain
 But what are useful, necessary, plain;
 Methinks 'tis nauseous, and I'd ne'er endure,
 The needless pomp of gaudy furniture;
 A little garden grateful to the eye,
 And a cool rivulet run murmuring by,
 On whose delicious banks a stately row
 Of shady limes or sycamores should grow,
 At th' end of which a silent study placed
 Should be with all the noblest authors graced—
 Horace and Virgil, in whose mighty lines
 Immortal wit and solid learning shines;
 Sharp Juvenal, and amorous Ovid too,
 Who all the turns of love's soft passion
 knew:

He that with judgment reads his charming
 lines,

In which strong art with stronger nature
 joins,

Must grant his fancy does the best excel,
 His thoughts so tender and expressed so
 well;

With all those moderns, men of steady sense,
 Esteemed for learning and for eloquence.
 In some of these, as fancy should advise,
 I'd always take my morning exercise;

For sure no minutes bring us more con-
 tent

Than those in pleasing useful studies spent.

I'd have a clear and competent estate,
 That I might live genteelly, but not great;
 As much as I could moderately spend—
 A little more, sometimes t' oblige a friend.
 Nor should the sons of poverty repine
 Too much at fortune: they should taste of
 mine;

And all that objects of true pity were
 Should be relieved with what my wants could
 spare;

For that our Maker has too largely given
 Should be returned in gratitude to Heaven.

A frugal plenty should my table spread,
 With healthy, not luxurious, dishes spread—
 Enough to satisfy, and something more
 To feed the stranger and the neighboring
 poor:

Strong meat indulges vice, and pampering
 food

Creates diseases and inflames the blood,
 But what's sufficient to make nature strong,
 And the bright lamp of life continue long,
 I'd freely take; and, as I did possess,
 The bounteous Author of my plenty bless.

JOHN POMFRET.

AS LAMPS BURN SILENT.

AS lamps burn silent with unconscious
 light,

So modest ease in beauty shines most
 bright;

Unaiming charms with edge resistless fall,
 And she who means no mischief does it all.

AARON HILL.

THE MINSTREL.

SELECTED.



H, who can tell how hard it
is to climb
The steep where Fame's proud
temple shines afar?
Ah, who can tell how many
a soul sublime
Has felt the influence of ma-
lignant star,
And waged with Fortune an
eternal war?
Checked by the scoff of Pride,
by Envy's frown,
And Poverty's unconquerable bar,
In life's low vale remote has pined alone,
Then dropped into the grave unpitied and
unknown?

And yet the languor of inglorious days
Not equally oppressive is to all:
Him who ne'er listened to the voice of
praise
The silence of neglect can ne'er appal.
There are who, deaf to mad Ambition's
call,
Would shrink to hear the obstreperous
trump of Fame,
Supremely blest if to their portion fall
Health, competence and peace. Nor higher
aim
Had he whose simple tale these artless lines
proclaim.

The rolls of fame I will not now explore,
Nor need I here describe in learned lay

How forth the minstrel fared in days of
yore,
Right glad of heart, though homely in ar-
ray,
His waving locks and beard all hoary
gray,
While from his bending shoulder decent
hung
His harp, the sole companion of his way,
Which to the whistling wind responsive
rung;
And ever, as he went, some merry lay he
sung.

"O ye wild groves, oh where is now your
bloom"—

The Muse interprets thus his tender
thought—

"Your flowers, your verdure and your
balmy gloom
Of late so grateful in the hour of drought?
Why do the birds, that song and rapture
brought
To all your bowers, their mansions now
forsake?
Ah, why has fickle Chance this ruin
wrought?
For now the storm howls mournful through
the brake,
And the dead foliage flies in many a shape-
less flake.

"Yet such the destiny of all on earth—
So flourishes and fades majestic Man:

Fair is the bud his vernal morn brings
 forth,
 And fostering gales a while the nursling
 fan.
 Oh, smile, ye heavens serene! ye mildews
 wan,
 Ye blighting whirlwinds, spare his balmy
 prime,
 Nor lessen of his life the little span!
 Borne on the swift though silent wings of
 Time,
 Old age comes on apace to ravage all the
 clime.

"And be it so. Let those deplore their
 doom
 Whose hope still grovels in this dark so-
 journ;
 But lofty souls who look beyond the
 tomb
 Can smile at fate and wonder how they
 mourn.
 Shall Spring to these sad scenes no more
 return?
 Is yonder wave the Sun's eternal bed?
 Soon shall the Orient with new lustre
 burn,
 And Spring shall soon her vital influence
 shed,
 Again attune the grove, again adorn the mead.

"Shall I be left forgotten in the dust
 When Fate, relenting, lets the flower re-
 vive?
 Shall Nature's voice, to man alone un-
 just,
 Bid him, though doomed to perish, hope to
 live?
 Is it for this fair Virtue oft must strive
 With disappointment, penury and pain?

No! Heaven's immortal springs shall yet
 arrive,
 And man's majestic beauty bloom again,
 Bright through the eternal year of Love's
 triumphant reign."

This truth sublime his simple sire had
 taught:
 In sooth, 'twas almost all the shepherd
 knew;
 No subtle or superfluous lore he sought,
 Nor ever wished his Edwin to pursue.
 "Let man's own sphere," said he, "confine
 his view;
 Be man's peculiar work his sole delight."
 And much and oft he warned him to es-
 chew
 Falsehood and guile, and aye maintain the
 right,
 By pleasure unseduced, unawed by lawless
 might.

"And from the prayer of Want and plaint
 of Woe,
 Oh, never, never turn away thine ear!
 Forlorn in this bleak wilderness below,
 Ah! what were man should Heaven refuse
 to hear?
 To others do—the law is not severe—
 What to thyself thou wishest to be done;
 Forgive thy foes and love thy parents
 dear,
 And friends and native land; nor those
 alone:
 All human weal and woe learn thou to make
 thine own.

"Nor be thy generous indignation checked,
 Nor checked the tender tear to Misery
 given;

From Guilt's contagious power shall *that*
 protect,
This soften and refine the soul for heaven,
 But dreadful is their doom whom doubt
 has driven
 To censure Fate and pious Hope forego :
 Like yonder blasted boughs by lightning
 riven,
 Perfection, beauty, life, they never know,
 But frown on all that pass, a monument of
 woe.

"Shall he whose birth, maturity and age
 Scarce fill the circle of one summer day,
 Shall the poor gnat, with discontent and
 rage,
 Exclaim that Nature hastens to decay
 If but a cloud obstruct the solar ray,
 If but a momentary shower descend?
 Or shall frail man Heaven's dread decree
 gainsay
 Which bade the series of events extend
 Wide through unnumbered worlds and ages
 without end?

"One part—one little part—we dimly scan
 Through the dark medium of life's fever-
 ish dream,
 Yet dare arraign the whole stupendous plan
 If but that little part incongruous seem.
 Nor is that part perhaps what mortals
 deem :
 Oft from apparent ill our blessings rise.
 Oh, then, renounce that impious self-esteem
 That aims to trace the secrets of the skies;
 For thou art but of dust : be humble and be
 wise.

Is there a heart that music cannot melt?
 Alas! how is that rugged heart forlorn!

Is there who ne'er those mystic transports
 felt
 Of solitude and melancholy born?
 He needs not woo the Muse: he is her scorn.
 The sophist's rope of cobweb he shall twine,
 Mope o'er the schoolman's peevish page, or
 mourn
 And delve for life in Mammon's dirty mine,
 Sneak with the scoundrel fox or grunt with
 glutton swine."

For Edwin, Fate a nobler doom had
 planned;
 Song was his favorite and first pursuit;
 The wild harp rang to his adventurous
 hand,
 And languished to his breath the plaintive
 flute.
 His infant Muse, though artless, was not
 mute;
 Of elegance as yet he took no care,
 For this of time and culture is the fruit;
 And Edwin gained at last this fruit so rare,
 As in some future verse I purpose to declare.

Of chance or change oh let not man com-
 plain,
 Else shall he never, never cease to wail,
 For, from the imperial dome to where the
 swain
 Rears the lone cottage in the silent dale,
 All feel the assault of Fortune's fickle gale:
 Art, empire, earth itself, to change are
 doomed;
 Earthquakes have raised to heaven the
 humble vale,
 And gulfs the mountain's mighty mass
 entombed,
 And where the Atlantic rolls wide continents
 have bloomed.

But sure to foreign climes we need not
 range,
 Nor search the ancient records of our race,
 To learn the dire effects of time and change,
 Which in ourselves, alas! we daily trace.
 Yet at the darkened eye, the withered face
 Or hoary hair, I never will repine;
 But spare, O Time, whate'er of mental
 grace,
 Of candor, love or sympathy divine,
 Whate'er of fancy's ray or friendship's flame,
 is mine.

"Perish the lore that deadens young desire!"
 Is the soft tenor of my song no more.
 Edwin, though loved of Heaven, must not
 aspire
 To bliss which mortals never knew before.
 On trembling wings let youthful fancy soar,
 Nor always haunt the sunny realms of joy,
 But now and then the shades of life explore,
 Though many a sound and sight of woe
 annoy,
 And many a qualm of care his rising hopes
 destroy.

Vigor from toil, from trouble patience,
 grows;
 The weakly blossom, warm in summer
 bower,
 Some tints of transient beauty may dis-
 close,
 But soon it withers in the chilling hour.
 Mark yonder oaks! Superior to the power
 Of all the warring winds of heaven they
 rise,
 And from the stormy promontory tower
 And toss their giant arms amid the skies,
 While each assailing blast increase of strength
 supplies.

And now the downy cheek and deepened
 voice
 Gave dignity to Edwin's blooming prime,
 And walks of wider circuit were his choice,
 And vales more wild and mountains more
 sublime.
 One evening, as he framed the careless
 rhyme,
 It was his chance to wander far abroad,
 And o'er a lonely eminence to climb
 Which heretofore his foot had never trod;
 A vale appeared below, a deep retired abode.

Thither he hied, enamored of the scene;
 For rocks on rocks piled, as by magic
 spell,
 Here scorched with lightning, there with
 ivy green,
 Fenced from the north and east this sav-
 age dell.
 Southward a mountain rose with easy
 swell
 Whose long, long groves eternal murmur
 made,
 And toward the western sun a streamlet
 fell,
 Where, through the cliffs, the eye remote
 surveyed
 Blue hills and glittering waves and skies in
 gold arrayed.

Along this narrow valley you might see
 The wild deer sporting on the meadow
 ground,
 And here and there a solitary tree,
 Or mossy stone, or rock with woodbine
 crowned.
 Oft did the cliffs reverberate the sound
 Of parted fragments tumbling from on
 high,

And from the summit of that craggy
mound
The perching eagle oft was heard to cry
Or on resounding wings to shoot athwart the
sky.

One cultivated spot there was that spread
Its flowery bosom to the noonday beam,
Where many a rosebud rears its blushing
head
And herbs for food with future plenty teem.
Soothed by the lulling sound of grove and
stream,
Romantic visions swarm on Edwin's soul;
He minded not the sun's last trembling
gleam,
Nor heard from far the twilight curfew
toll,
When slowly on his ear these moving ac-
cents stole:

"Hail, awful scenes that calm the troubled
breast
And woo the weary to profound repose!
Can passion's wildest uproar lay to rest
And whisper comfort to the man of woes?
Here Innocence may wander safe from
foes,
And Contemplation soar on seraph-wings.
O Solitude! the man who thee foregoes,
When lucre lures him or ambition stings,
Shall never know the source whence real
grandeur springs.

"Vain man! is grandeur given to gay at-
tire?
Then let the butterfly thy pride upbraid;
To friends, attendants, armies bought with
hire?
It is thy weakness that requires their aid;

To palaces with gold and gems inlaid?
They fear the thief and tremble in the
storm;
To hosts through carnage who to conquest
wade?
Behold the victor vanquished by the worm!
Behold what deeds of woe the locust can
perform!

"True dignity is his whose tranquil mind
Virtue has raised above the things below—
Who, every hope and fear to Heaven re-
signed,
Shrinks not though Fortune aim her dead-
liest blow."
This strain from 'midst the rocks was
heard to flow
In solemn sounds. Now beamed the
evening star,
And, from embattled clouds emerging slow,
Cynthia came riding on her silver car,
And hoary mountain-cliffs shone faintly from
afar.

Soon did the solemn voice its theme re-
new,
While Edwin, wrapped in wonder, listen-
ing stood:
"Ye tools and toys of tyranny, adieu.
Scorned by the wise and hated by the good,
Ye only can engage the servile brood
Of Levity and Lust, who all their days,
Ashamed of truth and liberty, have wooed
And hugged the chain that, glittering on
their gaze,
Seems to outshine the pomp of heaven's
empyrean blaze.

"Like them abandoned to Ambition's sway,
I sought for glory in the paths of guile,

And fawned and smiled to plunder and
betray,
Myself betrayed and plundered all the
while :
So gnawed the viper the corroding file ;
But now with pangs of keen remorse I
rue
Those years of trouble and debasement
vile.
Yet why should I this cruel theme pur-
sue?
Fly, fly, detested thoughts, for ever from my
view !”.

Fain would I sing—much yet unsung re-
mains—
What sweet delirium o’er his bosom stole
When the great shepherd of the Mantuan
plains
His deep majestic melody ’gan to roll ;
Fain would I sing what transport stormed
his soul,
How the red current throbbed his veins
along,
When, like Pelides, bold beyond control,
Without art graceful, without effort strong,
Homer raised high to heaven the loud, the
impetuous song.

And how his lyre, though rude his first
essays,
Now skilled to soothe, to triumph, to com-
plain,
Warbling at will through each harmonious
maze,
Was taught to modulate the artful strain,
I fain would sing ; but, ah ! I strive in
vain :
Sighs from a breaking heart my voice con-
found.

With trembling step to join yon weeping
train
I haste, where gleams funereal glare around,
And, mixed with shrieks of woe, the knells
of death resound.

Adieu, ye lays that Fancy’s flowers adorn,
The soft amusement of the vacant mind !
He sleeps in dust, and all the Muses mourn,
He whom each virtue fired, each grace re-
fined ;
Friend, teacher, pattern, darling of man-
kind,
He sleeps in dust. Ah ! how shall I pursue
My theme ? To heart-consuming grief
resigned,
Here on his recent grave I fix my view
And pour my bitter tears. Ye flowery lays,
adieu !

JAMES BEATTIE.

THE VOWS OF MEN.

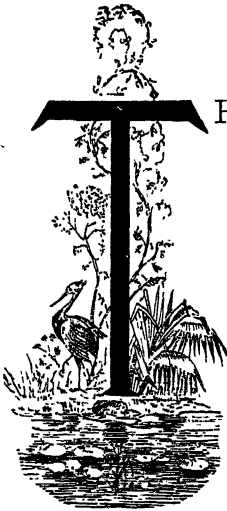
WRITE on the sand when the tide is
low ;
Seek the spot when the waters flow ;
Whisper a name when the storm is heard ;
Pause that the echo may catch the word :
If that you wrote on the sand should last,
If echo is heard ’mid the tempest’s blast,
Then believe, and not till then,
That there’s truth in the vows of men.

Throw a rose on the stream at morn ;
Watch at eve for the flower’s return ;
Drop in the ocean a golden grain ;
Hope ’twill shine on the shore again :
If the rose you again behold,
If you gaze on your grain of gold,
Then believe, and not till then,
There is truth in the vows of men.

THOMAS HAYNES BAYLY.

THE KORAN.

SELECTED FROM AN ARTICLE ON THE KORAN.



THE Koran is the foundation of Islam. It is the sacred book of more than a hundred millions of men, some of them nations of immemorial civilization, by all whom it is regarded as the immediate word of God. And since the use of the Koran in public worship, in schools and otherwise is much more extensive than, for example, the reading of the Bible in most Christian countries, it has been truly described as the most widely-read book in existence. This circumstance alone is sufficient to give it an urgent claim on our attention, whether it suit our taste and fall in with our religious and philosophical views or not. Besides, it is the work of Mohammed, and as such is fitted to afford a clue to the spiritual development of that most successful of all prophets and religious personalities. It must be owned that the first perusal leaves on a European an impression of chaotic confusion: not that the book is so very extensive, for it is not quite so large as the New Testament. This impression can in some degree be modified only by the application of a critical analysis with the assistance of Arabic tradition.

To the faith of the Moslems, as has been said, the Koran is the word of God, and such also is the claim which the book itself

advances. The speaker throughout is God, either in the first person singular or more commonly the plural of majesty, "we."

It is an explicit statement of the Koran that the sacred book was revealed ("sent down") by God—not all at once, but piecemeal and gradually. This is evident from the actual composition of the book, and is confirmed by Moslem tradition. That is to say, Mohammed issued his revelations in fly-leaves of greater or less extent. A single piece of this kind was called either, like the entire collection, *korán*—i. e., "recitation" or "reading"—or *kitáb*, "writing," or *súra*, which is the late-Hebrew *shūrā*, and means literally "series."

How these revelations actually arose in Mohammed's mind is a question which it is almost as idle to discuss as it would be to analyze the workings of the mind of a poet. In his early career—sometimes, perhaps, in its later stages also—many revelations must have burst from him in uncontrollable excitement; so that he could not possibly regard them otherwise than as divine inspirations. We must bear in mind that he was no cold, systematic thinker, but an Oriental visionary brought up in crass superstition and without intellectual discipline—a man whose nervous temperament had been powerfully worked on by ascetic austerities, and who was all the more irritated by the opposition he encountered because he had little of the heroic in his nature. Filled with his religious ideas and

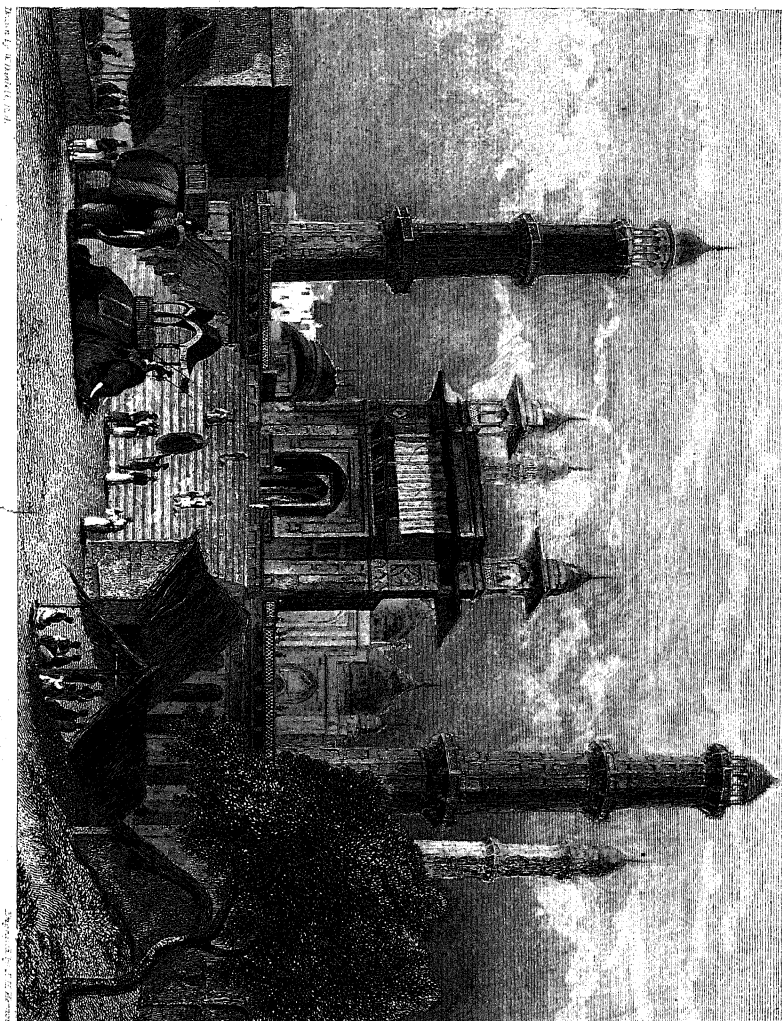
visions, he might well fancy he heard the angel bidding him recite what was said to him.

How the various pieces of the Koran took literary form is uncertain. Mohammed himself, so far as we can discover, never wrote down anything. The question whether he could read and write has been much debated among Moslems—unfortunately, more with dogmatic arguments and spurious traditions than authentic proofs. At present one is inclined to say that he was not altogether ignorant of these arts, but that from want of practice he found it convenient to employ some one else whenever he had anything to write. After the flight to Medina (A. D. 622) we are told that short pieces—chiefly legal decisions—were taken down, immediately after they were revealed, by an adherent whom he summoned for the purpose; so that nothing stood in the way of their publication. Hence it is probable that in Mecca, where the art of writing was commoner than in Medina, he had already begun to have his oracles committed to writing.

In point of style and artistic effect, the different parts of the Koran are of very unequal value. An unprejudiced and critical reader will certainly find very few passages where his æsthetic susceptibilities are thoroughly satisfied. But he will often be struck, especially in the older pieces, by a wild force of passion and a vigorous, if not rich, imagination. Descriptions of heaven and hell and allusions to God's working in Nature not unfrequently show a certain amount of poetic power. In other places, also, the style is sometimes lively and impressive, though it is rarely indeed that we come across such strains of touching simplicity as in the middle of

chapter xciii. The greater part of the Koran is decidedly prosaic; much of it, indeed, is stiff in style. Of course, with such a variety of material, we cannot expect every part to be equally vivacious or imaginative or poetic. A decree about the right of inheritance or a point of ritual must necessarily be expressed in prose if it is to be intelligible. The fact that scraps of poetical phraseology are specially numerous in the earlier *sûras* enables us to understand why the prosaic mercantile community of Mecca regarded their eccentric townsman as a "poet," or even a "possessed poet." Mohammed himself had to disclaim such titles because he felt himself to be a divinely-inspired prophet, but we too, from our standpoint, shall fully acquit him of poetic genius. Like many other predominantly religious characters, he had no appreciation of poetic beauty; and if we may believe one anecdote related of him, ~~at a time when~~ every one made verses he affected ignorance of the most elementary rules of prosody. Hence the style of the Koran is not poetical, but rhetorical; and the powerful effect which some portions produce on us is gained by rhetorical means. Accordingly, the sacred book has not even the artistic form of poetry, which among the Arabs includes a stringent metre, as well as rhyme. The Koran is never metrical, and only a few exceptionally eloquent portions fall into a sort of spontaneous rhythm. On the other hand, the rhyme is regularly maintained, although, especially in the later pieces, after a very slovenly fashion. Rhymed prose was a favorite form of composition among the Arabs of that day, and Mohammed adopted it; but if it imparts a certain sprightliness to some passages, it proves, on the whole, a burdensome

The Mosque at Mecca.



Engraved by J. Smith.

Printed by J. Smith.

yoke. The Moslems themselves have observed that the tyranny of the rhyme often makes itself apparent in a derangement of the order of words and in the choice of verbal forms which would not otherwise have been employed—*e. g.*, an imperfect instead of a perfect. On the whole, while many parts of the Koran undoubtedly have considerable rhetorical power, even over an unbelieving reader, the book, æsthetically considered, is by no means a first-rate performance.

There is one piece of the Koran which claims particular notice. This is the Lord's Prayer of the Moslems, and beyond dispute the gem of the Koran. The words of this *sûra*, which is known as *al-fātiha* ("the opening one"), are as follows :

"(1) In the name of God, the compassionate compassioner. (2) Praise be" [literally "is"] "to God, the Lord of the worlds, (3) the compassionate compassioner, (4) the Sovereign of the day of judgment. (5) Thee do we worship and of Thee do we beg assistance. (6) Direct us in the right way; (7) in the way of those to whom Thou hast been gracious, on whom there is no wrath, and who go not astray."

The thoughts are so simple as to need no explanation, and yet the prayer is full of meaning. It is true that there is not a single original idea of Mohammed's in it. Several words and turns of expressions are borrowed directly from the Jews—in particular, the designation of God as the "compassioner," *Rahmán*. This is simply the Jewish *Rahmáná*, which was a favorite name for God in the Talmudic period. Mohammed seems for a while to have entertained the thought of adopting *al-Rahmán* as a proper name of God in place of *Alláh*, which was

already used by the heathens. This purpose he ultimately relinquished, but it is just in the *sûras* of the second period that the use of *Rahmán* is specially frequent. It was probably in the first *sûra* also that Mohammed first introduced the formula "In the name of God," etc. It is to be regretted that this prayer must lose its effect through too frequent use, for every Moslem who says his five prayers regularly—as the most of them do—repeats it not less than twenty times a day.

When Mohammed died, the separate pieces of the Koran, notwithstanding their theoretical sacredness, existed only in scattered copies; they were consequently in great danger of being partially or entirely destroyed. Many Moslems knew large portions by heart, but certainly no one knew the whole, and a merely oral propagation would have left the door open to all kinds of deliberate and inadvertent alterations. Mohammed himself had never thought of an authentic collection of his revelations; he was usually concerned only with the object of the moment, and the idea that the revelations would be destroyed unless he made provision for their safe preservation did not enter his mind. A man destitute of literary culture has some difficulty in anticipating the fate of intellectual products.

PROFESSOR TH. NOLDEKE.

AL KORAN.

SELECTIONS FROM THE KORAN.

FROM THE ARABIC OF MOHAMMED.

PRAISE.

PRAISE be to God, the Lord of all creatures, the most merciful, the King of

the day of judgment. Thee do we worship, and of thee do we beg assistance. Direct us in the right way—in the way of those to whom thou hast been gracious, not of those against whom thou art incensed, nor of those who go astray.

PRAYER.

And Adam learned words of prayer from his Lord, and God turned unto him; for he is easy to be reconciled and merciful. We said, Get ye all down from hence; hereafter shall there come unto you a direction from me; and whoever shall follow my direction, on them shall no fear come, neither shall they be grieved; but they who shall be unbelievers and accuse our signs of falsehood, they shall be the companions of hell-fire, therein shall they remain for ever. O children of Israel, remember my favor wherewith I have favored you; and perform your covenant with me, and I will perform my covenant with you; and revere me; and believe in the revelation which I have sent down, confirming that which is with you, and be not the first who believe not therein, neither exchange my signs for a small price; and fear me. Clothe not the truth with vanity, neither conceal the truth against your own knowledge; observe the stated times of prayer, and pay your legal alms, and bow down yourselves with those who bow down. Will ye command men to do justice, and forget your own souls? yet ye read the book of the law: do ye not therefore understand? Ask help with perseverance and prayer; this indeed is grievous unless to the humble, who seriously think they shall meet their Lord, and that to him they shall return. O children of Israel, remember my favor where-

with I have favored you, and that I have preferred you above all nations; dread the day wherein one soul shall not make satisfaction for another soul, neither shall any intercession be accepted from them, nor shall any compensation be received, neither shall they be helped.

TO FIGHT FOR RELIGION.

Consume not your wealth among yourselves in vain; nor present it unto judges, that ye may devour part of men's substance unjustly, against your own consciences. Fight for the religion of God against those who fight against you; but transgress not by attacking them first, for God loveth not the transgressors. And kill them wherever ye find them, and turn them out of that whereof they have dispossessed you; for temptation to idolatry is more grievous than slaughter; yet fight not against them in the holy temple, until they attack you therein; but if they attack you, slay them there. This shall be the reward of infidels. But if they desist, God is gracious and merciful. Fight therefore against them, until there be no temptation to idolatry, and the religion be God's; but if they desist, then let there be no hostility except against the ungodly. A sacred month for a sacred month and the holy limits of Mecca, if they attack you therein, do ye also attack them therein in retaliation; and whoever transgresseth against you by so doing, do ye transgress against him in like manner as he hath transgressed against you, and fear God, and know that God is with those who fear him. Contribute out of your substance toward the defence of the religion of God, and throw not yourselves with your own hands into perdition; and do good, for God loveth those who do good.

GOD AND HIS REVELATION.

There is no God but God, the living, the self-subsisting: he hath sent down unto thee the book of the Koran with truth, confirming that which was revealed before it; for he had formerly sent down the law, and the gospel a direction unto men; and he had also sent down the distinction between good and evil. Verily those who believe not the signs of God shall suffer a grievous punishment; for God is mighty, able to revenge. Surely nothing is hidden from God, of that which is on earth, or in heaven: it is he who formeth you in the wombs, as he pleaseth; there is no God but he, the mighty, the wise. It is he who hath sent down unto thee the book, wherein are some verses clear to be understood, they are the foundation of the book; and others are parabolical. Verily the true religion in the sight of God is Islam; and they who had received the Scriptures dissented not therefrom, until after the knowledge of God's unity had come unto them, out of envy among themselves; but whosoever believeth not in the signs of God, verily God will be swift in bringing him to account. If they dispute with thee, say, I have resigned myself unto God, and he who followeth me doth the same: and say unto them who have received the Scriptures, and to the ignorant, Do ye profess the religion of Islam? Now if they embrace Islam, they are surely directed; but if they turn their backs, verily unto thee belongeth preaching only; for God regardeth his servants. And unto those who believe not in the signs of God, and slay the prophets without a cause, and put those men to death who teach justice; denounce unto them a painful punishment. These are they whose works perish

in this world, and in that which is to come: and they shall have none to help them.

WOMEN, ORPHANS AND LEGACIES.

O men, fear your Lord, who hath created you out of one man, and out of him created his wife, and from them two hath multiplied many men, and women: and fear God by whom ye beseech one another; and respect women who have borne you, for God is watching over you. And give the orphans when they come to age their substance; and render them not in exchange bad for good: and devour not their substance, by adding it to your own substance; for this is a great sin. And if ye fear that ye shall not act with equity toward orphans of the female sex, take in marriage of such other women as please you, two, or three, or four, and not more. Give women their dowry freely; but if they voluntarily remit unto you any part of it, enjoy it with satisfaction and advantage. And give not unto those who are weak of understanding the substance which God hath appointed you to preserve for them; but maintain them thereout, and clothe them, and speak kindly unto them. And examine the orphans until they attain the age of marriage: but if ye perceive they are able to manage their affairs well, deliver their substance unto them; and waste it not extravagantly, or hastily, because they grow up. Let him who is rich abstain entirely from the orphans' estates; and let him who is poor take thereof according to what shall be reasonable. And when ye deliver their substance into them, call witnesses thereof in their presence: God taketh sufficient account of your actions. Men ought to have a part of what their parents and kindred leave be-

hind them when they die : and women also ought to have a part of what their parents and kindred leave, whether it be little, or whether it be much ; a determinate part is due to them. And when they who are of kin are present at the dividing of what is left, and also the orphans, and the poor ; distribute unto them some part thereof ; and if the estate be too small, at least speak comfortably unto them. And let those fear to abuse orphans, who if they leave behind them a weak offspring, are solicitous for them : let them therefore fear God, and speak that which is convenient. Surely they who devour the possessions of orphans unjustly shall swallow down nothing but fire into their bellies, and shall broil in raging flames. God hath thus commanded you concerning your children. A male shall have as much as the share of two females ; but if they be females only, and above two in number, they shall have two third parts of what the deceased shall leave ; and if there be but one, she shall have the half. And the parents of the deceased shall have each of them a sixth part of what he shall leave, if he have a child ; but if he have no child, and his parents be his heirs, then his mother shall have the third part. And if he have brethren, his mother shall have a sixth part, after the legacies which he shall bequeath, and his debts be paid. Ye know not whether your parents or your children be of greater use unto you. This is an ordinance from God, and God is knowing and wise. Moreover ye may claim half of what your wives shall leave, if they have no issue ; but if they have issue, then ye shall have the fourth part of what they shall leave, after the legacies which they shall bequeath, and

the debts be paid. They also shall have the fourth part of what ye shall leave, in case ye have no issue ; but if ye have issue, then they shall have the eighth part of what ye shall leave, after the legacies which ye shall bequeath, and your debts be paid. And if a man or woman's substance be inherited by a distant relation, and he or she have a brother or sister ; each of them two shall have a sixth part of the estate. But if there be more than this number, they shall be equal sharers in a third part, after payment of the legacies which shall be bequeathed, and the debts, without prejudice to the heirs. This is an ordinance from God : and God is knowing and gracious. These are the statutes of God. Men shall have the pre-eminence above women, because of those advantages wherein God hath caused the one of them to excel the other, and for that which they expend of their substance in maintaining their wives. The honest women are obedient, careful in the absence of their husbands, for that God preserveth them, by committing them to the care and protection of the men. But those, whose perverseness ye shall be apprehensive of, rebuke ; and remove them into separate apartments, and chastise them. But if they shall be obedient unto you, seek not an occasion of quarrel against them : for God is high and great. And if ye fear a breach between the husband and wife, send a judge out of his family, and a judge out of her family : if they shall desire a reconciliation, God will cause them to agree ; for God is knowing and wise.

WINE FORBIDDEN.

O true believers, surely wine, and lots, and images, and divining arrows, are an

abomination of the work of Satan ; therefore avoid them that ye may prosper. Satan seeketh to sow dissension and hatred among you, by means of wine and lots, and to divert you from remembering God, and from prayer : will ye not therefore abstain from them ?

THE LAST JUDGMENT.

When the heaven shall be cloven in sunder ; and when the stars shall be scattered ; and when the seas shall be suffered to join their waters ; and when the graves shall be turned upside down ; every soul shall know what it hath committed, and what it hath omitted. O man, what hath seduced thee against thy gracious Lord, who hath created thee, and put thee together, and rightly disposed thee ? In what form he pleased hath he fashioned thee. Assuredly. But ye deny the last judgment as a falsehood. Verily there are appointed over you guardian angels, honorable in the sight of God, writing down your actions ; who know that which ye do. The just shall surely be in a place of delight ; but the wicked shall surely be in hell ; they shall be cast therein to be turned, on the day of judgment, and they shall not be absent therefrom for ever. What shall cause thee to understand what the day of judgment is ? Again, What shall cause thee to understand what the day of judgment is ? It is a day whereon one soul shall not be able to obtain anything in behalf of another soul : and the command, on that day, shall be God's.

FALSE MEASURE.

Woe be unto those who give short measure or weight : who, when they receive by measure from other men, take the full ; but when they measure unto them, or weigh unto them

defraud ! Do not these think they shall be raised again, at the great day, the day whereon mankind shall stand before the Lord of all creatures ? By no means. Verily the register of the actions of the wicked is surely in Sejjin.

THE SUN.

By the Sun, and its rising brightness ; by the moon, when she followeth him ; by the day, when it showeth his splendor ; by the night, when it covereth him with darkness ; by the heaven, and him who built it ; by the earth, and him who spread it forth ; by the soul, and him who completely formed it, and inspired into the same its faculty of distinguishing, and power of choosing, wickedness and piety : now is he who hath purified the same, happy ; but he who hath corrupted the same, is miserable. Thamud accused their prophet Saleh of imposture, through the excess of their wickedness : when the wretch among them was sent to slay the camel ; and the apostle of God said unto them, Let alone the camel of God ; and hinder not her drinking. But they charged him with imposture ; and they slew her. Wherefore their Lord destroyed them, for their crime, and made their punishment equal unto them all : and he feareth not the issue thereof.

THE BRIGHTNESS.

By the brightness of the morning ; and by the night, when it groweth dark : thy Lord hath not forsaken thee, neither doth he hate thee. Verily the life to come shall be better for thee than this present life : and thy Lord shall give thee a reward wherewith thou shalt be well pleased. Did he not find thee an orphan, and hath he not taken care of thee ? And did he not find thee wander-

ing in error, and hath he not guided thee into the truth? And did he not find thee needy, and hath he not enriched thee? Wherefore oppress not the orphan: neither repulse the beggar: but declare the goodness of thy Lord.

Translation of GEORGE SALE.

PARENTAL LOVE THE TRUEST LOVE.

THE course of existence too generally teaches to us all that mournful truth that, after all, we have no friends that we can depend upon in this life but our parents. All other intimacies, however ardent, are liable to cool; all other confidence, however unlimited, to be violated. In the phantasmagoria of life the friend with whom we have cultivated mutual trust for years is often suddenly or gradually estranged from us, or becomes, from painful yet irresistible circumstances, even our deadliest foe. As for women, as for the mistresses of our hearts, who has not learnt that the links of passion are fragile as they are glittering, and that the bosom on which we have reposed with idolatry all our secret sorrows and sanguine hopes eventually becomes the very heart that exults in our misery and baffles our welfare? Where is the enamored face that smiled upon our early love and was to shed tears over our grave? Where are the choice companions of our youth, with whom we were to breast the difficulties and share the triumphs of existence? Even in this inconstant world what changes like the heart? Love is a dream, and friendship a delusion. No wonder we grow callous; for how few have the opportunity of returning to the hearth which they quitted in levity or thoughtless weariness,

yet which alone is faithful to them, whose sweet affections require not the stimulus of prosperity or fame, the lure of accomplishments or the tribute of flattery, but which are constant to us in distress and console us even in disgrace!

BENJAMIN DISRAELI
(Earl of Beaconsfield).

THE SHIPWRECK.

IN vain the cords and axes were prepared,
For now the audacious seas insult the yard;

High o'er the ship they throw a horrid shade,

And o'er her burst in terrible cascade.

Uplifted on the surge, to heaven she flies,
Her shattered top half buried in the skies,
Then, headlong plunging, thunders on the ground:

Earth groans, air trembles and the deeps resound;

Her giant bulk the dread concussion feels,
And, quivering with the wound, in torment reels;

So reels, convulsed with agonizing throes,
The bleeding bull beneath the murderer's blows.

Again she plunges. Hark! a second shock
Tears her strong bottom on the marble rock!
Down on the vale of death, with dismal cries,

The fated victims, shuddering, roll their eyes
In wild despair, while yet another stroke
With deep convulsion rends the solid oak,
Till, like the mine in whose infernal cell
The lurking demons of destruction dwell,
At length, asunder torn, her frame divides,
And, crashing, spreads in ruin o'er the tides.

WILLIAM FALCONER.

THE PAST OF AMERICA.



WHEN I think of the time, and call back to my mind the grandeur and beauty of those almost uninhabited shores ; when I picture to myself the dense and lofty summits of the forest, that everywhere spread along the hills, and overhung the margins of the stream, unmolested by the axe of the settler ; when I know how dearly purchased the safe navigation of that river by the blood of many worthy Virginians ; when I see that no longer any aborigines are to be found there, and that the vast herds of elks, deer and buffaloes which once pastured on these hills and in these valleys, making for themselves great roads to the several salt-springs, have ceased to exist ; when I reflect that all this grand portion of our Union, instead of being in a state of nature, is now more or less covered with villages, farms and towns, where the din of hammers and machinery is constantly heard ; that the woods are fast disappearing under the axe by day and the fire by night ; that hundreds of steamboats are gliding to and fro over the whole length of the majestic river, forcing commerce to take root and prosper at every spot ; when I see the surplus population of Europe coming to assist in the destruction of the forest and transplanting civilization into its darkest recesses ; when I remember that these extraordinary changes have all taken place in the short

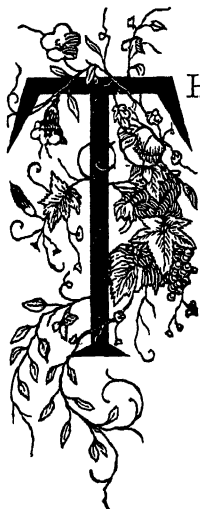
period of twenty years,—I pause, wonder, and, although I know all to be fact, can scarcely believe its reality.

Whether these changes are for the better or for the worse, I shall not pretend to say ; but, in whatever way my conclusions may incline, I feel with regret that there are on record no satisfactory accounts of the state of that portion of the country from the time when our people first settled in it. This has not been because no one in America is able to accomplish such an undertaking. Our Irvings and our Coopers have proved themselves fully competent for the task. It has more probably been because the changes have succeeded each other with such rapidity as almost to rival the movements of the pen. However, it is not too late yet ; and I sincerely hope that either or both of them will ere long furnish the generations to come with those delightful descriptions which they are so well qualified to give of the original state of a country that has been so rapidly forced to change her form and attire under the influence of increasing population. Yes ; I hope to read, ere I close my earthly career, accounts from those delightful writers of the progress of civilization in our Western country. They will speak of the Clarks, the Croghans, the Boones, and many other men of great and daring enterprise. They will analyze, as it were, into each component part, the country as it once existed, and will render the picture, as it ought to be, immortal.

JOHN JAMES AUDUBON.

WILFULNESS.

FROM THE GERMAN OF GOETHE.



THE man who brooks no self-control fulfils
Not the first simplest duty of all men
To make wise choice of food and drink, which he,
As being free from brutish bonds, should do
Freely and wisely; but we see him rather,
Even as a child, the slave to every taste

That lords his palate. He disdains to mix
His wine with water, and with hasty gulp
Swills all strong drinks and high-spiced liquors down

His inconsiderate throat, and after talks
Of bad digestion, fevered blood and dull
Despondency, and passion's fitful sway;
And then he rates Dame Nature and harsh Fate,

Not his own folly. Let him chance be sick,
He calls a doctor: "Well, Sir Doctor, I,
You see, lie sickly here, God knows for why;
But you must know the cure, and you must work

My swift recovery."—"Well," replies the leech,

"This food avoid, and that."—"Nay, but I can't."—

"Then take this draught."—"No; that tastes as distilled

From Stygian pools: against such drug my whole

Nature rebels."—"Well, if you will not own

The grateful force of drugs, one cure remains:

Drink water."—"Water! No, not I! No dog

Could bite me into hydrophobia
More than the hate of water I was born with."—

"Well, then, I cannot help you."—"Can not? Why?"—

"From day to day your illness must grow worse,

And, though it kill you not, will heap you up
With highest power of pains."—"Oh, most wise leech,

You are a doctor; my disease you know,
And you should know the cure, and how to come

So softly with the cunning of your craft;
But you but shame the art which you profess

By drugs that work more pain than the disease."

Who could believe such brainless talk from men?

And yet we hear it!

Translation of JOHN STUART BLACKIE.

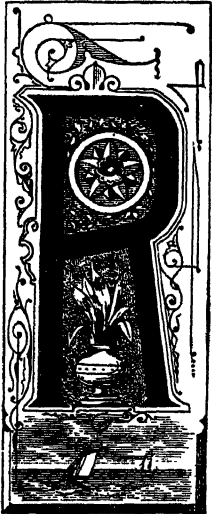
LIFE.

LIFE is too short to waste
In critic peep or cynic bark,
Quarrel or reprimand:

'Twill soon be dark;

Ay! mind thine own aim, and
God speed the mark!

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.



ROBERT BRUCE defeated the English, under Edward II., at the village of Bannockburn, Scotland, on the 24th June, 1314. The battle was a severe one, the English losing about thirty thousand men. This victory decided the fate of Scotland and secured its liberation from English rule.

It is the boast of Scotchmen that their country was never conquered by England, the two countries being united by the accession of James VI. of Scotland to the English throne, under the title of James I. of England.

BANNOCKBURN.

ROBERT BRUCE'S ADDRESS TO HIS ARMY.

SCOTS, wha hae* wi' Wallace bled,
Scots, wham† Bruce has aften led,
Welcome to your gory bed,
Or to glorious victory!

Now's the day, and now's the hour;
See the front o' battle lower;
See approach proud Edward's power—
Edward, chains and slavery.

Wha will be a traitor knave?
Wha can fill a coward's grave?
Wha sae‡ base as be a slave?
Traitor, coward, turn and flee!

* Who have.

† Whom.

‡ So.

BANNOCKBURN.

Wha for Scotland's king and law
Freedom's sword will strongly draw,
Freeman stand or freeman fa',
Caledonian, on wi' me!

By oppression's woes and pains,
By your sons in servile chains,
We will drain our dearest veins
But they shall be—shall be free!

Lay the proud usurpers low:
Tyrants fall in every foe;
Liberty's in every blow.

Forward! let us do, or die!

ROBERT BURNS.

THE DYING SAILOR.

HE called his friend, and prefaced with a sigh

A lover's message: "Thomas, I must die.
Would I could see my Sally, and could rest
My throbbing temples on her faithful breast,
And, gazing, go! If not, this trifle take,
And say till death I wore it for her sake.
Yes, I must die! Blow on, sweet breeze,
blow on!

Give me one look, before my life be gone;
Oh, give me that, and let me not despair—
One last fond look. And now repeat the
prayer."

He had his wish—had more: I will not paint
The lovers' meeting. She beheld him faint;
With tender fears she took a nearer view,
Her terrors doubling as her hopes withdrew.



Bannockburn.

*Say the proud usurpers low:
Tyrants fall in every foe!
Liberty in every blow!*

He tried to smile, and, half succeeding, said,
 "Yes, I must die," and hope for ever fled.
 Still, long she nursed him; tender thoughts,
 meantime,

Were interchanged, and hopes and views
 sublime.

To her he came to die, and every day
 She took some portion of the dread away;
 With him she prayed, to him his Bible read,
 Soothed the faint heart and held the aching
 head;

She came with smiles the hour of pain to
 cheer:

Apart, she sighed; alone, she shed the tear;
 Then, as if breaking from a cloud, she gave
 Fresh light, and gilt the prospect of the
 grave.

One day he lighter seemed, and they forgot
 The care, the dread, the anguish, of their lot;
 They spoke with cheerfulness, and seemed to
 think,

Yet said not so, "Perhaps he will not sink."
 A sudden brightness in his look appeared,
 A sudden vigor in his voice was heard;
 She had been reading in the book of prayer,
 And led him forth and placed him in his
 chair.

Lively he seemed, and spoke of all he knew,
 The friendly many and the favorite few;
 Nor one that day did he to mind recall
 But she has treasured, and she loves them
 all;

When in her way she meets them, they
 appear

Peculiar people: death has made them dear.
 He named his friend, but then his hand she
 prest,

And fondly whispered, "Thou must go to
 rest."

"I go," he said; but as he spoke she found
 His hand more cold, and fluttering was the
 sound;

Then gazed affrightened, but she caught a
 last,

A dying look of love, and all was past.

GEORGE CRABBE.

THE SHEPHERD TO HIS LOVE.

COME live with me and be my love,
 And we will all the pleasures prove
 That valleys, groves, hills and fields,
 Woods or steepy mountain, yields.

And we will sit upon the rocks,
 Seeing the shepherds feed their flocks
 By shallow rivers to whose falls
 Melodious birds sing madrigals.

And I will make thee beds of roses,
 And a thousand fragrant posies,
 A cap of flowers, and a kirtle
 Embroidered all with leaves of myrtle;

A gown made of the finest wool,
 Which from our pretty lambs we pull;
 Fair-lined slippers for the cold,
 With buckles of the purest gold;

A belt of straw and ivy-buds,
 With coral clasps and amber studs;
 And if these pleasures may thee move,
 Come live with me and be my love.

The shepherd swains shall dance and sing,
 For they delight each May morning:
 If these delights thy mind may move,
 Come live with me and be my love.

CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE.

THE BATTLE OF BUNKER HILL.*

VIEWED FROM COPP'S HILL.



THE whole scene now lay before them. Nearly in their front was the village of Charlestown with its deserted streets and silent roofs, looking like a place of the dead; or if the signs of life were visible within its open avenues, 'twas merely some figure moving swiftly in the solitude, like one who hastened to quit the devoted spot. On the opposite point of the south-eastern face of the peninsula, and at the distance of a thousand yards, the ground was already covered by masses of human beings in scarlet, with their arms glittering in a noonday sun. Between the two, though in the more immediate vicinity of the silent town, the rounded ridge rose abruptly from a flat that was bounded by the water, until, having attained an elevation of some fifty or sixty feet, it swelled gradually to the little crest where was planted the humble object that had occasioned all this commotion. The meadows on the right were still peaceful and smiling, as in the most quiet days of the province, though the excited fancy of Lionel imagined that a sullen stillness lingered about

the neglected kilns in their front and over the whole landscape, that was in gloomy consonance with the approaching scene. Far on the left, across the waters of the Charles, the American camp had poured forth its thousands to the hills, and the whole population of the country, for many miles inland, had gathered to a point to witness a struggle charged with the fate of their nation. Beacon Hill rose from out the appalling silence of the town of Boston like a pyramid of living faces, with every eye fixed on the fatal point, and men hung along the yards of the shipping or were suspended on cornices, cupolas and steeples in thoughtless security, while every other sense was lost in the absorbing interest of the sight. The vessels of war had hauled deep into the rivers, or, more properly, those narrow arms of the sea which formed the peninsula, and sent their iron missiles with unwearied industry across the low passage which alone opened the means of communication between the self-devoted yeomen on the hill and their distant countrymen. While battalion landed after battalion on the point, cannon-balls from the battery of Copp's and the vessels of war were glancing up the natural glacis that surrounded the redoubt, burying themselves in its earthen parapet or plunging with violence into the deserted sides of the loftier height which lay a few hundred yards in its rear, and the black and smoking bombs appeared to hover above the spot as if paus-

* The principal persons who are represented as viewing the battle from Copp's Hill are the British generals Burgoyne and Clinton; Major Lionel Lincoln, a young American in the English service; and Job Pray, a half simpleton, who is the attendant of Lincoln, but whose sympathies, unlike those of his master, are with the Americans.

ing to select the places in which to plant their deadly combustibles.

Notwithstanding these appalling preparations and ceaseless annoyances, throughout that long and anxious morning the stout husbandmen on the hill had never ceased their steady efforts to maintain to the uttermost extremity the post they had so daringly assumed. In vain the English exhausted every means to disturb their stubborn foes; the pick, the shovel and the spade continued to perform their offices, and mound rose after mound, amidst the din and danger of the cannonade, steadily and as well as if the fanciful conceits of Job Pray embraced their real objects and the laborers were employed in the peaceful pursuits of their ordinary lives. This firmness, however, was not like the proud front which high training can impart to the most common mind; for, ignorant of the glare of military show, in the simple and rude vestments of their calling, armed with such weapons as they had seized from the hooks above their own mantels, and without even a banner to wave its cheering folds above their heads, they stood sustained only by the righteousness of their cause and those deep moral principles which they had received from their fathers, and which they intended this day should show were to be transmitted untarnished to their children. It was afterward known that they endured their labors and their dangers even in want of that sustenance which is so essential to support animal spirits in moments of calmness and ease; while their enemies on the point, awaiting the arrival of their latest bands, were securely devouring a meal which to hundreds amongst them proved to be their last.

The fatal instant now seemed approaching. A general movement was seen among the battalions of the British, who began to spread along the shore under cover of the brow of the hill, the lingering boats having arrived with the rear of their detachments, and officers hurried from regiment to regiment with the final mandates of their chief. At this moment a body of Americans appeared on the crown of Bunker Hill, and, descending swiftly by the road, disappeared in the meadows to the left of their own redoubt. This band was followed by others, who, like themselves, had broken through the dangers of the narrow pass by braving the fire of the shipping, and who also hurried to join their comrades on the low land. The British general determined at once to anticipate the arrival of further reinforcements, and gave forth the long-expected order to prepare for the attack.

The Americans had made a show, in the course of that fearful morning, of returning the fire of their enemies by throwing a few shot from their light field-pieces, as if in mockery of the tremendous cannonade which they sustained. But as the moment of severest trial approached, the same awful stillness which had settled upon the deserted streets of Charlestown hovered around the redoubt. On the meadows, to its left, the recently arrived bands hastily threw the rails of two fences into one, and, covering the whole with the mown grass that surrounded them, they posted themselves along the frail defence, which answered no better purpose than to conceal their weakness from their adversaries. Behind this characteristic rampart several bodies of husbandmen from the neighboring provinces of New Hampshire and

Connecticut lay on their arms in sullen expectation. Their line extended from the shore to the base of the ridge, where it terminated several hundred feet behind the works, leaving a wide opening, in a diagonal direction, between the fence and an earthen breastwork which ran a short distance down the declivity of the hill from the north-eastern angle of the redoubt. A few hundred yards in the rear of this rude disposition the naked crest of Bunker Hill rose, unoccupied and undefended, and the streams of the Charles and Mystic, sweeping around its base, approached so near each other as to blend the sounds of their rippling. It was across this low and narrow isthmus that the royal frigates poured a stream of fire that never ceased, while around it hovered the numerous parties of the undisciplined Americans, hesitating to attempt the dangerous passage.

In this manner Gage had in a great degree surrounded the devoted peninsula with his power, and the bold men who had so daringly planted themselves under the muzzles of his cannon were left, as already stated, unsupported, without nourishment and with weapons from their own gun-hooks, singly to maintain the honor of their nation. Including men of all ages and conditions, there might have been two thousand of them; but as the day advanced small bodies of their countrymen, taking counsel of their feelings and animated by the example of the old partisan of the woods, who crossed and recrossed the Neck, loudly scoffing at the danger, broke through the fire of the shipping in time to join in the closing and bloody business of the hour.

On the other hand, Howe led more than an equal number of the chosen troops of his prince, and, as boats continued to ply between

the two peninsulas throughout the afternoon, the relative disparity continued undiminished to the end of the struggle. It was at this point in our narrative that, deeming himself sufficiently strong to force the defences of his despised foes, the arrangements immediately preparatory to such an undertaking were made in full view of the excited spectators. Notwithstanding the security with which the English general marshalled his warriors, he felt that the approaching contest would be a battle of no common incidents. The eyes of tens of thousands were fastened on his movements, and the occasion demanded the richest display of the pageantry of war.

The troops formed with beautiful accuracy, and the columns moved steadily along the shore and took their assigned stations under cover of the brow of the eminence. Their force was in some measure divided, one moiety attempting the toilsome ascent of the hill, and the other moving along the beach, or in the orchards of the more level ground, toward the husbandmen on the meadows. The latter soon disappeared behind some fruit trees and the brickkilns. The advance of the royal columns up the ascent was slow and measured, giving time to their field-guns to add their efforts to the uproar of the cannonade, which broke out with new fury as the battalions prepared to march. When each column arrived at the allotted point, it spread the gallant array of its glittering warriors under a bright sun.

"It is a glorious spectacle!" murmured the graceful chieftain by the side of Lionel, keenly alive to all the poetry of his alluring profession. "How exceeding soldier-like! and with what accuracy his

'first-arm ascends the hill' toward his enemy!"

The intensity of his feelings prevented Major Lincoln from replying, and the other soon forgot that he had spoken, in the overwhelming anxiety of the moment. The advance of the British line, so beautiful and slow, resembled rather the ordered steadiness of a drill than an approach to a deadly struggle. Their standards fluttered proudly above them, and there were moments when the wild music of their bands was heard rising on the air and tempering the ruder sounds of the artillery. The young and thoughtless in their ranks turned their faces backward and smiled exultingly as they beheld steeples, roofs, masts and heights teeming with their thousands of eyes bent on the show of their bright array.

As the British lines moved in open view of the little redoubt and began slowly to gather around its different faces, gun after gun became silent, and the curious artilleryman or tired seaman lay extended on his heated piece, gazing in mute wonder at the spectacle. There was just then a minute when the roar of the cannonade seemed passing away like the rumbling of distant thunder.

"They will not fight, Lincoln," said the animated leader at the side of Lionel; "the military front of Howe has chilled the hearts of the knaves, and our victory will be bloodless."

"We shall see, sir—we shall see."

These words were barely uttered when platoon after platoon among the British delivered its fire, the blaze of musketry flashing swiftly around the brow of the hill, and was immediately followed by heavy volleys

that ascended from the orchard. Still no answering sound was heard from the Americans, and the royal troops were soon lost to the eye as they slowly marched into the white cloud which their own fire had alone created.

"They are cowed, by heavens! the dogs are cowed!" once more cried the gay companion of Lionel; "and Howe is within two hundred feet of them, unharmed."

At that instant a sheet of flame glanced through the smoke like lightning playing in a cloud, while at one report a thousand muskets were added to the uproar. It was not altogether fancy which led Lionel to imagine that he saw the smoky canopy of the hill to wave, as if the trained warriors it enveloped faltered before this close and appalling discharge; but in another instant the stimulating war-cry and the loud shouts of the combatants were borne across the strait to his ears, even amid the horrid din of the combat. Ten breathless minutes flew by like a moment of time, and the bewildered spectators on Copp's were still gazing intently on the scene, when a voice was raised among them, shouting,

"Hurrah! Let the rake-hellies go up to Breed's: the people will teach 'em the law!"

"Throw the rebel scoundrel from the hill! Blow him from the muzzle of a gun!" cried twenty soldiers in a breath.

"Hold!" exclaimed Lionel; "'tis a simpleton, an idiot, a fool!"

But the angry and savage murmurs as quickly subsided and were lost in other feelings as the bright-red lines of the royal troops were seen issuing from the smoke, waving and recoiling before the still vivid fire of their enemies.

"Ha!" said Burgoyne; "'tis some feint to draw the rebels from their hold."

"'Tis a palpable and disgraceful retreat," muttered the stern warrior nigh him, whose truer eye detected at a glance the discomfiture of the assailants. "'Tis another base retreat before the rebels."

"Hurrah!" shouted the reckless changeling again; "there come the reg'lars out of the orchard, too! See the grannies skulking behind the kilns! Let them go on to Breed's: the people will teach 'em the law!"

No cry of vengeance preceded the act this time, but fifty of the soldiery rushed as by a common impulse on their prey. Lionel had not time to utter a word of remonstrance before Job appeared in the air, borne on the uplifted arms of a dozen men, and at the next instant he was seen rolling down the steep declivity with a velocity that carried him to the water's edge. Springing to his feet, the undaunted changeling once more waved his hat in triumph and shouted forth again his offensive challenge. Then, turning, he launched his canoe from its hiding-place among the adjacent lumber amid a shower of stones and glided across the strait, his little bark escaping unnoticed in the crowd of boats that were rowing in all directions. But his progress was watched by the uneasy eye of Lionel, who saw him land and disappear with hasty steps in the silent streets of the town.

While this trifling by-play was enacting, the great drama of the day was not at a stand. The smoky veil which clung around the brow of the eminence was lifted by the air and sailed heavily away to the south-west, leaving the scene of the bloody struggle again open to the view. Lionel witnessed the grave and meaning glances which the two lieuten-

ants of the king exchanged as they simultaneously turned their glasses from the fatal spot, and, taking the one proffered by Burgoyne, he read their explanation in the numbers of the dead that lay profusely scattered in front of the redoubt. At this instant an officer from the field held an earnest communication with the two leaders, when, having delivered his orders, he hastened back to his boat like one who felt himself employed in matters of life and death.

"It shall be done, sir," repeated Clinton as the other departed, his own honest brow sternly knit under high martial excitement. "The artillery have their orders, and the work will be accomplished without delay."

"This, Major Lincoln," cried his more sophisticated companion—"this is one of the trying duties of the soldier. To fight, to bleed, or even to die, for his prince is his happy privilege, but it is sometimes his unfortunate lot to become the instrument of vengeance."

Lionel waited but a moment for an explanation: the flaming balls were soon seen taking their wide circuit in the air and carrying their desolation among the close and inflammable roofs of the opposite town. In a very few minutes a dense black smoke arose from the deserted buildings, and forked flames played actively along the heated shingles as though rioting in their unmolested possession of the place. He regarded the gathering destruction in painful silence, and on bending his looks toward his companions he fancied, notwithstanding the language of the other, that he read the deepest regret in the averted eye of him who had so unhesitatingly uttered the fatal mandate to destroy.

In scenes like these we are attempting to describe hours appear to be minutes and time flies as imperceptibly as life slides from beneath the feet of age. The disordered ranks of the British had been arrested at the base of the hill, and were again forming under the eyes of the leaders with admirable discipline and extraordinary care. Fresh battalions from Boston marched with high military pride into the line, and everything betokened that a second assault was at hand. When the moment of stupid amazement which succeeded the retreat of the royal troops had passed, the troops and batteries poured out their wrath with tenfold fury on their enemies. Shot were incessantly glancing up the gentle acclivity, madly ploughing across its grassy surface, while black and threatening shells appeared to hover above the work like the monsters of the air about to stoop upon their prey.

Still all lay quiet and immovable within the low mounds of earth, as if none there had a stake in the issue of the bloody day. For a few moments only, the tall figure of an aged man was seen slowly moving along the summit of the rampart, calmly regarding the dispositions of the English general in the more distant part of his line, and, after exchanging a few words with a gentleman who joined him in his dangerous lookout, they disappeared together behind the grassy banks. Lionel soon detected the name of Prescott of Pepperel passing through the crowd in low murmurs, and his glass did not deceive him when he thought in the smaller of the two he had himself descried the graceful person of the unknown leader of the "caucus."

All eyes were now watching the advance

of the battalions, which once more drew nigh the point of contest. The heads of the columns were already in view of their enemies, when a man was seen swiftly ascending the hill from the burning town; he paused amid the peril, on the natural glacis, and swung his hat triumphantly, and Lionel even fancied he heard the exulting cry as he recognized the ungainly form of the simpleton before it plunged into the work.

The right of the British once more disappeared in the orchard, and the columns in front of the redoubt again opened with all the imposing exactness of their high discipline. Their arms were already glittering in a line with the green faces of the mound, and Lionel heard the experienced warrior at his side murmuring to himself,

"Let him hold his fire, and he will go in at the point of the bayonet."

But the trial was too great for even the practised courage of the royal troops. Volley succeeded volley, and in a few moments they had again curtained their ranks behind the misty screen produced by their own fire. Then came the terrible flash from the redoubt, and the eddying volumes from the adverse hosts rolled into one cloud, enveloping the combatants in its folds, as if to conceal their bloody work from the spectators. Twenty times in the short space of as many minutes Major Lincoln fancied he heard the incessant roll of the American musketry die away before the heavy and regular volleys of the troops, and then he thought the sounds of the latter grew more faint and were given at longer intervals.

The result, however, was soon known. The heavy bank of smoke, which now even clung along the ground, was broken in fifty places,

and the disordered masses of the British were seen driven before their deliberate foes in wild confusion. The flashing swords of the officers in vain attempted to arrest the torrent, nor did the flight cease with many of the regiments until they had even reached their boats. At this moment a hum was heard in Boston like the sudden rush of wind, and men gazed in each other's faces with undisguised amazement. Here and there a low sound of exultation escaped some unguarded lip, and many an eye gleamed with a triumph that could no longer be suppressed.

Until this moment the feelings of Lionel had vacillated between the pride of country and his military spirit; but, losing all other feelings in the latter sensation, he now looked fiercely about him, as if he would seek the man who dare exult in the repulse of his comrades. The poetic chieftain was still at his side, biting his nether lip in vexation, but his more tried companion had suddenly disappeared. Another quick glance fell upon his missing form in the act of entering a boat at the foot of the hill. Quicker than thought Lionel was on the shore, crying, as he flew to the water's edge,

"Hold! for God's sake, hold! Remember the Forty-seventh is in the field, and that I am its major."

"Receive him," said Clinton, with that grim satisfaction with which men acknowledge a valued friend in moments of great trial, "and then row for your lives, or, what is of more value, for the honor of the British name."

The brain of Lionel whirled as the boat shot along its watery bed, but before it had gained the middle of the stream he had time to consider the whole of the appalling scene.

The fire had spread from house to house, and the whole village of Charlestown, with its four hundred buildings, was just bursting into flames. The air seemed filled with whistling balls as they hurtled above his head, and the black sides of the vessels of war were vomiting their sheets of flame with unwearied industry.

Amid this tumult the English general and his companions sprung to land. The former rushed into the disordered ranks and by his presence and voice recalled the men of one regiment to their duty. But long and loud appeals to their spirit and their ancient fame were necessary to restore a moiety of their former confidence to men who had been thus rudely repulsed, and who now looked along their thinned and exhausted ranks, missing, in many instances, more than half the well-known countenances of their fellows. In the midst of the faltering troops stood their stern and unbending chief; but of all those gay and gallant youths who followed in his train as he had departed from Province House that morning, not one remained but in his blood. He alone seemed undisturbed in that disordered crowd, and his mandates went forth, as usual, calm and determined. At length the panic in some degree subsided, and order was once more restored as the high-spirited and mortified gentlemen of the detachment regained their lost authority.

The leaders consulted together apart, and the dispositions were immediately renewed for the assault. Military show was no longer affected, but the soldiers laid down all the useless implements of their trade, and many even cast aside their outer garments under the warmth of a broiling sun added to the heat of the conflagration,

which began to diffuse itself along the extremity of the peninsula. Fresh companies were placed in the columns and most of the troops were withdrawn from the meadows, leaving merely a few skirmishers to amuse the Americans who lay behind the fence. When each disposition was completed, the final signal was given to advance.

Lionel had taken post in his regiment, but, marching on the skirt of the column, he commanded a view of most of the scene of battle. In his front moved a battalion reduced to a handful of men in the previous assaults; behind these came a party of the marine guards from the shipping, led by their own veteran major; and next followed the dejected Nesbitt and his corps, amongst whom Lionel looked in vain for the features of the good-natured Polwarth. Similar columns marched on their right and left, encircling three sides of the redoubt by their battalions.

A few minutes brought him in full view of that humble and unfinished mound of earth for the possession of which so much blood had that day been spilt in vain. It lay, as before, still as if none breathed within its bosom, though a terrific row of dark tubes were arrayed along its top, following the movements of the approaching columns as the eyes of the imaginary charmers of our own wilderness are said to watch their victims. As the uproar of the artillery again grew fainter, the crash of falling streets and the appalling sounds of the conflagration on their left became more audible. Immense volumes of black smoke issued from the smouldering ruins, and, bellying outward fold beyond fold, it overhung the work in a hideous cloud, casting its gloomy shadow across the place of blood.

A strong column was now seen ascending as if from out the burning town, and the advance of the whole became quick and spirited. A low call ran through the platoons to note the naked weapons of their adversaries, and it was followed by the cry of "To the bayonet! to the bayonet!"

"Hurrah for the Royal Irish!" shouted M'Fuse, at the head of the dark column from the conflagration.

"Hurrah!" echoed a well-known voice from the silent mound. "Let them come on to Breed's: the people will teach 'em the law."

Men think at such moments with the rapidity of lightning, and Lionel had even fancied his comrades in possession of the work, when the terrible stream of fire flashed in the faces of the men in front.

"Push on with the —th," cried the veteran major of marines—"push on, or the Eighteenth will get the honor of the day."

"We cannot," murmured the soldiers of the —th; "their fire is too heavy."

"Then break and let the marines pass through you."

The feeble battalion melted away, and the warriors of the deep, trained to conflicts of hand to hand, sprang forward with a loud shout in their places.

The Americans, exhausted of their ammunition, now sunk sullenly back, a few hurling stones at their foes in desperate indignation. The cannon of the British had been brought to enfilade their short breastwork, which was no longer tenable, and as the columns approached closer to the low rampart it became a mutual protection to the adverse parties.

"Hurrah for the Royal Irish!" again shouted M'Fuse, rushing up the trifling ascent, which was but of little more than his own height.

"Hurrah!" repeated Pitcairn, waving his sword on another angle of the work. "The day's our own!"

One more sheet of flame issued out of the bosom of the work, and all those brave men who had emulated the examples of their officers were swept away as though a whirlwind had passed along. The grenadier gave his war-cry once more before he pitched headlong among his enemies, while Pitcairn fell back into the arms of his own child. The cry of "Forward, Forty-seventh!" rang through their ranks, and in their turn this veteran battalion gallantly mounted the ramparts. In the shallow ditch Lionel passed the expiring marine and caught the dying and despairing look from his eyes, and in another instant he found himself in the presence of his foes.

As company followed company into the defenceless redoubt the Americans sullenly retired by its rear, keeping the bayonets of the soldiers at bay with clubbed muskets and sinewy arms. When the whole issued upon the open ground, the husbandmen received a close and fatal fire from the battalions, which were now gathering around them on three sides. A scene of wild and savage confusion then succeeded to the order of the fight, and many fatal blows were given and taken, the *mêlée* rendering the use of firearms nearly impossible for several minutes.

Lionel continued in advance, pressing on the footsteps of the retiring foe, stepping over many a lifeless body in his difficult progress. Notwithstanding the hurry and

vast disorder of the fray, his eye fell on the form of the graceful stranger stretched lifeless on the parched grass, which had greedily drank his blood. Amid the ferocious cries and fiercer passions of the moment, the young man paused and glanced his eyes around him with an expression that said he thought the work of death should cease. At this instant the trappings of his attire caught the glaring eyeballs of a dying yeoman, who exerted his wasting strength to sacrifice one more worthy victim to the manes of his countrymen. The whole of the tumultuous scene vanished from the senses of Lionel at the flash of the musket of this man, and he sunk beneath the feet of the combatants, insensible of further triumph and of every danger.

The fall of a single officer in such a contest was a circumstance not to be regarded, and regiments passed over him without a single man stooping to inquire into his fate. When the Americans had disengaged themselves from the troops, they descended into the little hollow between the two hills swiftly and like a disordered crowd, bearing off most of their wounded and leaving but few prisoners in the hands of their foes. The formation of the ground favored their retreat, as hundreds of bullets whistled harmlessly above their heads, and by the time they gained the acclivity of Bunker distance was added to their security.

Finding the field lost, the men at the fence broke away in a body from their position and abandoned the meadows, the whole moving in confused masses behind the crest of the adjacent height. The shouting soldiery followed in their footsteps, pouring in fruitless and distant volleys; but on the summit of

Bunker their tired platoons were halted, and they beheld the throng move fearlessly through the tremendous fire that enflamed the low pass, as little injured as though most of them bore charmed lives.

The day was now drawing to a close. With the disappearance of their enemies the ships and batteries ceased their cannonade, and presently not a musket was heard in that place where so fierce a contest had so long raged. The troops commenced fortifying the outward eminence, on which they rested, in order to maintain their barren conquest; and nothing further remained for the achievement of the royal lieutenants but to go and mourn over their victory.

J. FENIMORE COOPER.

THE WHITE LADY OF COLL' ALTO.

"IN this neglected mirror (the broad frame Of massy silver serves to testify That many a noble matron of the house Has sat before it) once, alas! was seen What led to many sorrows. From that time The bat came hither for a sleeping-place, And he that cursed another in his heart Said, 'Be thy dwelling, through the day and night, Shunned like Coll' alto.'"

'Twas in that old pile Which flanks the cliff, with its gray battlements Flung here and there, and like an eagle's nest Hangs in the Trevisan, that thus the steward, Shaking his locks, the few that Time had left, Addressed me as we entered what was called

"My Lady's Chamber." On the walls, the chairs,

Much yet remained of the rich tapestry, Much of the adventures of Sir Lancelot In the green glades of some enchanted wood. The toilet-table was of silver wrought— Florentine art when Florence was renowned— A gay confusion of the elements, Dolphins and boys, and shells and fruits and flowers;

And from the ceiling, in his gilded cage, Hung a small bird of curious workmanship, That when his mistress bade him would unfold—

So says the babbling dame, Tradition, there— His emerald wings, and sing, and sing again, The song that pleased her.

While I stood and looked, A gleam of day yet lingering in the west, The steward went on: "She had—'tis now long since—

A gentle serving-maid, the fair Cristine, Fair as a lily, and as spotless too; None so admired, beloved. They had grown up As playfellows, and some there were that said—

Some that knew much—discoursing of Cristine,

'She is not what she seems.' When unrequited,

She would steal forth, her custom, her delight,

To wander through and through an ancient grove

Self-planted halfway down, losing herself Like one in love with sadness; and her veil And vesture white, seen ever in that place, Ever as surely as the hours came round, Among those reverend trees, gave her below



Sam^l Rogers.

The name of 'The White Lady.' But the
day
Is gone, and I delay thee.

"In that chair

The countess, as it might be now, was sitting,
The gentle serving-maid, the fair Cristine,
Combing her golden hair, and through this
door

The count, her lord, was hastening, called
away

By letters of great urgency to Venice,
When in the glass she saw, as she believed
('Twas an illusion of the Evil One :
Some say he came and crossed it at the time),
A smile, a glance at parting, given and an-
swered,

That turned her blood to gall. That very
night

The deed was done. That night, ere yet the
moon

Was up on Monte Calvo, and the wolf
Baying as still he does—oft is he heard
An hour or more, by the old turret clock—
They led her forth, the unhappy lost Cristine,
Helping her down in her distress—to die.

"No blood was spilt ; no instrument of death
Lurked or stood forth, declaring its bad pur-
pose ;

Nor was a hair of her unblemished head
Hurt in that hour. Fresh as a flower just
blown,

And warm with life, her youthful pulses
playing,

She was walled up within the castle wall.

The wall itself was hollowed secretly,
Then closed again, and done to line and rule.
Wouldst thou descend ? 'Tis in a darksome
vault

Under the chapel ; and there nightly now,
As in the narrow niche when smooth and fair,
And as if nothing had been done or thought,
The stone-work rose before her, till the light
Glimmered and went,—there nightly at that
hour—

Thou smilst, and would it were an idle
tale !—

In her white veil and vesture white she stands
Shuddering, her eyes uplifted and her hands
Joined as in prayer, then, like a blessed soul
Bursting the tomb, springs forward, and away
Flies o'er the woods and mountains. Issuing
forth,

The hunter meets her in his hunting-track ;
The shepherd on the heath, starting, ex-
claims—

For still she bears the name she bore of old—
' 'Tis the White Lady ! ' "

SAMUEL ROGERS.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

WRITTEN IN HOSPITAL, WHILE LYING MOR-
TALLY WOUNDED AT CHICKAMAUGA.

"I am dying, Egypt, dying."—SHAKESPEARE.

I AM dying, Egypt, dying ;
Ebbs the crimson life-tide fast,
And the dark Plutonian shadows
Gather on the evening blast.
Let thine arm, O queen, support me ;
Hush thy sobs and bow thine ear :
Hearken to the great heart-secrets
Thou, and thou alone, must hear.

Though my scarred and veteran legions
Bear their eagles high no more,
And my wrecked and scattered galleys
Strew dark Actium's fatal shore,



The White Lady.

Fresh as a flower just blown.
And warm with life, her youthful pulses playing,
She was walled up within the Castle-wall.

Though no glittering guards surround me,
 Prompt to do their master's will,
 I must perish like a Roman—
 Die the great triumvir still.

Let not Cæsar's servile minions
 Mock the lion thus laid low ;
 'Twas no foeman's hand that felled him :
 'Twas his own that struck the blow—
 His who, pillowed on thy bosom,
 Turned aside from glory's ray,
 His who, drunk with thy caresses,
 Madly flung a world away.

Should the base plebeian rabble
 Dare assail my fame at Rome,
 Where the noble spouse, Octavia,
 Weeps within her widowed home,
 Seek her ; say the gods have told me—
 Altars, augurs, circling wings—
 That her blood, with mine commingled,
 Yet shall mount the throne of kings.

And for thee, star-eyed Egyptian,
 Glorious sorceress of the Nile,
 Light the path to Stygian horrors
 With the splendors of thy smile.
 Give the Cæsar crowns and arches ;
 Let his brow the laurel twine ;
 I can scorn the Senate's triumphs,
 Triumphant in love like thine.

I am dying, Egypt, dying !
 Hark ! the insulting foeman's cry !
 They are coming ! • Quick ! my falchion !
 Let me front them ere I die.
 Ah ! no more amid the battle
 Shall my heart exulting swell !
 Isis and Osiris guard thee ;
 Cleopatra, Rome, farewell !

WILLIAM H. LYTLE.

QUEEN MAB.

O H, then, I see Queen Mab hath been
 with you.

She is the fairies' midwife, and she comes,
 In shape no bigger than an agate-stone
 On the forefinger of an alderman,
 Drawn with a team of little atomies
 Athwart men's noses as they lie asleep,
 Her wagon-spokes made of long spinners'
 legs ;

The cover, of the wings of grasshoppers ;
 The traces, of the smallest spider's web ;
 The collars, of the moonshine's wat'ry beams ;
 Her whip, of cricket's bone ; the lash, of
 film ;

Her wagoner, a small gray-coated gnat
 Not half so big as a round little worm
 Pricked from the lazy finger of a maid ;
 Her chariot is an empty hazel-nut
 Made by the joiner squirrel or old grub,
 Time out of mind the fairies' coachmakers.
 And in this state she gallops night by night
 Through lovers' brains, and then they dream
 of love ;

On courtiers' knees, that dream of court'sies
 straight ;

O'er lawyers' fingers, who straight dream on
 fees ;

O'er ladies' lips, who straight on kisses dream,
 Which oft the angry Mab with blisters
 plagues,

Because their breaths with sweetmeats tainted
 are.

Sometimes she gallops o'er a courtier's nose,
 And then dreams he of smelling out a suit ;
 And sometimes comes she with a tithe-pig's
 tail,

Tickling a parson's nose as a' lie's asleep :
 Then dreams he of another benefice.

SHAKESPEARE.

FOOTPRINTS OF THE CREATOR.



WE learn from human history that nations are as certainly mortal as men. They enjoy a greatly longer term of existence, but they die at last: Rollin's *History of Ancient Nations* is a history of the dead. And we are taught by geological history, in like manner, that species are as mortal as individuals and nations, and that even genera and families become extinct. There is no man upon earth at the present moment whose age greatly exceeds an hundred years; there is no nation now upon earth (if we perhaps except the long-lived Chinese) that also flourished three thousand years ago; there is no species now living upon earth that dates beyond the times of the Tertiary deposits. All bear the stamp of death—individuals, nations, species; and we may scarce less safely predicate, looking upon the past, that it is appointed for nations and species to die than that it “is appointed for man once to die.” Even our own species, as now constituted—with instincts that conform to the original injunction, “Increase and multiply,” and that, in consequence, “marry and are given in marriage”—shall one day cease to exist; a fact not less in accordance with beliefs inseparable from the faith of the Christian than with the widely-founded experience of the geologist. Now, it is scarce possible for the human mind to become acquainted with the fact that at certain periods

species began to exist, and then, after the lapse of untold ages, ceased to be, without inquiring whether, “from the conditions of existence commonly termed final causes,” we cannot deduce a reason for their rise or decline, or why their term of being should have been included rather in one certain period of time than another. The same faculty which finds employment in tracing to their causes the rise and fall of nations, and which it is the merit of the philosophic historian judiciously to exercise, will to a certainty seek employment in this department of history also. The progressive state of geologic science has hitherto militated against the formation of theory of the soberer character. Its facts, still merely in the forming, are necessarily imperfect in their classification and limited in their amount, and thus the essential data continue incomplete. Besides, the men best acquainted with the basis of fact which already exists have quite enough to engage them in adding to it. But there are limits to the field of palæontological discovery, in its relation to what may be termed the chronology of organized existence, which, judging from the progress of the science in the past, may be wellnigh reached in favored localities, such as the British Islands, in about a quarter of a century from the present time; and then, I doubt not, geological history, in legitimate conformity with the laws of mind, and from the existence of the pregnant principle peculiar, according to Cuvier, to that science of which geology is simply an extension, will

assume a very extraordinary form. We cannot yet aspire "to the height of this great argument:" our foundations are in parts still unconsolidated and incomplete and unfitted to sustain the perfect superstructure which shall one day assuredly rise upon them; but from the little which we can now see "as in a glass darkly" enough appears from which to

"assert eternal Providence,
And justify the ways of God to men."

The history of the four great monarchies of the world was typified, in the prophetic dream of the ancient Babylonish king, by a colossal image "terrible in its form and brightness," of which the "head was pure gold," the "breast and arms of silver," the "belly and thighs of brass," and the legs and feet "of iron, and of iron mingled with clay." The vision in which it formed the central object was appropriately that of a puissant monarch, and the image itself typified the merely human monarchies of the earth. It would require a widely different figure to symbolize the great monarchies of creation. And yet Revelation does furnish such a figure. It is that which was witnessed by the captive prophet beside "the river Chebar" when "the heavens were opened and he saw visions of God." In that chariot of Deity, glowing in fire and amber, with its complex wheels "so high that they were dreadful," set round about with eyes, there were living creatures of whose four faces three were brute and one human, and high over all sat the Son of man. It would almost seem as if in this sublime vision—in which, with features distinct enough to impress the imagination,

there mingle the elements of an awful incomprehensibility, and which even the genius of Raffaele has failed adequately to portray—the history of all the past and of all the future had been symbolized. In the order of Providence intimated in the geologic record the brute faces, as in the vision, outnumber the human: the human dynasty is one and the dynasties of the inferior animals are three; and yet who can doubt that they all equally compose parts of a well-ordered and perfect whole, as the four faces formed but one cherubim; that they have been moving onward to a definite goal in the unity of one grand harmonious design, now "lifted up high" over the comprehension of earth, now let down to its humble level; and that the Creator of all has been ever seated over them on the throne of his providence, a "likeness in the appearance of a man," embodying the perfection of his nature in his workings and determining the end from the beginning?

There is geologic evidence, as has been shown, that in the course of creation the higher orders succeeded the lower. We have no good reason to believe that the mollusc and crustacean preceded the fish, seeing that discovery, in its slow course, has already traced the vertebrata in the ichthyic form down to deposits which only a few years ago were regarded as representative of the first beginnings of organized existence on our planet, and that it has at the same time failed to add a lower system to that in which their remains occur. But the fish seems most certainly to have preceded the reptile and the bird, and the reptile and the bird to have preceded the mammiferous quadruped, and the mammiferous quadruped to have preceded man—rational, accountable

man, whom God created in his own image, the much-loved Benjamin of the family, last-born of all creatures. It is of itself an extraordinary fact, without reference to other considerations, that the order adopted by Cuvier in his animal kingdom as that in which the four great classes of vertebrate animals, when marshalled according to their rank and standing, naturally range, should be also that in which they occur in order of time. The brain which bears an average proportion to the spinal cord of not more than two to one came first: it is the brain of the fish; that which bears to the spinal cord an average proportion of two and a half to one succeeded it: it is the brain of the reptile; then came the brain averaging as three to one: it is that of the bird; next in succession came the brain that averages as four to one: it is that of the mammal; and last of all there appeared a brain that averages as twenty-three to one: reasoning, calculating man had come upon the scene. All the facts of geological science are hostile to the Lamarckian conclusion that the lower brains were developed into the higher. As if with the express intention of preventing so gross a misreading of the record, we find in at least two classes of animals—fishes and reptiles—the higher races placed at the beginning: the slope of the inclined plane is laid, if one may so speak, in the reverse way, and, instead of rising toward the level of the succeeding class, inclines downward, with at least the effect, if not the design, of making the break where they meet exceedingly well marked and conspicuous. And yet the record does seem to speak of development and progression—not, however, in the province of organized existence, but in that of insensate matter subject to the purely chemical laws.

It is in the style and character of the dwelling-place that gradual improvement seems to have taken place, not in the functions or the rank of any class of its inhabitants; and it is with special reference to this gradual improvement in our common mansion-house the earth, in its bearing on the “conditions of existence,” that not a few of our reasonings regarding the introduction and extinction of species and genera must proceed.

That definite period at which man was introduced upon the scene seems to have been specially determined by the conditions of correspondence which the phenomena of his habitation had at length come to assume with the predestined constitution of his mind. The large reasoning brain would have been wholly out of place in the earlier ages. It is indubitably the nature of man to base the conclusions which regulate all his actions on fixed phenomena: he reasons from cause to effect or from effect to cause; and when placed in circumstances in which, from some lack of the necessary basis, he cannot so reason, he becomes a wretched, timid, superstitious creature greatly more helpless and abject than even the inferior animals. This unhappy state is strikingly exemplified by that deep and peculiar impression made on the mind by a severe earthquake which Humboldt from his own experience so powerfully describes. “This impression,” he says, “is not, in my opinion, the result of a recollection of those fearful pictures of devastation presented to our imagination by the historical narratives of the past, but is rather due to the sudden revelation of the delusive nature of the inherent faith by which we had clung to a belief in the immobility of the solid parts of the earth. We are accustomed

from early childhood to draw a contrast between the mobility of water and the immobility of the soil on which we tread, and this feeling is confirmed by the evidence of our senses. When, therefore, we suddenly feel the ground move beneath us, a mysterious force with which we were previously unacquainted is revealed to us as an active disturber of stability. A moment destroys the illusion of a whole life, our deceptive faith in the repose of nature vanishes, and we feel transported into a realm of unknown destructive forces. Every sound, the faintest motion of the air, arrests our attention, and we no longer trust the ground on which we stand. There is an idea conveyed to the mind of some universal and unlimited danger. We may flee from the crater of a volcano in active eruption or from the dwelling whose destruction is threatened by the approach of the lava-stream, but in an earthquake, direct our flight whithersoever we will, we still feel as if we trod upon the very focus of destruction." Not less striking is the testimony of Dr. Tschudi in his *Travels in Peru* regarding this singular effect of earthquakes on the human mind. "No familiarity with the phenomenon can," he remarks, "blunt the feeling. The inhabitant of Lima, who from childhood has frequently witnessed these convulsions of nature, is roused from his sleep by the shock, and rushes from his apartment with the cry of '*Misericordia!*' The foreigner from the north of Europe, who knows nothing of earthquakes but by description, waits with impatience to feel the movements of the earth, and longs to hear with his own ear the subterranean sounds which he has hitherto considered fabulous. With levity he treats the ap-

prehension of a coming convulsion, and laughs at the fears of the natives; but as soon as his wish is gratified he is terror-stricken, and is involuntarily prompted to seek safety in flight."

Now, a partially consolidated planet tempest by frequent earthquakes of such terrible potency that those of the historic ages would be but mere ripples of the earth's surface in comparison could be no proper home for a creature so constituted. The fish or reptile—animals of a limited range of instinct, exceedingly tenacious of life in most of their varieties, oviparous, prolific, and whose young immediately on their escape from the egg can provide for themselves—might enjoy existence in such circumstances to the full extent of their narrow capacities; and when sudden death fell upon them, though their remains, scattered over wide areas, continue to exhibit that distortion of posture incident to violent dissolution which seems to speak of terror and suffering, we may safely conclude there was but little real suffering in the case: they were happy up to a certain point, and unconscious for ever after. Fishes and reptiles were the proper inhabitants of our planet during the ages of the earth-tempests; and when, under the operation of the chemical laws, these had become less frequent and terrible, the higher mammals were introduced. That prolonged ages of these tempests did exist, and that they gradually settled down until the state of things became at length comparatively fixed and stable, few geologists will be disposed to deny. The evidence which supports this special theory of the development of our planet in its capabilities as a scene of or-

ganized and sentient being seems palpable at every step. Look first at these Grauwacke rocks, and after marking how in one place the strata have been upturned on their edges for miles together, and how in another the Plutonic rock has risen molten from below, pass on to the Old Red Sandstone and examine its significant platforms of violent death—its faults, displacements and dislocations; see, next, in the Coal-Measures, those evidences of sinking and ever-sinking strata for thousands of feet together; mark in the Oolite those vast overlying masses of trap stretching athwart the landscape far as the eye can reach; observe carefully how the signs of convulsion and catastrophe gradually lessen as we descend to the times of the Tertiary, though even in these ages of the mammiferous quadruped the earth must have had its oft-recurring ague-fits of frightful intensity; and then, on closing the survey, consider how exceedingly partial and unfrequent these earth-tempests have become in the recent periods. Yes, we find everywhere marks of at once progression and identity—of progress made and yet identity maintained; but it is in the habitation that we find them, not in the inhabitants. There is a tract of country in Hindustan that contains nearly as many square miles as all Great Britain covered to the depth of hundreds of feet by one vast overflow of trap; a tract similarly overflowed which exceeds in area all England occurs in Southern Africa. The earth's surface is roughened with such, mottled as thickly by the Plutonic masses as the skin of the leopard by its spots. The trap district which surrounds our Scottish metropolis and imparts so imposing a character to its scenery is too in-

considerable to be marked on geological maps of the world that we yet see streaked and speckled with similar memorials, though on an immensely vaster scale, of the eruption and overflow which took place in the earthquake ages. What could man have done on the globe at a time when such outbursts were comparatively common occurrences? What could he have done where Edinburgh now stands during that overflow of trap porphyry of which the Pentland range forms but a fragment, or that outburst of greenstone of which but a portion remains in the dark ponderous coping of Salisbury Craigs, or when the thick floor of rock on which the city stands was broken up like the ice of an Arctic sea during a tempest in spring, and laid on edge from where it leans against the Castle Hill to beyond the quarries at Joppa? The reasoning brain would have been wholly at fault in a scene of things in which it could neither foresee the exterminating calamity while yet distant nor control it when it had come; and so the reasoning brain was not produced until the scene had undergone a slow but thorough process of change, during which, at each progressive stage, it had furnished a platform for higher and still higher life. When the coniferæ could flourish on the land and fishes subsist in the seas, fishes and cone-bearing plants were created; when the earth became a fit habitat for reptiles and birds, reptiles and birds were produced; with the dawn of a more stable and mature state of things the sagacious quadruped was ushered in; and, last of all, when man's house was fully prepared for him—when the data on which it is his nature to reason and calculate had become fixed and certain—the reasoning, calculating brain was moulded

by the creative finger, and man became a living soul. Such seems to be the true reading of the wondrous inscription chiseled deep in the rocks. It furnishes us with no clue by which to unravel the unapproachable mysteries of creation: these mysteries belong to the wondrous Creator, and to him only. We attempt to theorize upon them and to reduce them to law, and all nature rises up against us in our presumptuous rebellion. A stray splinter of cone-bearing wood, a fish's skull or tooth, the vertebra of a reptile, the humerus of a bird, the jaw of a quadruped,—all, any, of these things, weak and insignificant as they may seem, become in such a quarrel too strong for us and our theory: the puny fragment, in the grasp of truth, forms as irresistible a weapon as the dry bone did in that of Samson of old, and our slaughtered sophisms lie piled up, "heaps upon heaps," before it.

HUGH MILLER.

THE FIRST DEATH.

THE first conviction that there is death in the house is perhaps the most awful moment of youth. When we are young, we think that not only ourselves, but that all about us, are immortal. Until the arrow has struck a victim round our own hearth, "death" is merely an unmeaning word; until then its casual mention has stamped no idea upon our brain. There are few, even among those least susceptible of thought and emotion, in whose hearts and minds the first death in the family does not act as a very powerful revelation of the mysteries of life and of their own being; there are few who after such a catastrophe do not look upon the

world and the world's ways—at least, for a time—with changed and tempered feelings. It recalls the past, it makes us ponder over the future; and youth, gay and light-hearted youth, is taught for the first time to regret and to fear.

BENJAMIN DISRAELI
(Earl of Beaconsfield).

GOD IS LIGHT.

ETERNAL Light! eternal Light!
How pure the soul must be

When, placed within thy searching sight,
It shrinks not, but with calm delight
Can live and look on thee!

The spirits that surround thy throne
May bear the burning bliss,
But that is surely theirs alone,
For they have never, never known
A fallen world like this.

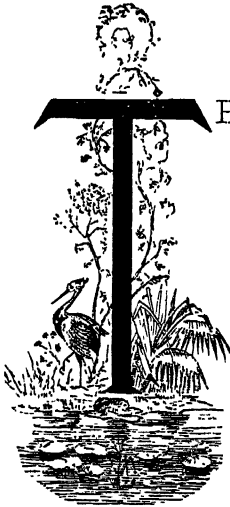
Oh, how shall I, whose native sphere
Is dark, whose mind is dim,
Before the Ineffable appear,
And on my naked spirit bear
That uncreated beam?

There is a way for man to rise
To that sublime abode:
An offering and a sacrifice,
A Holy Spirit's energies,
An Advocate with God,—

These, these prepare us for the sight
Of Majesty above;
The sons of ignorance and night
Can stand in the eternal light
Through the eternal love.

F. BLANE.

EDWIN ARNOLD.



THIS English poet, who is also distinguished as a traveller, a Sanskrit scholar and a London journalist, was the son of a Sussex magistrate, and was born on the 10th of June, 1832. After his preliminary studies at King's College, London, he received an Oxford scholarship, and was graduated at that university in 1852. In that year he took the Newdegate prize for English verse and delivered his poem entitled "The Feast of Belshazzar." In the usual turmoil of the Oxford Encenia the first few lines were drowned by the noise of the undergraduates, but soon their attention was arrested by the beautiful flow of the verse; there was perfect silence, and he was greeted at the close with storms of applause.

After teaching for a short time in England, Mr. Arnold was sent to India as president of the Sanskrit college of Poonah, in the residence of Bombay, where he remained from 1857 to 1861. He then returned to England and took post on the editorial staff of the *Daily Telegraph*. It was by his advice that explorations were made in Syria, and that the *Telegraph* took part in sending Stanley to Africa.

After a trial drama entitled *Griselda*, our author turned to a more congenial and important field. He first issued the *Hitopadesa*, with annotations in several languages, and afterward translated it. Then followed

a translation of the *Gita Govinda*, or *Indian Song of Songs*. But his reputation was more greatly extended by a curious and beautiful poem called "The Light of Asia," which with true poetic spirit and diction portrays the life and teachings of Gautama, purporting to be written by an Indian Buddhist. Its circulation was immense. The king of Siam declared it to be a most eloquent defence of Buddhism, and decorated him with the high order of the White Elephant. The queen of England made him a companion of the Star of India (C. S. I.). He has since issued other translations, a volume of Indian poetry (1881) and *Pearls of Faith* (1882). His wife is an American lady, a grand-niece of Dr. William Ellery Channing.

SAMUEL LOVER.

LOVER was born in Dublin, Ireland, in the year 1797. He was celebrated as a novelist, song-writer and musician, and also obtained distinction as a miniature-painter. He painted, among others, Lord Brougham in his robes as lord-chancellor, but his best-known portrait was that of Paganini, which was exhibited at the Royal Academy. In A. D. 1847 he visited America and gave a series of lectures and entertainments, which were well received. Among his novels, *Handy Andy* is the most widely known, and with lovers of fun it is a great favorite. Some of his most popular songs are "Rory O'More," "The Angel's Whisper," "Molly Bawn" and "The Four-Leaved Shamrock." He died July 6, 1868.

JAMES BEATTIE.

THIS poet was born at Laurencekirk, Scotland, on the 25th of October, 1735. His father, who was a small farmer and shopkeeper, and who had a taste for literature and was fond of versifying, died when the poet was seven years old.

On the 11th of August, 1753, Beattie was elected schoolmaster at Fordoun, at the foot of the Grampian Hills. The magnificent scenery of this place is supposed to have had a marked influence in the culture of his poetical taste. In the year 1760 he was appointed professor of philosophy in Marischal College. The appointment provoked criticism on account of his youth, but he proved himself equal to the position, filling it with distinction.

Beattie's fame rests chiefly on his poems of "The Minstrel; or, The Progress of Genius," and "The Hermit." He was fond of controversy and combated the theories of David Hume. His "Essay on Truth" was well received in his lifetime, but has added but little to his fame.

In his family relations Beattie was very unfortunate. His wife, who was a most beautiful woman, inherited insanity from her mother, and he lost his two sons—his only children—by death. His son James, who had been appointed to the chair of philosophy as his father's successor, died of consumption at the early age of twenty-two. "The loss of Montague, also a youth of much promise, by a rapid fever, in 1796, completed the prostration of the poor father. It was the case of Burke over again, but worse, inasmuch as Beattie, a weaker nature, was sometimes driven to seek oblivion in the cup, and as sometimes his reason reeled on its throne,

and he went about the house asking where his son was and whether he had or had not a son. He retired from all society, lost taste for his former pleasures, such as music, which he had once relished so keenly, was seized in 1799 with a paralytic affection which deprived him of speech, and languished on, ever and anon visited with new assaults of the same malady, till at last, on the 18th of August, 1803, the gifted, amiable, but most miserable, 'Minstrel' breathed his last. He now lies beside his two dear sons in the churchyard of St. Nicholas, Aberdeen, a graceful Latin inscription from the pen of Dr. James Gregory of Edinburgh distinguishing the stone which covers his ashes."

JOANNA BAILLIE.

THIS distinguished poetess was born at Manse of Bothwell, on the banks of the Clyde, Scotland, in the year 1762. While yet young she removed, with her sister Agnes, to Hamstead, a suburb of London, where her brother, the distinguished Dr. Matthew Baillie, resided. In A. D. 1798 she published her *Plays on the Passions*, illustrating by her various characters the deepest passions of the human soul, such as jealousy, love, fear, hate. In the year 1810 she produced *The Family Legend*, which was enthusiastically patronized by Sir Walter Scott and acted in London by Kemble and Mrs. Siddons. Her plays were well received, but critics say that they are better adapted to reading than to the stage. Her best tragedies are *The Separation*, *Henriquez*, *De Monfort* and *Count Basil*. Of her poems the most frequently quoted are her lines to Agnes and "The Kitten," while the popular favorites among her songs are "The Lover's

Song" and "Wood and Married." After an industrious and energetic life, she died February 23, 1851.

JOHN BARBOUR.

THIS author was a contemporary of Chaucer, and was born about the year 1320. He became archdeacon of Aberdeen in 1356, and in 1357 went to Oxford for the purpose of completing his education. He died March 13, 1396.

The chief of Barbour's works is a national epic entitled "The Bruce," in which is comprised an account of Robert Bruce, king of Scotland. Besides its poetical merit, this work has considerable value to the student of history.

THE PORTRAIT.

THIS is her picture as she was :
 It seems a thing to wonder on,
 As though mine image in the glass
 Should tarry when myself am gone.
 I gaze until she seems to stir—
 Until mine eyes almost aver
 That now, even now, the sweet lips part
 To breathe the words of the sweet heart ;
 And yet the earth is over her.

Alas ! even such the thin-drawn ray
 That makes the prison-depths more rude,
 The drip of water night and day
 Giving a tongue to solitude.
 Yet this, of all love's perfect prize,
 Remains, save what in mournful guise
 Takes counsel with my soul alone—
 Save what is secret and unknown
 Below the earth, above the skies.

DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI.

NOW AND AFTERWARD.

"Two hands upon the breast, and labor is past."—RUSSIAN PROVERB.

"TWO hands upon the breast,
 And labor's done ;
 Two pale feet crossed in rest :
 The race is won ;
 Two eyes with coin-weights shut,
 And all tears cease ;
 Two lips where grief is mute,
 Anger at peace."

So pray we oftentimes, mourning our lot ;
 God in his kindness answereth not.

"Two hands to work address
 Aye for his praise ;
 Two feet that never rest
 Walking his ways ;
 Two eyes that look above
 Through all their tears ;
 Two lips still breathing love,
 Not wrath nor fears."

So pray we afterward, low on our knees ;
 Pardon those erring prayers ! Father, hear
 these !

DINAH MARIA MULOCK CRAIK.

TRUST.

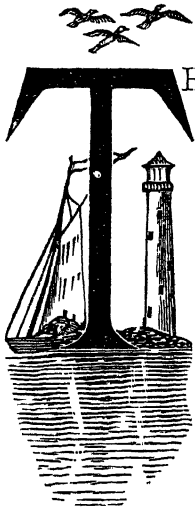
BETTER trust all and be deceived,
 And weep that trust and that deceiving,
 Than doubt one heart that if believed
 Had blessed one's life with true believing.

Oh, in this mocking world too fast
 The doubting fiend o'ertakes our youth ;
 Better be cheated to the last
 Than lose the blessed hope of truth.

FRANCES ANNE KEMBLE.

DUMB SUFFERERS.

"The poor beetle that we tread upon
In corporal sufferance finds a pang as great
As when a giant dies."—SHAKESPEARE.



HE sufferings of the lower animals may, when out of sight, be out of mind. But, more than this, these sufferings may be in sight and yet out of mind. This is strikingly exemplified in the sports of the field, in the midst of whose varied and animating bustle that cruelty which all along is present to the senses may not for one moment have

been present to the thoughts.

There sits a somewhat ancestral dignity and glory on this favorite pastime of joyous old England, when the gallant knighthood, and the hearty yeomen, and the amateurs or virtuosos of the chase, and the full-assembled jockeyship of half a province, muster together in all the pride and pageantry of their great emprise, and the panorama of some noble landscape, lighted up with autumnal clearness from an unclouded heaven, pours fresh exhilaration into every blithe and choice spirit of the scene, and every adventurous heart is braced and impatient for the hazards of the coming enterprise, and even the high-breathed coursers catch the general sympathy and seem to fret in all the restiveness of their yet checked and irritated fire till the echoing horn shall set them at liberty—even that horn which is the knell of death to some trembling victim now brought forth out of its

lurking-place to the delighted gaze and borne down upon with the full and open cry of its ruthless pursuers.

Be assured that amid the whole glee and fervency of this tumultuous enjoyment there might not, in one single bosom, be aught so fiendish as a principle of naked and abstract cruelty. The fear which gives its lightning-speed to the unhappy animal; the thickening horrors which in the progress of exhaustion must gather upon its flight; its gradually sinking energies, and at length the terrible certainty of that destruction which is awaiting it; that piteous cry which the ear can sometimes distinguish amid the deafening clamor of the bloodhounds as they spring exultingly upon their prey; the dread massacre and dying agonies of a creature so miserably torn,—all this weight of suffering, we admit, is not once sympathized with, but it is just because the suffering itself is not once thought of. It touches not the sensibilities of the heart, but just because it is never present to the notice of the mind.

We allow that the hardy followers in the wild romance of this occupation—we allow them to be reckless of pain. But this is not rejoicing in pain. Theirs is not the delight of the savage, but the apathy of unreflecting creatures. They are wholly occupied with the chase itself and its spirit-stirring accompaniments, nor bestow one moment's thought on the dread violence of that infliction upon



Bear to Ground.

sentient nature which marks its termination. It is the spirit of the competition, and it alone, which goads onward this hurrying career; and even he who, in at the death, is foremost in the triumph, although to him the death itself is in sight, the agony of its wretched sufferer is wholly out of mind.

Man is the direct agent of a wide and continual distress to the lower animals, and the question is, Can any method be devised for its alleviation? On this subject that scriptural image is strikingly realized, "The whole inferior creation groaning and travailing together in pain" because of him. It signifies not to the substantive amount of the suffering whether this be prompted by the hardness of his heart or only permitted through the heedlessness of his mind. In either way it holds true not only that the arch-devourer man stands pre-eminent over the fiercest children of the wilderness as an animal of prey, but that for his lordly and luxurious appetite, as well as for his service or merest curiosity and amusement, Nature must be ransacked throughout all her elements. Rather than forego the veriest gratifications of vanity, he will wring them from the anguish of wretched and ill-fated creatures, and whether for the indulgence of his barbaric sensuality or barbaric splendor can stalk paramount over the sufferings of that prostrate creation which has been placed beneath his feet. That beauteous domain whereof he has been constituted the terrestrial sovereign gives out so many blissful and benignant aspects; and whether we look to its peaceful lakes, or to its flowery landscapes, or its evening skies, or to all that soft attire which overspreads the hills and the valleys lighted up by smiles of

sweetest sunshine, and where animals disport themselves in all the exuberance of gayety,—this surely were a more befitting scene for the rule of clemency than for the iron rod of a murderous and remorseless tyrant.

But the present is a mysterious world wherein we dwell. It still bears much upon its materialism of the impress of Paradise. But a breath from the air of Pandemonium has gone over its living generations, and so "the fear of man and the dread of man is now upon every beast of the earth, and upon every fowl of the air, and upon all that moveth upon the earth, and upon all the fishes of the sea: into man's hands are they delivered: every moving thing that liveth is meat for him; yea, even as the green herbs, there have been given to him all things." Such is the extent of his jurisdiction, and with most full and wanton license has he revelled among its privileges. The whole earth labors and is in violence because of his cruelties, and from the amphitheatre of sentient nature there sounds in fancy's ear the bleat of one wide and universal suffering—a dreadful homage to the power of Nature's constituted lord.

These sufferings are really felt. The beasts of the field are not so many automata without sensation and just so constructed as to give forth all the natural signs and expressions of it. Nature hath not practised this universal deception upon our species. These poor animals just look and tremble and give forth the very indications of suffering that we do. Theirs is the distinct cry of pain; theirs is the unequivocal physiognomy of pain. They put on the same aspect of terror

on the demonstrations of a menaced blow ; they exhibit the same distortions of agony after the infliction of it. The bruise, or the burn, or the fracture, or the deep incision, or the fierce encounter with one of equal or superior strength, just affects them similarly to ourselves. Their blood circulates as ours ; they have pulsations in various parts of the body like ours ; they sicken and they grow feeble with age, and finally they die, just as we do. They possess the same feelings, and, what exposes them to like suffering from another quarter, they possess the same instincts, with our own species.

The lioness robbed of her whelps causes the wilderness to ring aloud with the proclamation of her wrongs, or the bird whose little household has been stolen fills and saddens all the grove with melodies of deepest pathos. All this is palpable even to the general and unlearned eye ; and when the physiologist lays open the recesses of their system by means of that scalpel under whose operation they just shrink and are convulsed as any living subject of our own species, there stands forth to view the same sentient apparatus, and furnished with the same conductors for the transmission of feeling to every minutest pore upon the surface.

Theirs is an unmixed and unmitigated pain—the agonies of martyrdom without the alleviation of the hopes and the sentiments whereof they are incapable. When they lay them down to die, their only fellowship is with suffering ; for in the prison-house of their beset and bounded faculties there can no relief be afforded by communion with other interests or other things. The attention does not lighten their distress, as it does that of man by carrying off his spirit from that

existing pungency and pressure which might else be overwhelming. There is but room in their mysterious economy for one inmate, and that is the absorbing sense of their own single and concentrated anguish. And so in that bed of torment whereon the wounded animal lingers and expires there is an unexplored depth and intensity of suffering which the poor dumb animal itself cannot tell, and against which it can offer no remonstrance—an untold and unknown amount of wretchedness of which no articulate voice gives utterance. But there is an eloquence in its silence, and the very shroud which disguises it only serves to aggravate its horrors.

THOMAS CHALMERS, LL.D.

WHAT'S YOUR OPINION?

'TIS my belief that if you show
Your heart to any one you know,
Or let your cheeks with blushes glow,
You shorten Love's dominion ;
But if you pause or seem to be
Indifferent to his urgent plea,
The colder you the warmer he.
Now tell me your opinion,
Your opinion ;
Do tell me your opinion.

'Tis hard, when feeling's pulse beats strong,
To guard the word that seeks the tongue
And hide the secret well and long ;
But who would lose dominion ?
Who let a little word defeat
The hopes that in their bosom beat ?
Whate'er I felt, he should not see't—
At least, that's my opinion,
My opinion ;
At least, that's my opinion.

'Tis said that some are far too nice,
 Too over-proud, to take advice;
 I only pray you to think twice
 Before you quit dominion :
 The more your looks, your lips, express,
 The more you sigh, he'll sigh the less :
 Till he proposed I'd ne'er confess—

At least, that's my opinion,

My opinion ;

At least, that's my opinion.

CHARLES SWAIN.

THE STOLEN INTERVIEW; OR, THE BLIND MOTHER.

FROM THE FRENCH OF PIERRE JEAN DE BÉRANGER.

DAUGHTER, as you spin your wool
 Let my words attention claim ;
 I know your heart—the little fool—
 Goes pit-a-pat at Colin's name.
 Distrust his coaxing tales, my dear ;
 Though blind and old I'm ever near,
 And naught escapes my watchful ear.
 Heigh ho ! how heavily you sighed !
 Colin's a faithful swain, I trow.
 Why open you the casement wide ?
 Lizette, Lizette, you spin not now !

'Tis very close and warm, you say ;
 But to the window-niche your seat
 Have you not drawn, Lizette, I pray,
 To change with Colin glances sweet ?
 Don't blame me that so much I scold :
 Youth ever is one-half too bold ;
 I've proved this world is false and cold.
 Strict duty's line is soon stepped o'er ;
 Love binds us fast—we can't tell how.

But somebody is at the door :
 Lizette, Lizette, you spin not now !

So 'tis the wind alone, you say,
 The cottage door that gently shakes ?
 And yet my faithful watch-dog Tray
 You beat because a growl he makes.
 Ah ! trust my word, for much I've seen :
 No honest love doth Colin mean ;
 More prudent be than you have been :
 Beauty brings oft full many woes.
 Good heavens ! this is too much, I vow !
 A kiss beneath my very nose !
 Lizette, Lizette, you spin not now !

'Tis the canary-bird, you say,
 That thus you fondly kiss and pet ?
 Bid it be still, then, or I may
 Get up and twist its pretty neck.
 Alas ! such foolish doings tend
 But to dishonor in the end ;
 He on whom all your charms you spend
 Will laugh at the remorse you feel.
 Your mind to wisdom's counsels bow.
 What ! from the room you fain would steal !
 Lizette, Lizette, you spin not now !

'Tis to retire to rest, you say ?
 Come, come ! I hear, though I can't see.—
 Colin, please take yourself away ;
 No stolen interviews for me.—
 You, Lizette, shall with me remain ;
 So sit you by your wheel again,
 Nor waste the time in converse vain.
 Till Colin seek you as his bride
 No meetings more shall I allow ;
 Meantime, close by your mother's side,
 Lizette, Lizette, you shall spin now.

Translation of WILLIAM ANDERSON.



The Stolen Interview.

HOMER.



HOMER is at least the name, if nothing more, of the greatest poet of antiquity—the first of the illustrious line of singers, or minstrels, who presented in two marvellous epics the language, the poetry, the history, the art and the beautiful mythology of Greece when the morning dews clustered upon her brow.

The *Iliad* shows us a part of the siege of Troy, and the *Odyssey* tells the story of the wanderings of Odysseus, or Ulysses, from that siege to his home in the “little sea-girt isle of Ithaca.”

Of the period and personality of Homer there is great doubt. The Greek *Lives* of him are notoriously fictitious, and we are left to conjecture in a range of time from 1100 to 850 B. C. Herodotus, who lived about the middle of the fifth century before Christ, makes him the contemporary of Hesiod at the later date. Among the nine cities which have contended for the honor of giving him birth, Smyrna seems to have the strongest claim, if there be any valid claim: a local legend declares him to be the offspring of a river and a nymph; which may, indeed, be only a poetical way of eulogizing his Muse.

In the latest period since the days of Wolf and Niebuhr a school of German critics has denied Homer's personality entirely, but English scholars have enlisted themselves on the other side, declaring him to be

proved an Asiatic Greek well versed in the dialect of his day and presenting in his two epics the best specimens of the highly cultivated Ionic. Thus the literary period is fixed, and internal evidence declares the identity of the poet. Against this view, the German scholars maintain that his poems are the work of many hands and the development of a long period; that for centuries they existed only in the memories and on the lips of rhapsodists, many of whom, being poets as well as reciters and contending for prizes at the games, would alter, improve and add to what they recited. To this it may be answered that there was a law of Athens requiring the Homeric poems to be read publicly—“with prompting”—whenever the festival of the Panathenæa, or festival in honor of Minerva, was celebrated. This law is at variance with the theory of the German critics. Again, the critics assert that Homer was only an *eponym* for the ancestor of the Homeridæ of Chios. Leaving the critics to disagree, the world is glad that it has these precious works, and that they had a chief author whom we are all satisfied to call Homer. His poems have been translated into all civilized languages. The principal versions in English are those of Chapman, Pope, Cowper, Earl Derby and William Cullen Bryant. While, perhaps, all the others are nearer to the Greek in delicate points of scholarship, the delightful tinkling of Pope's pentameter couplet has caused it to be the most popular.

THE SHIELD OF ACHILLES.

FORGED BY VULCAN AT THE REQUEST OF THETIS.

FROM THE GREEK OF HOMER.



WHAT, goddess, this unusual
favor draws?
All hail and welcome, what-
soever the cause:
Till now a stranger, in a
happy hour
Approach and taste the dain-
ties of the bower."

High on a throne with stars
of silver graced,
And various artifice, the
queen she placed,

A footstool at her feet, then, calling, said,
"Vulcan, draw near; 'tis Thetis asks your
aid."

"Thetis," replied the god, "our powers may
claim—

An ever-dear, an ever-honored name.

When my proud mother hurled me from the
sky—

My awkward form, it seems, displeased her
eye—

She and Eurynome my griefs redressed
And soft received me on their silver breast.
Even then these arts employed my infant
thought:

Chains, bracelets, pendants, all their toys, I
wrought.

Nine years kept secret in the dark abode
Secure I lay, concealed from man and god:
Deep in a caverned rock my days were led;
The rushing ocean murmured o'er my head.

Now, since her presence glads our mansion,
say

For such desert what service can I pay.
Vouchsafe, O Thetis! at our board to share
The genial rites and hospitable fare,
While I the labors of the forge forego
And bid the roaring bellows cease to blow."

Then from his anvil the lame artist rose;
Wide with distorted legs oblique he goes,
And stills the bellows, and, in order laid,
Locks in their chests his instruments of trade;
Then with a sponge the sooty workman dressed
His brawny arms embrowned and hairy
breast.

With his huge sceptre graced, and red attire,
Came halting forth the sovereign of the fire;
The monarch's steps two female forms up-
hold,

That moved and breathed in animated gold,
To whom was voice and sense and science
given

Of works divine: such wonders are in
heaven!

On these supported, with unequal gait
He reached the throne where pensive Thetis
sate;

There placed beside her on the shining frame,
He thus addressed the silver-footed dame:

"Thee welcome, goddess! What occasion
calls—

So long a stranger—to these honored walls?

'Tis thine, fair Thetis, the command to lay,
And Vulcan's joy and duty to obey."

To whom the mournful mother thus replies
(The crystal drops stood trembling in her
eyes):

"O Vulcan! say, was ever breast divine
So pierced with sorrows, so o'erwhelmed, as
mine?

Of all the goddesses, did Jove prepare
For Thetis only such a weight of care—
I, only I, of all the watery race,
By force subjected to a man's embrace,
Who, sinking now with age and sorrow, pays
The mighty fine imposed on length of days?
Sprung from my bed, a godlike hero came—
The bravest, sure, that ever bore the name;
Like some fair plant beneath my careful
hand

He grew, he flourished, and he graced the
land.

To Troy I sent him, but his native shore
Never—ah, never!—shall receive him more;
Even while he lives he wastes with secret
woe,

Nor I, a goddess, can retard the blow.
Robbed of the prize the Grecian suffrage
gave,

The king of nations forced his royal slave:
For this he grieved, and till the Greeks op-
pressed

Required his arm he sorrowed unredressed.
Large gifts they promise, and their elders
send;

In vain: he arms not, but permits his friend
His arms, his steeds, his forces, to employ;
He marches, combats, almost conquers Troy;
Then, slain by Phœbus—Hector had the
name—

At once resigns his armor, life and fame.

But thou, in pity, by my prayer be won:
Grace with immortal arms this short-lived
son,

And to the field in martial pomp restore,
To shine with glory till he shines no more."

To her the artist-god: "Thy griefs resign,
Secure what Vulcan can is ever thine.
Oh, could I hide him from the Fates as well,
Or with these hands the cruel stroke repel,
As I shall forge most envied arms, the gaze
Of wondering ages and the world's amaze!"

Thus having said, the father of the fires
To the black labors of his forge retires.
Soon as he bade them blow the bellows turned
Their iron mouths, and where the furnace
burned

Resounding breathed; at once the blast ex-
pires,

And twenty forges catch at once the fires.
Just as the god directs, now loud, now low,
They raise a tempest or they gently blow;
In hissing flames huge silver bars are rolled,
And stubborn brass and tin and solid gold;
Before, deep-fixed, the eternal anvils stand;
The ponderous hammer loads his better hand,
His left with tongs turns the vexed metal
round,

And thick, strong strokes the doubling vaults
rebound.

Then first he formed the immense and solid
shield.

Rich various artifice emblazed the field;
Its utmost verge a threefold circle bound;
A silver chain suspends the massy round;
Five ample plates the broad expanse com-
pose,

And godlike labors on the surface rose.

There shone the image of the master-mind ;
 There earth, there heaven, there ocean, he
 designed ;
 The unwearied sun, the moon completely
 round ;
 The starry lights that heaven's high convex
 crowned ;
 The Pleiads, Hyads, with the northern team,
 And great Orion's more refulgent beam,
 To which, around the axle of the sky,
 The Bear, revolving, points his golden eye,
 Still shines exalted on the ethereal plain,
 Nor bathes his blazing forehead in the
 main.

Two cities radiant on the shield appear—
 The image one of peace, and one of war ;
 Here sacred pomp and genial feast delight,
 And solemn dance and hymeneal rite ;
 Along the street the new-made brides are led,
 With torches flaming, to the nuptial bed ;
 The youthful dancers in a circle bound
 To the soft flute and cithern's silver sound ;
 Through the fair streets the matrons in a
 row
 Stand in their porches and enjoy the show.

There in the forum swarm a numerous train,
 The subject of debate a townsman slain :
 One pleads the fine discharged, which one
 denied,
 And bade the public and the laws decide ;
 The witness is produced on either hand :
 For this or that the partial people stand ;
 The appointed heralds still the noisy bands
 And form a ring with sceptres in their hands ;
 On seats of stone, within the sacred place,
 The reverend elders nodded o'er the case ;
 Alternate each the attesting sceptre took,
 And, rising solemn, each his sentence spoke ;

Two golden talents lay amidst in sight,
 The prize of him who best adjudged the
 right.

Another part—a prospect differing far—
 Glowed with refulgent arms and horrid war :
 Two mighty hosts a leaguered town embrace,
 And one would pillage, one would burn, the
 place.

Meantime, the townsmen, armed with silent
 care,

A secret ambush on the foe prepare ;
 Their wives, their children and the watchful
 band

Of trembling parents on the turrets stand ;
 They march, by Pallas and by Mars made
 bold.

Gold were the gods, their radiant garments
 gold,
 And gold their armor : these the squadron
 led,

August, divine, superior, by the head ;
 A place for ambush fit they found, and stood,
 Covered with shields, beside a silver flood ;
 Two spies at distance lurk, and watchful
 seem

If sheep or oxen seek the winding stream ;
 Soon the white flocks proceeded o'er the
 plains,

And steers slow-moving, and two shepherd-
 swains ;

Behind them piping on their reeds they go,
 Nor fear an ambush, nor suspect a foe.

In arms the glittering squadron, rising round,
 Rush sudden : hills of slaughter heap the
 ground ;

Whole flocks and herds lie bleeding on the
 plains,

And all amidst them, dead, the shepherd-
 swains ;

The bellowing oxen the besiegers hear ;
 They rise, take horse, approach and meet the
 war ;

They fight, they fall, beside the silver flood :
 The waving silver seemed to blush with blood.
 There Tumult, there Contention, stood confessed :

One reared a dagger at a captive's breast ;
 One held a living foe that freshly bled
 With new-made wounds ; another dragged a
 dead ;

Now here, now there, the carcasses they tore :
 Fate stalked amidst them grim with human
 gore ;

And the whole war came out and met the
 eye,

And each bold figure seemed to live or die.

A field deep-furrowed next the god designed,
 The third time labored by the sweating hind ;
 The shining shares full many ploughmen
 guide,

And turn their crooked yokes on every side ;
 Still as at either end they wheel around,
 The master meets them with his goblet
 crowned ;

The hearty draught rewards, renews their
 toil,

Then back the turning ploughshares cleave
 the soil ;

Behind, the rising earth in ridges rolled
 And sable looked, though formed of molten
 gold.

Another field rose high with waving grain :
 With bended sickles stand the reaper twain ;
 Here stretched in ranks the levelled swaths
 are found,

Sheaves heaped on sheaves here thicken up
 the ground ;

With sweeping stroke the mowers strow the
 lands ;

The gatherers follow and collect in bands ;
 And last the children, in whose arms are
 borne—

Too short to gripe them—the brown sheaves
 of corn ;

The rustic monarch of the field descries
 With silent glee the heaps around him rise ;
 A ready banquet on the turf is laid
 Beneath an ample oak's expanded shade ;
 The victim ox the sturdy youth prepare,
 The reaper's due repast, the women's care.

Next, ripe in yellow gold, a vineyard shines,
 Bent with the ponderous harvest of its
 vines ;

A deeper dye the dangling clusters show,
 And curled on silver props in order glow ;
 A darker metal mixed intrenched the place,
 And pales of glittering tin the enclosure
 grace :

To this, one pathway, gently winding, leads,
 Where march a train with baskets on their
 heads—

Fair maids and blooming youths that smiling
 bear

The purple product of the autumnal year ;
 To these a youth awakes the warbling strings,
 Whose tender lay the fate of Linus sings ;
 In measured dance behind him move the
 train,

Tune soft the voice and answer to the strain.

Here herds of oxen march, erect and bold,
 Rear high their horns and seem to low in
 gold,

And speed to meadows on whose sounding
 shores

A rapid torrent through the rushes roars ;

Four golden herdsmen as their guardians stand,
 And nine sour dogs complete the rustic band ;
 Two lions rushing from the wood appeared,
 And seized a bull, the master of the herd ;
 He roared : in vain the dogs, the men, withstood ;
 They tore his flesh and drank his sable blood ;

The dogs oft cheered in vain desert the prey,
 Dread the grim terrors and at distance bay.

Next this the eye the art of Vulcan leads
 Deep through fair forests and a length of meads,
 And stalls and folds and scattered cots between,
 And fleecy flocks that whiten all the scene.

A figured dance succeeds—such one was seen

In lofty Gnosus for the Cretan queen,
 Formed by Dædalean art—a comely band
 Of youths and maidens bounding hand in hand,

The maids in soft simars of linen dressed,
 The youths all graceful in the glossy vest ;
 Of those the locks with flowery wreath inrolled,

Of these the sides adorned with swords of gold,

That, glittering gay, from silver belts depend ;

Now all at once they rise, at once descend,
 With well-taught feet now shape in oblique ways,

Confusedly regular, the moving maze ;

Now forth at once, too swift for sight, they spring,

And undistinguished blend the flying ring :

So whirls a wheel in giddy circle tossed,
 And, rapid as it runs, the single spokes are lost ;

The gazing multitudes admire around
 Two active tumblers in the centre bound ;
 Now high, now low, their pliant limbs they bend,
 And general songs the sprightly revel end.

Thus the broad shield complete the artist crowned

With his last hand, and poured the ocean round :

In living silver seemed the waves to roll,
 And beat the buckler's verge and bound the whole.

This done, whate'er a warrior's use requires
 He forged—the cuirass that outshone the fires,

The greaves of ductile tin, the helm impressed

With various sculpture and the golden crest.

At Thetis' feet the finished labor lay :

She as a falcon cuts the ærial way,
 Swift from Olympus' snowy summit flies,
 And bears the blazing present through the skies.

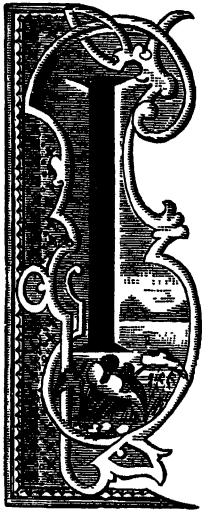
Translation of ALEXANDER POPE.

THE NORTHERN LIGHTS.

TO claim the Arctic came the sun
 With banners of the burning zone :
 Unrolled upon their airy spars,
 They froze beneath the light of stars ;
 And there they float, those streamers old,
 Those Northern lights, for ever cold.

BENJAMIN F. TAYLOR.

IMMORTALITY.



If human souls, why not angelic too,
Extinguished, and a solitary God
O'er ghastly ruin frowning from his throne?
Shall we this moment gaze on God in man,
The next lose man for ever in the dust?
From dust we disengage, or man mistakes,

And there where least his judgment fears a flaw.

Wisdom and worth how boldly he commends!
Wisdom and worth are sacred names, revered

Where not embraced, applauded, deified;
Why not compassioned too? If spirits die,
Both are calamities, inflicted, both,
To make us but more wretched. Wisdom's eye

Acute for what? To spy more miseries;
And worth, so recompensed, new-points their stings,

Or man surmounts the grave, or gain is loss,
And worth exalted humbles us the more.
Thou wilt not patronize a scheme that makes
Weakness and vice the refuge of mankind.

In man, the more we dive, the more we see
Heaven's signet stamping an immortal make.
Dive to the bottom of his soul, the base
Sustaining all what find we? Knowledge,
love.

As light and heat essential to the sun,
These to the soul. And why, if souls expire?

How little lovely here! how little known!
Small knowledge we dig up with endless toil,
And love unfeigned may purchase perfect hate.

Why starved on earth our angel appetites,
While brutal are indulged their fulsome fill?

This cannot be. To love and know, in man,
Is boundless appetite and boundless power,
And these demonstrate boundless objects too.
Objects, powers, appetites, Heaven suits in all,

Nor Nature through e'er violates this sweet
Eternal concord on her tuneful string.
Is man the sole exception from her laws?
Eternity struck off from human hope—
I speak with truth, but veneration too—
Man is a monster, the reproach of Heaven,
A stain, a dark impenetrable cloud
On Nature's beauteous aspect, and deforms—

Amazing blot!—deforms her with her lord.
If such is man's allotment, what is heaven?
Or own the soul immortal or blaspheme.

Or own the soul immortal or invert
All order. Go, mock-majesty! go, man!
And bow to thy superiors of the stall,
Through every scene of sense superior far:
They graze the turf untilled; they drink the stream

Unbrewed and ever full, and unembittered

With doubts, fears, fruitless hopes, regrets,
 despairs,
 Mankind's peculiar, reason's precious, dower.
 No foreign clime they ransack for their robes,
 Nor brothers cite to the litigious bar;
 Their good is good entire, unmixed, un-
 marred;
 They find a paradise in every field,
 On boughs forbidden where no curses hang;
 Their ill no more than strikes the sense, un-
 stretched
 By previous dread or murmur in the rear;
 When the worst comes, it comes unfear'd:
 one stroke
 Begins and ends their woe; they die but
 once.
 Blessed, incommunicable privilege, for which
 Proud man, who rules the globe and reads the
 stars,
 Philosopher or hero, sighs in vain!

Account for this prerogative in brutes.
 No day, no glimpse of day, to solve the knot
 But what beams on it from eternity.
 Oh, sole and sweet solution that unties
 The difficult and softens the severe,
 The cloud on Nature's beauteous face dispels,
 Restores bright order, casts the brute be-
 neath
 And re-enthrones us in supremacy
 Of joy even here! Admit immortal life,
 And virtue is knight-errantry no more;
 Each virtue brings in hand a golden dower
 Far richer in reversion; Hope exults,
 And, though much bitter in our cup is thrown,
 Predominates and gives the taste of heaven.
 Oh, wherefore is the Deity so kind?
 Astonishing beyond astonishment!
 Heaven our reward for heaven enjoyed below!

EDWARD YOUNG.

THE LION AND THE CUB.

HOW fond are men of rule and place
 Who court it from the mean and base!
 These cannot bear an equal nigh,
 But from superior merit fly.
 They love the cellar's vulgar joke,
 And lose their hours in ale and smoke;
 There o'er some petty club preside,
 So poor, so paltry, is their pride—
 Nay, even with fools whole nights will sit,
 In hopes to be supreme in wit.
 If these can read, to these I write,
 To set their worth in truest light.
 A lion-cub of sordid mind
 Avoided all the lion-kind;
 Fond of applause, he sought the feasts
 Of vulgar and ignoble beasts;
 With asses all his time he spent,
 Their club's perpetual president.
 He caught their manners, looks and airs,
 An ass in everything but ears.
 If e'er His Highness meant a joke,
 They grinned applause before he spoke;
 But at each word what shouts of praise!
 Good gods! how natural he brays!
 Elate with flattery and conceit,
 He seeks his royal sire's retreat.
 Forward and fond to show his parts,
 His Highness brays; the lion starts:
 "Puppy! that cursed vociferation
 Betrays thy life and conversation:
 Coxcombs, an ever-noisy race,
 Are trumpets of their own disgrace."—
 "Why so severe?" the cub replies.
 "Our senate always held me wise."—
 "How weak is pride!" returns the sire;
 "All fools are vain when fools admire;
 But know what stupid asses prize
 Lions and noble beasts despise."

JOHN GAY.

THE CHURCH OF ST. ISAAC, ST. PETERSBURG.



ST. ISAAC'S CATHEDRAL, probably the finest church in Northern Europe, stands in the great square called Isaac's Place, which extends to the banks of the Neva. It occupies the site of a church originally built by Peter the Great, and dedicated to St. Isaac of Dalmatia, because the city of St. Petersburg was founded on the day sacred to him. Like nearly all of the Greek churches, it is in the form of a Greek cross, with four equal sides, and is surmounted with a cupola of copper overlaid with gold, supported by pillars of polished granite. Each of the four grand entrances is reached by three flights of granite steps, each entire flight chiselled from a single block. The four porticos have monolithic granite columns sixty feet in height, with Corinthian capitals in bronze.

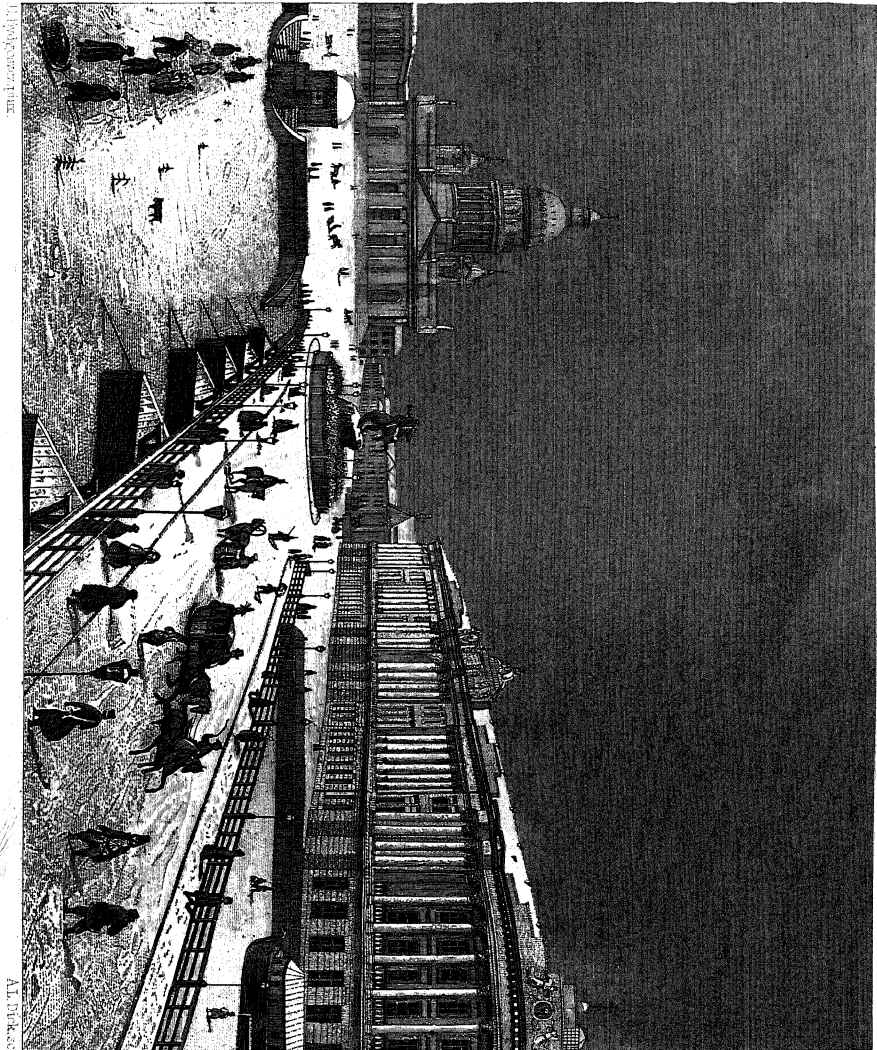
The magnificent proportions of this cathedral, the grand simplicity of its architecture and its imposing situation strike the visitor with awe as he approaches it from the side of the square facing the river. On the left is the Admiralty, its side six hundred and fifty feet in length, its front extending half a mile to the square of the Winter Palace; on the right, the Senate-House and the Holy Synod; and in its front is the colossal equestrian statue of Peter the Great.

The interior of St. Isaac's is as remarkable for its magnificence of decoration as is the

exterior for its grandeur and sublimity. Polished variegated marbles of every hue—all from the Russian dominions—splendid columns of malachite and of lapis-lazuli, gilded bronze-work and pictures and mosaics by Russian artists present a *coup d'œil* almost impossible to describe. The inmost shrine, presented by Mr. Demidoff, is valued at a million rubles. The Royal Door of the *ikonostas*, or screen, is of bronze, and is twenty-three feet in height by fifteen in breadth. To one accustomed to our plainer edifices of worship St. Isaac's appears to have an exuberance of decoration, but the grand ceremonial of the Greek Church demands corresponding surroundings.

The cathedral is a comparatively new building even where everything is of the present, having been begun in 1819 by Alexander I., and consecrated in 1858 by Alexander II. Its foundation alone, of piles driven into the swampy soil, is said to have cost over a million dollars. It was built by M. Montferrand, a French architect, who erected also the great Alexander column. If he had never accomplished any other works, these two ought to immortalize his name.

The equestrian statue of Peter the Great is one of the most noted monuments of Europe. The emperor is reining in his horse on the brink of a precipice, a serpent writhing under his charger's feet, being emblematic of the difficulties which beset the founder of Russia's greatness in the beginning. The block of granite which forms the pedestal weighs fifteen hundred tons, and was brought from



The Church of St. Isaac.

Lakhta, in Finland, four miles from the city. The transportation of this immense monolith to its present site was effected by Count Marino Carburis, a Greek engineer in the Russian service, to whom Catherine II. entrusted the work. The stone, a detached mass of granite, lay embedded fifteen feet deep in a swamp. How to raise it from its position and convey it to St. Petersburg was a problem which daunted the ablest engineers. But Carburis invented a machine which overcame the mechanical difficulties, and under his superintendence it was safely shipped to the banks of the Neva and moved thence by land to its appointed site, where it was erected September 30, 1769. This was considered so wonderful an engineering feat that the apparatus with which it was effected was placed, at the request of the French government, in the Conservatoire des Arts et Métiers, at Paris.

The bronze statue, which is seventeen and a half feet in height, was the work of the celebrated French sculptor Étienne Maurice Falconet, who executed it in St. Petersburg in 1776 by order of Catherine II. It is considered his greatest work. The horse, which is rearing, is supported by the hinder legs and tail, the latter being ingeniously connected with a coil of the serpent, which is fastened firmly to the rock.

St. Petersburg is a city of magnificent distances. Everything is on a large scale. It has broad streets, noble squares, long perspectives and grand monuments of art. Its only drawback is that it is built on a dead level, with no elevation to relieve the monotony or to give it picturesqueness. The splendor of its structures is thus in a measure hidden. But a more intimate acquaintance with its

architectural wonders convinces one that it is little behind the more ancient capitals of Europe in beauty or in interesting associations.

J. F. LOUBAT.

THE SANDS OF DEE.

“O H, Mary, go and call the cattle home,
And call the cattle home,
And call the cattle home,
Across the sands o’ Dee!”
The western wind was wild and dank wi’
foam
And all alone went she.

The creeping tide came up along the sand,
And o’er and o’er the sand,
And round and round the sand,
As far as eye could see;
The blinding mist came down and hid the
land;
And never home came she.

“Oh, is it weed, or fish, or floating hair—
A tress o’ golden hair,
O’ drownèd maiden’s hair—
Above the nets at sea?
Was never salmon yet that shone so fair
Among the stakes on Dee.”

They rowed her in across the rolling foam—
The cruel, crawling foam,
The cruel, hungry foam—
To her grave beside the sea;
But still the boatmen hear her call the cattle
home
Across the sands o’ Dee.

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

THE SUTTEE.*

AN EPISODE OF LIFE IN INDIA.

FROM THE FRENCH OF JULES VERNE.



At two o'clock the guide entered the shelter of a thick forest, which he had to traverse for a space of several miles. He preferred to travel thus under cover of the woods. At all events, up to this moment there had been no unpleasant meeting, and it seemed as if the journey would be accomplished without accident, when the elephant, showing some signs of uneasiness, suddenly stopped. It was then four o'clock.

"What is the matter?" asked Sir Francis Cromarty, raising his head above his howdah.

"I do not know, officer," replied the Parsee, listening to a confused murmur which came through the thick branches.

A few moments after, this murmur became more defined. It might have been called a concert, still very distant, of human voices and brass instruments. Passepartout was all eyes, all ears. Mr. Fogg waited patiently without uttering a word.

The Parsee jumped down, fastened the elephant to a tree and plunged into the thickest of the undergrowth. A few minutes later he returned saying,

"A Brahmin procession coming this way. If it is possible, let us avoid being seen."

* The principal characters in this narrative are Phileas Fogg, an English gentleman on a tour round the world; Sir Francis Cromarty, a travelling companion; Passepartout, Fogg's servant, a Parsee guide; and Aouda, an Indian lady of Bombay.

The guide unfastened the elephant and led him into a thicket, recommending the travellers not to descend. He held himself ready to mount the elephant quickly should flight become necessary; but he thought that the troop of the Faithful would pass without noticing him, for the thickness of the foliage entirely concealed him.

The discordant noise of voices and instruments approached. Monotonous chants were mingled with the sound of the drums and cymbals. Soon the head of the procession appeared from under the trees, at fifty paces from the spot occupied by Mr. Fogg and his companions. Through the branches they readily distinguished the curious *personnel* of this religious ceremony.

In the first line were the priests, with mitres upon their heads and attired in long robes adorned with gold and silver lace. They were surrounded by men, women and children, who were singing a sort of funereal psalmody, interrupted at regular intervals by the beating of tam-tams and cymbals. Behind them, on a car with large wheels, whose spokes and felloes represented serpents intertwined, appeared a hideous statue, drawn by two pairs of richly-caparisoned zebus. This statue had four arms, its body colored with dark red, its eyes haggard, its hair tangled, its tongue hanging out, its lips colored with henna and betel. Its neck was encircled by a collar of skulls; around its waist, a girdle of human hands. It was erect upon a prostrate giant, whose head was missing.

Sir Francis Cromarty recognized this statue.

"The goddess Kali," he murmured—"the goddess of love and death."

"Of death, I grant; but of love, never!" said Passepartout. "The ugly old woman!"

The Parsee made him a sign to keep quiet.

Around the statue there was a group of old fakirs jumping and tossing themselves about convulsively, smeared with bands of ochre, covered with cross-like cuts, whence their blood escaped drop by drop—stupid fanatics who in the great Hindoo ceremonies precipitated themselves under the wheels of the car of Juggernaut.

Behind them some Brahmins, in all the magnificence of their Oriental costume, were dragging a woman who could hardly hold herself erect. This woman was young and as fair as a European. Her head, her neck, her shoulders, her ears, her arms, her hands and her toes were loaded down with jewels, necklaces, bracelets, ear-rings and finger-rings. A tunic embroidered with gold, covered with a light muslin, displayed the outlines of her form.

Behind this young woman—a violent contrast for the eyes—were guards armed with naked sabres fastened to their girdles and long damaskeened pistols, carrying a corpse upon a palanquin. It was the body of an old man dressed in the rich garments of a rajah, having, as in life, his turban embroidered with pearls, his robe woven of silk and gold, his sash of cashmere ornamented with diamonds, and his magnificent arms as an Indian prince.

Then musicians and a rear-guard of fanatics, whose cries sometimes drowned the

deafening noise of the instruments, closed up the cortège.

Sir Francis Cromarty looked at all this pomp with a singularly sad air, and, turning to the guide, he said,

"A suttee!"

The Parsee made an affirmative sign and put his finger on his lips.

The long procession slowly came out from the trees, and soon the last of it disappeared in the depths of the forest. Little by little the chanting died out. There were still the sounds of distant cries, and finally a profound silence succeeded all this tumult.

Phileas Fogg had heard the word uttered by Sir Francis Cromarty, and as soon as the procession had disappeared he asked,

"What is a suttee?"

"A suttee, Mr. Fogg," replied the brigadier-general, "is a human sacrifice, but a voluntary sacrifice. The woman that you have just seen will be burned to-morrow in the early part of the day."

"Oh, the villains!" cried Passepartout, who could not prevent this cry of indignation.

"And this corpse?" asked Mr. Fogg.

"It is that of the prince her husband," replied the guide—"an independent rajah of Bundelcund."

"How?" replied Phileas Fogg, without his voice betraying the least emotion. "Do these barbarous customs still exist in India? and have not the English been able to extirpate them?"

"In the largest part of India," replied Sir Francis Cromarty, "these sacrifices do not come to pass; but we have no influence over these wild countries, and particularly over this territory of Bundelcund. All the north-

ern slope of the Vindhias is the scene of murders and incessant robberies."

"The unfortunate woman!" murmured Passepartout. "Burned alive!"

"Yes," replied the general, "burned; and if she was not, you would not believe to what a miserable condition she would be reduced by her near relatives. They would shave her hair; they would scarcely feed her with a few handfuls of rice; they would repulse her; she would be considered as an unclean creature, and would die in some corner like a sick dog; so that the prospect of this frightful existence frequently drives these unfortunates to the sacrifice much more than love or religious fanaticism. Sometimes, however, the sacrifice is really voluntary, and the energetic intervention of the government is necessary to prevent it. Some years ago I was living at Bombay, when a young widow came to the governor to ask his authority for her to be burned with the body of her husband. As you may think, the governor refused. Then the widow left the city, took refuge with an independent rajah, and there she accomplished the sacrifice."

During the narrative of the general the guide shook his head, and when he was through said,

"The sacrifice which takes place to-morrow is not voluntary."

"How do you know?"

"It is a story which everybody in Bundelcund knows," replied the guide.

"But this unfortunate did not seem to make any resistance," remarked Sir Francis Cromarty.

"Because she was intoxicated with the fumes of hemp and opium."

"But where are they taking her?"

"To the pagoda of Pillaji, two miles from here. There she will pass the night in waiting for the sacrifice."

"And this sacrifice will take place—"

"At the first appearance of day."

After this answer the guide brought the elephant out of the dense thicket and jumped upon his neck. But at the moment that he was going to start him off by a peculiar whistle, Mr. Fogg stopped him, and, addressing Sir Francis Cromarty, said,

"If we could save this woman!"

"Save this woman, Mr. Fogg!" cried the brigadier-general.

"I have still twelve hours to spare. I can devote them to her."

"Why, you are a man of heart," said Sir Francis Cromarty.

"Sometimes," replied Phileas Fogg, simply—"when I have time."

The design was bold, full of difficulties, perhaps impracticable. Mr. Fogg was going to risk his life, or at least his liberty, and consequently the success of his plans, but he did not hesitate. He found, besides, a decided ally in Sir Francis Cromarty. As for Passepartout, he was ready and could be depended upon. His master's idea excited him. He felt that there was a heart and soul under this icy covering. He almost loved Phileas Fogg. Then there was the guide. What part would he take in the matter? Would he not be with the Indians? In default of his aid, it was at least necessary to be sure of his neutrality.

Sir Francis Cromarty put the question to him frankly.

"Officer," replied the guide, "I am a Parsee, and that woman is a Parsee. Make use of me."

"Very well, guide," replied Mr. Fogg.

"However, do you know," replied the Parsee, "that we not only risk our lives, but horrible punishments, if we are taken? So see!"

"That is seen," replied Mr. Fogg. "I think that we shall have to wait for night to act."

"I think so too," replied the guide.

The brave Hindoo then gave some details as to the victim. She was an Indian of celebrated beauty, of the Parsee race, the daughter of a rich merchant of Bombay. She had received in that city an absolutely English education, and from her manners and cultivation she would have been thought a European. Her name was Aouda. An orphan, she was married against her will to this old rajah of Bundelcund. Three months after, she was a widow. Knowing the fate that awaited her, she fled, was retaken immediately, and the relatives of the rajah, who had an interest in her death, devoted her to this sacrifice, from which it seemed that she could not escape.

This narrative could only strengthen Mr. Fogg and his companions in their generous resolution. It was decided that the guide should turn the elephant toward the pagoda of Pillaji, which he should approach as near as possible.

A half hour afterward a halt was made under a thick clump of trees five hundred paces from the pagoda, which they could not see, but they heard distinctly the yellings of the fanatics. The means of reaching the victim were then discussed. The guide was acquainted with the pagoda in which he asserted that the young woman was imprisoned. Could they enter by one of the doors when

the whole band was plunged in the sleep of drunkenness, or would they have to make a hole through the wall? This could be decided only at the moment and the place. But there could be no doubt that the abduction must be accomplished this very night, and not when, daylight arrived, the victim would be led to the sacrifice. Then no human intervention could save her.

Mr. Fogg and his companions waited for night. As soon as the shadows fell, toward six o'clock in the evening, they determined to make a reconnoissance around the pagoda. The last cries of the fakirs had died out. According to their custom, these Indians were plunged in the heavy intoxication of *bang*—liquid opium mixed with an infusion of hemp—and it would perhaps be possible to slip in between them to the temple.

The Parsee, guiding Mr. Fogg, Sir Francis Cromarty and Passepartout, advanced noiselessly through the forest. After ten minutes' creeping under the branches they arrived on the edge of a small river, and there, by the light of iron torches at the end of which was burning pitch, they saw a pile of wood. It was the funeral-pile, made of costly sandalwood, and already saturated with perfumed oil. On its upper part was resting the embalmed body of the rajah, which was to be burned at the same time as his widow. At one hundred paces from this pile rose the pagoda, whose minarets in the darkness pierced the tops of the trees.

"Come," said the guide, in a low voice; and, redoubling his precaution, followed by his companions, he slipped quietly through the tall grass. The silence was disturbed only by the murmuring of the wind in the branches.

Soon the guide stopped at the end of a clearing lit up by a few torches. The ground was covered with groups of sleepers heavy with drunkenness. It might have been thought a field of battle covered with the dead—men, women and children, all in a confused mass. Some few drunken men were tottering hither and thither. In the background, among the trees, the temple of Pillaji stood out indistinctly. But, to the great disappointment of the guide, the guards of the rajah, lighted by smoky torches, were watching at the doors and pacing up and down with drawn sabres. It was to be supposed that the priests were watching on the inside.

The Parsee did not advance any farther. He had recognized the impossibility of forcing the entrance of the temple, and he led his companions to the rear. Phileas Fogg and Sir Francis Cromarty understood as well as himself that they could attempt nothing on this side. They stopped and talked in a low tone.

"Let us wait," said the brigadier-general; "it is not eight o'clock yet, and it is possible that these guards may succumb to sleep."

"That is possible indeed," replied the Parsee.

Phileas Fogg and his companions stretched themselves out at the foot of a tree and waited. The time appeared long to them. The guide left them sometimes and went to look at the edge of the wood. The guards of the rajah were still watching by the light of the torches, and a faint light came through the windows of the pagoda. They waited thus until midnight. The situation did not change—the same watching outside. It was evident that they could not count on the

drowsiness of the guards. The intoxication of the *bang* had probably been kept from them. It was necessary, then, to act differently and get in by an opening made in the wall of the pagoda. There was still the question whether the priests were watching by their victim with as much care as the soldiers at the temple gate.

After a final conversation, the guide said he was ready to start. Mr. Fogg, Sir Francis and Passepartout followed him. They made a pretty long *détour*, so as to reach the pagoda by the rear. About a half hour past midnight they arrived at the foot of the walls without having met any one. No watch had been established on this side, but windows and doors were entirely wanting. The night was dark. The moon, then in her last quarter, was scarcely above the horizon and was covered with heavy clouds. The height of the trees further increased the darkness.

But it was not sufficient to reach the foot of the walls: it was necessary to make an opening there. For this operation Phileas Fogg and his companions had nothing at all but their pocket-knives. Fortunately, the temple walls were composed of a mixture of bricks and wood which could not be difficult to make a hole through. The first brick once taken out, the others would easily follow. They went at it, making as little noise as possible. The Parsee from one side, and Passepartout from the other, worked to unfasten the bricks, so as to get an opening two feet wide.

The work was progressing, when a cry was heard from the interior of the temple, and nearly at the same time other cries answered from the outside. Passepartout and

the guide stopped their work. Had they been surprised? Had the alarm been given? The most ordinary prudence would order them to go away, which Phileas Fogg and Sir Francis Cromarty did at the same time. They lay down again under cover of the wood, waiting until the alarm, if there had been one, had ceased, and ready, in this case, to resume their work. But—unfortunate mischance!—some guards showed themselves at the rear of the pagoda and established themselves there, so as to hinder any approach.

It would be difficult to describe the disappointment of these four men stopped in their work. Now that they could not reach the victim, how could they save her? Sir Francis Cromarty clenched his fists, Passepartout was beside himself, and the guide had some difficulty to restrain him. The impassible Fogg waited without showing his feelings.

“What can we do but leave?” asked the general, in a low voice.

“We can only leave,” replied the guide.

“Wait,” said Fogg; “it will do if I reach Allahabad to-morrow before noon.”

“But what hope have you?” replied Sir Francis Cromarty. “In a few hours it will be daylight, and—”

“The chance which escapes us now may return at the last moment.”

The general would have liked to read Phileas Fogg’s eyes. What was this cold-blooded Englishman counting on? Would he at the moment of the sacrifice rush toward the young woman and openly tear her from her murderers? That would have been madness, and how could it be admitted that this man was mad to this degree? Nevertheless, Sir Francis Cromarty consented to wait until the *dénouement* of this terrible scene. How-

ever, the guide did not leave his companions at the spot where they had hid, and he took them back to the foreground of the clearing. There, sheltered by a clump of trees, they could watch the sleeping groups.

In the mean time, Passepartout, perched upon the lower branches of a tree, was meditating an idea which had first crossed his mind like a flash, and which finally embedded itself in his brain. He had commenced by saying to himself, “What madness!” and now he repeated, “Why not, after all? It is a chance—perhaps the only one, and with such brutes.” At all events, Passepartout did not put his thought into any other shape, but he was not slow in sliding down, with the ease of a snake, on the low branches of the tree, the end of which bent toward the ground.

The hours were passing, and soon a few less sombre shades announced the approach of day. But the darkness was still great. It was the time fixed. It was like a resurrection in this slumbering crowd. The groups wakened up. The beating of tam-tams sounded; songs and cries burst out anew. The hour had come in which the unfortunate was to die.

The doors of the pagoda were now opened. A more intense light came from the interior. Mr. Fogg and Sir Francis could see the victim, all lighted up, whom two priests were dragging to the outside. It seemed to them that, shaking off the drowsiness of intoxication by the highest instinct of self-preservation, the unfortunate woman was trying to escape from her executioners. Sir Francis’s heart throbbed violently, and, with a convulsive movement seizing Phileas Fogg’s hand, he felt that it held an open knife.

At this moment the crowd was agitated. The young woman had fallen again into the stupor produced by the fumes of the hemp. She passed between the fakirs, who escorted her with their religious cries. Phileas Fogg and his companions followed her, mingling with the rear ranks of the crowd. Two minutes after, they arrived at the edge of the river, and stopped less than fifty paces from the funeral-pile, upon which was lying the rajah's body. In the semi-obscurity they saw the victim, motionless, stretched near her husband's corpse. Then a torch was brought, and the wood, impregnated with oil, soon took fire.

At this moment Sir Francis Cromarty and the guide held back Phileas Fogg, who, in an impulse of generous madness, was going to rush toward the pile.

But Phileas Fogg had already pushed them back, when the scene changed suddenly. A cry of terror arose. The whole crowd, frightened, cast themselves upon the ground. The old rajah was not dead, then; he was seen suddenly rising upright like a phantom, raising the young woman in his arms, descending from the pile in the midst of the clouds of smoke, which gave him a spectral appearance. The fakirs, the priests, overwhelmed with a sudden fear, were prostrate, their faces to the ground, not daring to raise their eyes and look at such a miracle.

The inanimate victim was held by the vigorous arms carrying her without seeming to be much of a weight. Mr. Fogg and Sir Francis had remained standing. The Parsee had bowed his head, and Passepartout, without doubt, was not less stupefied. The resuscitated man came near the spot where

Mr. Fogg and Sir Francis Cromarty were, and said shortly,

"Let us be off!"

It was Passepartout himself who slipped to the pile in the midst of the thick smoke! It was Passepartout who, profiting by the great darkness still prevailing, had rescued the young woman from death! It was Passepartout who, playing his part with the boldest good luck, passed out in the midst of the general fright!

An instant after, the four disappeared in the woods, and the elephant took them onward with a rapid trot.

But cries, shouts, and even a ball piercing Phileas Fogg's hat, apprised them that the stratagem had been discovered. Indeed, on the burning pile still lay the body of the old rajah. The priests, recovered from their fright, learned that an abduction had taken place. They immediately rushed into the forest; the guards followed them. Shots were fired, but the abductors fled rapidly, and in a few moments they were out of range of balls or arrows.

The bold abduction had succeeded. An hour after, Passepartout was still laughing at his success. Sir Francis Cromarty grasped the hand of the brave fellow. His master said to him, "Good!" which in that gentleman's mouth was equivalent to high praise. To which Passepartout replied that all the honor of the affair belonged to his master. As for himself, he had only had a "droll" idea, and he laughed in thinking that for a few moments he, Passepartout, the former gymnast, the ex-sergeant of firemen, had been the widower of a charming woman—an old embalmed rajah.

Translation of STEPHEN W. WHITE.

DERMOT O'DOWD.



WHEN Dermot O'Dowd coorted
Molly M'Can,

They were sweet as the
honey and soft as
the down;

But when they were wed they
began to find out

That Dermot could storm
and that Molly could
frown;

They would neither give in
—so the neighbors
gave out;

Both were hot till a coldness came over
the two,

And Molly would fluster, and Dermot would
bluster,

Stamp holes in the flute and cry out,
"Wirrasthru!

Oh, murther, I'm married!

I wish I had tarried;

I'm sleepless and speechless; no word can
I say;

My bed is no use,

I'll give back to the goose

The feathers I plucked on last Michaelmas
Day."

"Ah!" says Molly, "you once used to call
me a bird."—

"Faix, you're ready enough still to fly
out," says he.—

"You said then my eyes were as bright as
the skies,

And my lips like the rose—now no longer
like me."—

Says Dermot, "Your eyes are as bright as the
morn,

But your brow is as black as a big
thunder-cloud;

If your lip is a rose, sure your tongue is a
thorn

That sticks in the heart of poor Dermot
O'Dowd."—

Says Molly, "You once said my voice was
a thrush,

But now it's a rusty ould hinge with a
creak."—

Says Dermot, "You called me a duck when
I coorted,

But now I'm a goose every day in the
week.

But all husbands are geese, though our pride
it may shock;

From the first 'twas ordained so by Nature,
I fear;

Ould Adam himself was the first o' the flock,
And Eve with her apple-sauce cooked him,
my dear."

SAMUEL LOVER.

THE ADVANCE OF AGE.

SIX years had past, and forty ere the six,
When Time began to play his usual
tricks:

The locks once comely in a virgin's sight—
Locks of pure brown—displayed th' en-
croaching white:

The blood once fervid now to cool began,
And Time's strong pressure to subdue the
man.



Dermot O'Dowd.

I rode or walked as I was wont before,
 But now the bounding spirit was no more :
 A moderate pace would now my body heat,
 A walk of moderate length distress my feet.
 I showed my stranger-guest those hills sublime,
 But said, "The view is poor : we need not
 climb."

At a friend's mansion I began to dread
 The cold neat parlor and the gay glazed bed ;
 At home I felt a more decided taste,
 And must have all things in my order placed ;
 I ceased to hunt ; my horses pleased me less,
 My dinner more ; I learned to play at chess ;
 I took my dog and gun, but saw the brute
 Was disappointed that I did not shoot ;
 My morning walks I now could bear to lose,
 And blessed the shower that gave me not to
 choose.

In fact, I felt a languor stealing on ;
 The active arm, the agile hand, were gone ;
 Small daily actions into habits grew,
 And new dislike to forms and fashion new ;
 I loved my trees in order to dispose ;
 I numbered peaches, looked how stocks arose,
 Told the same story oft—in short, began to
 prose.

My books were changed : I now preferred
 the truth

To the light reading of unsettled youth ;
 Novels grew tedious, but, by choice or chance,
 I still had interest in the wild romance.
 There is an age, we know, when tales of love
 Form the sweet pabulum our hearts approve ;
 Then as we read we feel and are indeed :
 We judge th' heroic men of whom we read ;
 But in our after-life these fancies fail :
 We cannot be the heroes of the tale.

GEORGE CRABBE.

THE MAIDEN'S REQUEST.

I'LL tell you a story that's not in Tom
 Moore.

Young Love likes to knock at a pretty girl's
 door ;

So he called upon Lucy—'twas past ten
 o'clock—

Like a spruce single man, with a smart
 double knock.

Now, a handmaid, whatever her fingers be at,
 Will run like a puss when she hears a rat-
 tat ;

So Lucy ran up, and in two seconds more
 Had questioned the stranger and answered
 the door.

The meeting was bliss, but the parting was
 woe,

For the moment will come when such comers
 must go ;

So she sighed, and she whispered—poor in-
 nocent thing !—

"The next time you come, love, pray come
 with a ring."

SAMUEL LOVER.

THE ROSES.

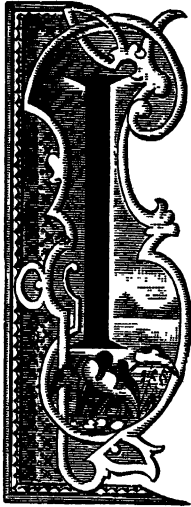
THE roses grew so thickly
 I never saw the thorn,
 Nor deemed the stem was prickly
 Until my hand was torn.

Thus worldly joys invite us
 With rosy-colored hue,
 But ere they long delight us
 We find they prick us too.

PETER SPENCER.

THE GREAT MAN'S BOARD.

FROM THE LATIN OF DECIMUS JUNIUS JUVENALES (JUVENAL).
THE FIFTH SATIRE.



I, hardened by affronts and,
still the same,
Lost to all sense of honor
and of shame,
Thou yet canst love to haunt
the great man's board
And think no supper good
but with a lord,
If yet thou canst hold out
and suffer more
Than lewd Sarmentus or
vile Galba bore,

Thy solemn oath ought to be set aside;
But, sure, the stomach's easily supplied.
Suppose what frugal nature would suffice;
Suppose that wanting—hunger is not nice—
Is no bridge vacant, no convenient seat,
Where thou mayst cringe and gnaw thy
broken meat,
And, with a mat and crutch and tied-up
leg,
More honestly and honorably beg?

First, if he please to say, "Sit down and
smile,
Behold the full reward of all thy toil;
All thy old services are largely paid,
And thou a proud and happy man art
made:
See! of thy boasted friendship see the fruits!"
And these two he upbraids, and these im-
putes.
If after two cold months thy lord think fit
His poor neglected client to admit,

And say, "Sup with me," thou hast thy desire:
Be thankful, mortal, and no more require.
Thus blest, must Trebius to his levees run
When the stars languish near the rising sun;
Break off sweet slumbers drowsy and un-
dressed

To show his zeal and to prevent the rest;
Run to prevent the fawning, humble train,
While slow Boötes drives his frozen wain:
Perhaps the gen'rous entertainment may
For all the state and dear attendance pay.
For him is kept a liquor more divine:
You sponges must be drunk with lees of
wine—

Drunk for your patron's pleasure and his jest.
Then, raving like a Corybas possessed,
Thou and the freedmen first begin to jar;
From mutual jeers, the prelude to the war,
Thou and thy fellow-parasites engage,
And battle with a troop of servants wage.
Then glasses and Saguntine pitchers fly,
And broken pates discolored napkins dye,
While, happy, he, stretched on his couch
supine,

Looks on with scorn and drinks old gen'rous
wine

Pressed from the grape when warlike Rome
was free,

But kindly never sends one glass to thee.
Perhaps to-morrow he may change his wine,
And drink old sparkling Alban or Setine,
Whose title and whose age, with mould o'er-
grown,

The good old cask for ever keeps unknown;

Such bold Helvidius drank and Thræsea
 crowned
 With garlands when the flowing bowl went
 round
 On Brutus' birthday ; and to raise delight,
 To please at once the taste and charm the
 sight,
 He in bright amber drinks, or brighter
 gold,
 And cups with shining beryls set doth hold.
 Thou art not suffered or to touch or taste ;
 And if thou dar'st, a guard on thee is
 placed
 To watch the gems. This may perhaps sur-
 prise,
 But, sir, you'll pardon : they are stones of
 price,
 For Virro does, as many do of late,
 Gems from his fingers to his cups translate
 Which the bold youth to Dido's love pre-
 ferred
 Wore on the scabbard of his shining sword.
 Thou mayst at distance gaze and sigh in
 vain ;
 A cracked black pot's reserved for thee to
 drain.

If his blood boil and th' adventitious fire
 Raised by high meats and higher wine re-
 quire
 To temper and allay the burning heat,
 Waters are brought which by decoction get
 New coolness such plain Nature does not
 know ;
 Not ice so cool, nor Hyperborean snow.
 Did I complain but now, and justly too,
 That the same wine is not allowed to you ?
 Another water's reached you, when you call,
 From hands of Moorish footmen lean and
 tall :

The grim attendance he assigns t' affright
 Rather than wait ; rogues who would scare
 by night
 If met among the tombs, the ghastly slaves
 Look as if newly started from their graves.
 Before himself the flower of Asia stands
 To watch his looks and to receive com-
 mands—
 A boy of such a price as had undone
 Old Roman kings and drained the treasure
 of a crown.
 If thou or any of thy tribe want wine,
 Look back and give thy Ganymedes the
 sign :
 The lovely boy, and bought at such a rate,
 Is much too handsome and too proud to
 wait
 On the despised and poor. Will he descend
 To give a glass to a declining friend ?
 No ; his good mien, his youth and blooming
 face,
 Tempt him to think that with a better grace
 Himself might sit and thou supply his
 place.
 Behold, there yet remains, which must be
 borne,
 Proud servants' more insufferable scorn.

With what disdain another gave thee bread !
 The meanest wretches are with better fed :
 Th' impenetrable crust thy teeth defies,
 And, petrified with age, securely lies.
 Hard, mouldy, black. If thou presume t' in-
 vade
 With sacrilegious hands thy patron's bread,
 There stands a servant ready to chastise
 Your insolence and teach you to be wise ;
 Will you, a bold intruder, never learn
 To know your basket and your bread dis-
 cern ?

'Tis just, ye gods, and what I well deserve :
 Why did I not more honorably starve ?
 Did I for this abandon wife and bed ?
 For this, alas ! by vain ambition led,
 Through cold *Esquilæ* run so oft, and bear
 The storms and fury of the vernal air,
 And then with cloak wet through attend,
 and dropping hair ?

See ! by the tallest servant borne on high,
 A sturgeon fills the largest dish and eye.
 With how much pomp he's placed upon the
 board !
 With what a tail and breast salutes his
 lord !
 With what expense and art how richly
 dressed !
 Garnished with 'sparagus, himself a feast.
 Thou art to one small dismal dish confined—
 A crab ill-dressed and of the vilest kind.

He on his own fish pours the noblest oil,
 The product of *Venatrum's* happy soil ;
 That to your marcid dying herbs assigned
 By the rank smell and taste betray its kind,
 By *Moors* imported and for lamps alone de-
 signed.
 Well rubbed with this, when *Boccar* comes
 to town
 He makes the theatres and baths his own :
 All round from him as from th' infected run ;
 The pois'nous stink even their own serpents
 shun.

Behold a mullet even from *Corfu* brought,
 Or near the rocks of *Taurominium* caught,
 Since our own seas no longer can supply,
 Exhausted by our boundless luxury.
 The secret deep can no protection give ;
 No *Tyrrhene* fish is suffered now to live

To his just growth : the provinces from far
 Furnish our kitchens and revenge our war.
 Baits for the rich and childless they supply :
Aurelia thence must sell, and *Lenus* buy.

The largest lamprey which their seas afford
 Is made a sacrifice to *Virro's* board.
 When *Auster* to the *Æolian* caves retires
 With dropping wings, and murmuring there
 respires,
 Rash, daring nets, in hope of such a prize,
Charybdis and the treacherous deep despise.
 An eel for you remains, in *Tiber* bred,
 With foulest mud and the rank ordure fed.
 Discharged by common sewers from all the
 town,
 No secret passage was to him unknown ;
 In every noisome sink the serpent slept,
 And through dark vaults oft to *Suburra*
 crept.

One word to *Virro* now, if he can bear,
 And 'tis a truth which he's not used to hear :
 No man expects (for who so much a sot,
 Who has the times he lives in so forgot ?)
 What *Seneca*, what *Piso*, used to send
 To raise or to support a sinking friend.
 Those godlike men, to wanting virtue kind,
 Bounty well placed preferred, and well de-
 signed,
 To all their titles, all that height of power
 Which turns the brains of fools and fools
 alone adore.
 When your poor client is condemned t' at-
 tend—
 'Tis all we ask—receive him like a friend ;
 At least, let him be easy if you can,
 Let him be treated like a free-born man.
 Descend to this, and then we ask no more :
 Rich to yourself, to all besides be poor.

Near him is placed the liver of a goose—
That part alone which luxury would choose ;
A boar entire, and worthy of the sword
Of Meleager, smokes upon the board ;
Next mushrooms larger than when clouds
descend

In fruitful showers and desired thunders rend
The vernal air. "No more plough up the
ground

Of Lybia, where such mushrooms can be
found,"

Aledius cries, "but furnish us with store
Of mushrooms, and import thy corn no
more."

Meanwhile, thy indignation yet to raise,
The carver, dancing round, each dish sur-
veys

With flying knife, and as his art directs
With proper gestures every fowl dissects—
A thing of so great moment to their taste
That one false slip had surely marred the
feast.

If thou dare murmur, if thou dare com-
plain

With freedom like a Roman gentleman,
Thou'rt seized immediately by his com-
mands,

And dragged like Cacus by Herculean hands
Out from his presence. When does haughty
he

Descend to take a glass once touched by
thee?

That wretch were lost who should presume
to think

He might be free, who durst say, "Come,
sir, drink!"

Will any freedom here from you be borne
Whose clothes are threadbare and whose
cloaks are torn?

Would any god, or godlike man below,
Four hundred thousand sesterces bestow,
How mightily would Trebius be improved,
How much a friend to Virro, how beloved!
"Will Trebius eat of this? What sot at-
tends

My brother? Who carves to my best of
friends?"

O sesterces, this honor's done to you:

You are his friends, and you his brethren
too.

Wouldst thou become his patron and his
lord,

Wouldst thou be, in thy turn, by him adored,
No young Æneas in thy hall must play,
Nor sweeter daughter lead thy heart as-
tray.

He viler friends with doubtful mushrooms
treats;

Secure for you, himself *champignons* eats:
Such Claudius loved, of the same sort and
taste,

Till Agrippina kindly gave the last.

To him are ordered, and those happy few
Whom Fate has raised above contempt and
you,

Most fragrant fruits. Such in Pheacian gar-
dens grew,

Where a perpetual autumn ever smiled
And golden apples loaded branches filled,

By such swift Atalanta was betrayed:

The vegetable gold soon stopped the flying
maid.

To you such scabbed, harsh fruit is given as
raw

Young soldiers at their exercisings gnaw,

Who, trembling, learn to throw the fatal
dart

And under rods of rough centurions smart.

Thou takst all this as done to save expense?
No! 'Tis on purpose done to give offence:
What comedy, what farce, can more delight
Than grinning hunger and the pleasing sight
Of your bilked hopes? No! He's resolved
t' extort

Tears from your eyes. 'Tis barb'rous jest
and sport.

Thou thinkst thyself companion of the
great—

—Art free and happy in thy own conceit;
He thinks thou'rt tempted by th' attractive
smell

Of his warm kitchen. And he judges well;
For who so naked, in whose empty veins
One single drop of noble blood remains—
What free-born man, who, though of mon-
greI strain—

Would twice support the scorn and proud
disdain

With which those idols you adore, the
great,

Their wretched vassals and dependants treat?
Oh, slaves most abject, you still gaping sit,
Devouring with your eyes each pleasing bit,
Now sure we parasites at last shall share
That boar, and now that wildfowl or that
hare.

Thus you expecting gaze with your teeth set,
With your bread ready and your knives
well whet,

Demure and silent; but, alas! in vain:
He mocks your hunger and derides your
pain.

If you can bear all this and think him
kind,

You well deserve the treatment which you
find.

At last thou wilt beneath the burden bow,
And, glad, receive the manumitting blow

On thy shaved slavish head. Meanwhile,
attend,

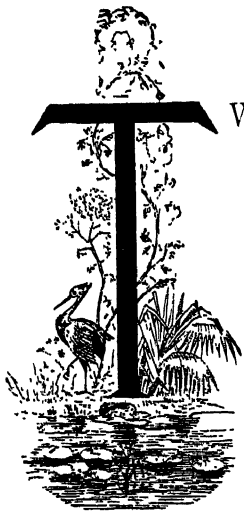
Worthy of such a treat and such a friend.

Translation of REV. WILLIAM BOWLES.

JUVENAL.

JUVENALIS (Decius Junius) was a famous Roman satirist—perhaps the most distinguished satirist in the world's literature. In English he has been imitated, or even reproduced, by Dryden, Pope, Dr. Johnson and Byron. He was born, probably, at Aquinum, although of the place there are doubts, and, as he died in the year 80, at a good old age, he lived during the reigns of several emperors, among whom were Caligula, Domitian and Hadrian. Although of obscure origin, he was from his boyhood an enthusiastic student, and early disclosed his poetical powers. Very soon, too, he turned his attention to satire, for which the vile condition of Roman society gave him full argument and illustration. Honest himself, and inculcating a purity which he displayed in his own life, he lashed Roman vices with the severest rigor. He always handles vice with angry contempt and hatred. To the taste of the present age he is somewhat offensive, because ~~he does~~ he de- into the vile details of viciously the sins he scribes too exactly and cur-reen satires. One rebukes. He has left sixt a pantomime-dan- of them, launched against a favorite of Dô- cer—Paris, who had been, who was under a mitian—offended Hadri so therefore sent the similar influence, and, w^{er}, into Egypt or Libya. poet into honorable e^o present a remarkable The works of Juv^y ate life of the Romans delineation of the in his age.

THE MAID OF THE RHONE.



WAS in that lovely land
 that lies
 Where Alpine shadows
 fall
 On scenes that to the pil-
 grim's eyes
 Might Eden's bloom re-
 call,
 As when, undimmed by
 curse or crime,
 It rose amid the dawn of
 time—

That early spring whose blossoms grew
 While yet the heavens and earth were new.
 There stood beside the rapid Rhone,
 That, now from Lemane free,
 By wood and city wall swept on
 To meet the classic sea,
 An ancient and a stately hall,
 With donjon-keep and moated wall,
 And battlements whose bannered pride
 Had many a hostile host defied.

The lady of the tower,
 The fairest of all her line,
 Was mightiest in the matchless power
 Of beauty—at whose shrine
 The flower of chivalry adored
 And proved their vows by song and sword.
 But knightly vow and minstrel strain
 Beneath her lattice towed in vain,
 For in the maiden's chamber there hung
 A warrior's portrait pale,
 But wondrous beautiful and young,
 And clad in burnished mail.

Oh, many an eye had marked it well,
 But none that warrior's tale could tell,
 Save that he bore the Red Cross shield
 And fought in some far Syrian field.

But there the maiden's earliest glance
 And latest gaze would turn,
 From thrilling harp and gleaming lance,
 With love that seemed to spurn
 All other vows, and serve alone
 That nameless idol of its own;
 For oft such glorious shadows rise,
 And early hide from youthful eyes
 The substance of this world, and claim
 The heart's first-fruits, that taste
 Of Paradise, though naught but Fame
 Hath on the altar traced
 The name no wave can wash away.
 As old-remembered legends say
 The Eastern maiden loved so long
 The youth she only knew in song,

So loved the lady of the tower;
 And summers glided on
 Till, one by one, from hall and bower,
 Her kindred maids were gone:
 Some had put on the bridal-wreath,
 Some wore the chaplet twined for death;
 But still no mortal charms could wean
 Her fancy from that pictured mien.
 At length there came a noble knight,
 Though past his manhood's prime;
 His sword had been in many a fight,
 His steps in many a clime;



The Maid of the Rhone.

But, ah! what thoughts that wooer's name
Awakened! for it was the same
That the old painter's magic art
Had graven on the maiden's heart.

The idol of her youth was now
Before her, but she gazed
Upon the veteran's furrowed brow,
And then, in wonder, raised
Her eyes to that bright pictured face,
Whose changeless beauty bore no trace
Of wasting time or withering war,
Like his, in furrow or in scar.
Oh, many a loved and lovely face
Had grown less fond and fair
Since first that picture met her gaze,
But still no change was there.
That age could dim or sorrow bow
The sunny cheek or stately brow—
She had not thought of things like these
In all her lonely reveries.

Like him who saw through Alpine woods
The glacier's gemlike glow,
And climbed the rocks and crossed the
floods
To find it only snow,
—So felt the maiden as she said,
"My stream at my rainbow fled!
Why hast thou come at last to break
My pleasant dream? How sad to wake!
What thoughts of thee o'er heart and mind
Have sped their visioned gleam!
I meet thee now, but not to find
The shadow of my dream.
This heart hath only loved before
The glory that the canopied wore:
That spell hath passed; my soul is free,
And turns no more to love or thee.

"Go! find some fairer, happier bride
Who hath not loved in vain:
The light that in thy presence died
May never shine again;
The passion that survived in truth
The roses and the smiles of youth
Hath perished like the pilgrim knight
Who died with Salem in his sight."

There is a cross on Sidon's shore
That marks a Templar's rest,
And cloister arches darken o'er
A fairer, gentler guest;
So sleep the loving hearts whom Fate
Forbade to meet till all too late,
And the same storied lands and waves
That parted them divide their graves.

FRANCES BROWN.

THE WIDOW'S FAREWELL.

I BURN no incense, hang no wreath,
On this thine early tomb:
Such cannot cheer the place of death,
But only mock its gloom.
Here odorous smoke and breathing flower
No grateful influence shed;
They lose their perfume and their power
When offered to the dead.

And if, as is the Afghaun's creed,
The spirit may return,
A disembodied sense, to feed
On fragrance, near its urn,
It is enough that she whom thou
Didst love in living years
Sits desolate beside it now,
And falls these heavy tears.

EDWARD C. PINKNEY.

THE COMBAT OF ST. GEORGE AND THE DRAGON.

FROM THE FAERIE QUEENE.



UNA, the heroine of the poem, through the valor of St. George, the knight of the Red Cross, delivers her parents from the imprisonment under which they are held by a great dragon. The following extract from a letter of the poet addressed to Sir Walter Raleigh gives the plot of the poem :

“In the beginning of the feast there presented himself a tall clownish young man, who, falling before the Queene of Faeries, desired a boon (as the manner then was), which during that feast she might not refuse; which was that he might have the achievement of any adventure which during that feast should happen. That being granted, he rested him on the floor, unfit through his rusticity for a better place. Soon after entered a fair lady in mourning weeds, riding on a white ass, with a dwarf behind her, leading a warlike steed, that bore the arms of a knight, and his spear in the dwarf's hand. She, falling before the Queene of Faeries, complained that her father and mother, an ancient king and queen, had been by an huge dragon many years shut up in a brazen castle, who thence suffered them not to issue, and therefore besought the Faerie Queene to assign her some one of her knights, to take on him that exploit. Presently that

clownish person, upstarting, desired that adventure; whereat the Queene much wondering, and the lady much gainsaying, yet he earnestly importuned his desire. In the end the lady told him that unless that armor which she brought would serve him, that he could not succeed in that enterprise; which being forthwith put upon him with due furnitures thereunto, he seemed the goodliest man in all that company, and was well liked of the lady. And estesoon¹ taking on him knight-hood, and mounting on that strange courser, he went forth with her on that adventure.”

THE COMBAT.

The Knight with that old Dragon fights
Two days incessantly;
The third, him overthrows; and gains
Most glorious victory.

HIGH time now gan it wex² for Una fair
To think of those her captive parents dear,
And their forwasted³ kingdom to repair;
Whereto whenas they now approached near,
With hearty words her knight she gan to
cheer,
And in her modest manner thus bespake:
“Dear Knight, as dear as ever knight was
dear,
That all these sorrows suffer for my sake,
High Heaven behold the tedious toil ye for
me take!

¹ Immediately.² Waxed.³ Much wasted.

“Now are we come unto my native soil,
 And to the place where all our perils
 dwell;
 Here haunts that fiend, and does his daily
 spoil;
 Therefore henceforth be at your keeping¹
 well,
 And ever ready for your foeman fell;
 The spark of noble courage now awake,
 And strive your excellent self to excel:
 That shall ye evermore renownèd make
 Above all knights on earth that battle un-
 dertake.”

And, pointing forth, “Lo! yonder is,”
 said she,
 “The brazen tower in which my parents
 dear
 For dread of that huge fiend emprisoned
 be,
 Whom I from far see on the walls appear,
 Whose sight my feeble soul doth greatly
 chear;
 And on the top of all I do espy
 The watchman waiting tidings glad to
 hear;
 That, O my parents, might I happily
 Unto you bring, to ease you of your misery!”

With that they heard a roaring hideous
 sound
 That all the air with terror fillèd wide,
 And seemed unear² to shake the stedfast
 ground.
 Eftsoones³ that dreadful dragon they es-
 pied
 Where stretcht he lay upon the sunny side
 Of a great hill, himself like a great hill;

But all so soon as he from far descried
 Those glistering arms that heaven with
 light did fill,
 He roused himself full blithe and hastened
 them untill.⁴

Then bade the Knight his Lady yede⁵
 aloof,
 And to an hill herself withdraw aside,
 From whence she might behold that bat-
 tle's proof,
 And eke⁶ be safe from danger far descried;
 She him obeyed, and turned a little wide.—
 Now, O thou sacred Muse, most learned
 dame,
 Fair impe⁷ of Phoebus and his aged bride,⁸
 The nurse of Time and everlasting fame,
 That warlike hands ennoblest with immortal
 name,

Oh, gently come into my feeble breast—
 Come gently, but not with that mighty
 rage
 Wherewith the martial troops thou dost
 infest,
 And hearts of great heroës dost enrage,
 That nought their kindled courage may
 assuage.
 Soon as thy dreadful trump begins to
 sound,
 The god of war with his fierce equipage
 Thou dost awake, sleep never he so sound,
 And scarèd nations dost with horror stern
 astound.

Fair goddess, lay that furious fitt⁹ aside,
 Till I of wars and bloody Mars do sing,

¹ Be watchful.² Beneath³ Immediately.⁴ Unto.⁵ Go.⁶ Also.⁷ Child.⁸ Mnemosyne, or Memory.⁹ Strain.

And Briton fields with Sarazin blood be-
dyed,
Twixt that great Faery queen and Paynim
king,
That with their horror heaven and earth
did ring—
A work of labor long, and endless praise;
But now a while let down that haughty¹
string,
And to my tunes thy second tenor raise,
That I this man of God his godly arms may
blaze.²

By this the dreadful beast drew nigh to
hand,
Half flying and half footing in his haste,
That with his largeness measured much
land,
And made wide shadow under his huge
waist,
As mountain doth the valley overcast.
Approaching nigh, he reared high afore
His body monstrous, horrible and vast,
Which, to increase his wondrous greatness
more,
Was swoln with wrath and poison and with
bloody gore,

And over all with brazen scales was armed
Like plated coat of steel, so couchèd near³
That nought mote⁴ pierce; ne might his
corse be harmed
With dint of sword nor push of pointed
spear,
Which as an eagle, seeing prey appear,
His airy plumes doth rouse full rudely
dight,

So shakèd he that horror was to hear,
For as the clashing of an armor bright
Such noise his roused scales did send unto the
Knight.

His flaggy⁵ wings, when forth he did dis-
play,
Were like two sails in which the hollow
wind
Is gathered full and worketh speedy way;
And eke⁶ the pennes⁷ that did his pinions
bind
Were like main-yards with flying canvas
lined;
With which whenas him list the air to beat,
And there by force unwonted passage find,
The clouds before him fled for terror great,
And all the heavens stood still, amazed with
his threat.

His huge long tail, wound up in hundred
folds,
Does overspread his long brass-scaly back,
Whose wreathèd boughtes⁸ whenever he
unfolds,
And thick-entangled knots adown does
slack,
Bespotted as with shields⁹ of red and black,
It sweepeth all the land behind him far,
And of three furlongs does but little lack;
And at the point two stings infixèd are,
Both deadly sharp, that sharpest steel ex-
ceeden far.

But stings and sharpest steel did far ex-
ceed
The sharpness of his cruel rending claws:

¹ High-toned.² Celebrate.⁵ Hanging loosely or in folds.⁶ Also—⁷ Feathers.³ Laid so close together.⁴ Might.⁸ Folds.⁹ Scales.

Dead was it sure—as sure as death, indeed—

Whatever thing does touch his ravenous paws,

Or what within his reach he ever draws.

But his most hideous head my tongue to tell

Does tremble; for his deep devouring jaws

Wide gaped like the grisly¹ mouth of hell,

Through which into his dark abyss all ravin² fell.

And, that more wondrous was, in either jaw

Three ranks of iron teeth enrangèd were,
In which yet trickling blood and gobbets raw

Of late-devoured bodies did appear;

That sight thereof bred cold-congealed fear,

Which to increase, and all at once to kill,
A cloud of smothering smoke and sulphur sear³

Out of his stinking gorge⁴ forth steemed still,

That all the air about with smoke and stench did fill.

His blazing eyes, like two bright shining shields,

Did burn with wrath and sparkled living fire;

As two broad beacons set in open fields
Send forth their flames far off to every shire,

And warning give that enemies conspire
With fire and sword the region to invade,

¹ Fearful. ² Prey. ³ Burning. ⁴ Throat.

So flamed his eyne with rage and rancorous ire;

But far within, as in a hollow glade,
Those glaring lamps were set that made a dreadful shade.

So dreadfully he toward him did pass,

Forelifting up aloft his speckled breast,

And often bounding on the bruised grass,

As for great joyance of his new-come guest.

Eftsoons⁵ he gan advance his haughty crest,

As chafed boar his bristles doth uprear,

And shook his scales, to battle ready drest⁶

(That made the Redcross Knight nigh quake for fear),

As bidding bold defiance to his foeman near.

The Knight gan fairly couch his steady spear,

And fiercely ran at him with rigorous might:

The pointed steel, arriving rudely there,

His harder hide would neither pierce nor bite,

But, glancing by, forth passèd forward right;

Yet, sore amoved with so puissant push,

The wrathful beast about him turned light,

And him so rudely, passing by, did brush

With his long tail that horse and man to ground did rush.

Both horse and man up lightly rose again,

And fresh encounter toward him address;

But th' idle stroke yet back recoiled in vain,

And found no place his deadly point to rest.

⁵ Immediately.

⁶ Prepared.

Exceeding rage inflamed the furious beast
To be avengèd of so great despite,
For never felt his impierceable breast
So wondrous force from hand of living
wight,
Yet had he proved the power of many a
puissant knight.

Then, with his waving wings displayèd
wide,
Himself up high he lifted from the ground,
And with strong flight did forcibly di-
vide
The yielding air, which nigh too feeble
found
Her flitting¹ parts and element unsound
To bear so great a weight; he, cutting
way
With his broad sails, about him soarèd
round;
At last, low stooping with unwieldy sway,
Snatcht up both horse and man, to bear them
quite away.

Long he them bore above the subject²
plain
So far as ewghen³ bow a shaft may send,
Till struggling strong did him at last con-
strain
To let them down before his flight's end,
As hagar⁴ hawk, presuming to contend
With hardy fowl above his able might,⁵
His weary pounces⁶ all in vain doth
spend
To truss⁷ the prey too heavy for his flight,
Which, coming down to ground, does free
itself by fight.

He so disseizèd⁸ of his griping gross,⁹
The Knight his thrillant¹⁰ spear again as-
sayed
In his brass-plated body to emboss,¹¹
And three men's strength unto the stroke
he laid;
Wherewith the stiff beam quakèd, as
afraid,
And, glancing from his scaly neck, did
glide
Close under his left wing; then, broad
displayed,
The piercing steel there wrought a wound
full wide,
That with the uncouth¹² smart the monster
loudly cried.

He cried as raging seas are wont to roar
When wintry storm his wrathful wreck
does threat,
The rolling billows beat the ragged shore
As¹³ they the earth would shoulder from
her seat,
And greedy gulf does gape as¹³ he would
eat
His neighbor element in his revenge;
Then gin the blust'ring brethren boldly
threat
To move the world from off his stedfast
henge,¹⁴
And boist'rous battle make each other to
avenge.

The steely head stuck fast still in his flesh
Till with his cruel claws he snatcht the
wood,

¹ Fleeting or light.² Lying beneath.³ Made of yew.⁴ Wild.⁵ Proper might.⁶ Claws.⁷ Bear aloft.⁸ Dispossessed.⁹ Great grasping—i. e., great object grasped.¹⁰ Piercing, sharp.¹¹ Lodge.¹² Strange.¹³ As if.¹⁴ Hinge.

And quite asunder broke: forth flowed
 fresh
 A gushing river of black gory blood,
 That drownèd all the land whereon he
 stood;
 The stream thereof would drive a water-
 mill.
 Trebly augmented was his furious mood
 With bitter sense of his deep-rooted ill,
 That flames of fire he threw forth from his
 large nosethrill.

His hideous tail then hurlèd he about,
 And therewith all enwrapt the nimble
 thighs
 Of his froth-foamy steed, whose courage
 stout,
 Striving to loose the knot that fast him ties,
 Himself in straighter bands too rash im-
 plyes,¹
 That to the ground he is perforce con-
 strained
 To throw his rider, who can quickly rise
 From off the earth, with dirty blood dis-
 tained,
 For that reproachful fall right foully he dis-
 dained;

And fiercely took his trenchand² blade in
 hand,
 With which he stroke so furious and so
 fell
 That nothing seemèd the puissance could
 withstand:
 Upon his crest the hardened iron fell,
 But his more hardened crest was armed
 so well
 That deeper³ dint therein it would not
 make;

¹ Entangles.² Cutting.³ Deep.

Yet so extremely did the buff him quell
 That from thenceforth he shunned the like
 to take,
 But when he saw them come he did them
 still forsake.⁴

The Knight was wroth to see his stroke
 beguiled,
 And smote again with more outrageous
 might;
 But back again the sparkling steel recoiled,
 And left not any mark where it did light,
 As if in adamant rock it had been pight.⁵
 The beast, impatient of his smarting wound
 And of so fierce and forcible despite,
 Thought with his wings to styè⁶ above the
 ground,
 But his late-wounded wing unserviceable
 found.

Then, full of grief and anguish vehement,
 He loudly brayed that like was never heard,
 And from his wide devouring oven sent
 A flake of fire, that, flashing in his beard,
 Him all amazed, and almost made afeard;
 The scorching flame sore singèd all his face,
 And through his armor all his body seared,⁷
 That he could not endure so cruel case,
 But thought his arms to leave and helmet to
 unlace.

Not that great champion⁸ of the antique
 world
 Whom famous poets' verse so much doth
 vaunt,
 And hath for twelve huge labors high ex-
 tolled,
 So many furies and sharp fits did haunt

⁴ Avoid.⁵ Placed or thrust.⁶ Mount.⁷ Burned.⁸ Hercules.

When him the poisoned garment did en-
chaunt,
With Centaur's blood and bloody verses
charmed,
As did this Knight twelve thousand dolours
daunt,
Whom fiery steel now burnt, that erst¹
him armed;
That erst him goodly armed, now most of all
him harmed.

Faint, weary, sore, emboyled,² grievèd,
brent,³
With heat, toil, wounds, arms, smart and
inward fire
That never man such mischiefs did tor-
ment;
Death better were: death did he oft de-
sire;
But death will never come when needs
require.
Whom so dismayed when that his foe be-
held,
He cast⁴ to suffer him no more respire,
But gan his sturdy stern⁵ about to weld,
And him so strongly stroke that to the ground
him felled.

It fortunèd (as fair it then befell)
Behind his back, unweeting⁶ where he
stood,
Of ancient time there was a springing well,
From which fast trickled forth a silver
flood
Full of great virtues and for med'cine
good;
Whylome,⁷ before that cursèd dragon got

That happy land, and all with innocent
blood
Defiled those sacred waves, it rightly hot⁸
The Well of Life, ne yet his virtues had for-
got.

For unto life the dead it could restore,
And guilt of sinful crimes clean wash
away;
Those that with sickness were infected
sore
It could recure, and aged-long decay
Renew as one were born that very day.
Both Silo this and Jordan did excel,
And th' English Bath, and eke the Ger-
man Spa;
Ne can Cephise nor Hebrus match this
well.
Into the same the Knight, back overthrown,
fell.

Now gan the golden Phœbus for to steep
His fiery face in billows of the west,
And his faint steeds watered in ocean deep,
Whiles from their journal⁹ labors they did
rest,
When that infernal monster, having kest¹⁰
His weary foe into that living well,
Can high advance his broad discolored
breast
Above his wonted pitch with countenance
fell,
And clapt his iron wings as¹¹ victor he did
dwell.

Which when his pensive Lady saw from
far,
Great woe and sorrow did her soul assay,¹²

¹ Before.² Full of wounds.³ Burned.⁴ Determined⁵ Tail.⁶ Unknowing.⁷ Formerly.⁸ Was called.⁹ Daily.¹⁰ Cast.¹¹ As if.¹² Assail.

As weening that the sad end of the war,
And gan to Highest God entirely¹ pray
That feared chance from her to turn away ;
With folded hands and knees full lowly
bent

All night she watcht, ne once adown would
lay

Her dainty limbs in her sad dreriment,²
But praying still did wake, and waking did
lament.

The morrow next gan early to appear,
That Titan rose to run his daily race ;
But early, ere the morrow next gan rear
Out of the sea fair Titan's dewy face,
Up rose the gentle virgin from her place,
And lookèd all about, if she might spy
Her lovèd Knight to move his manly
pace ;
For she had great doubt of his safety,
Since late she saw him fall before his enemy.

At last she saw where he upstarted brave
Out of the well wherein he drenchèd lay :
As eagle fresh out of the ocean wave,
Where he hath left his plumes all hoary
gray
And deckt himself with feathers youthly gay,
Like eyas³ hawk up mounts unto the skies
His newly-budded pinions to assay,
And marvels at himself still as he flies,
So new this new-born Knight to battle new
did rise.

Whom when the damnèd fiend so fresh
did spy,
No wonder if he wondered at the sight,
And doubted whether his late enemy
It were, or other new-supplièd knight.

¹ Fervently.

² Distress.

³ Newly-fledged.

He now, to prove his late-renewèd might,
High brandishing his bright dew-burning⁴
blade,

Upon his crested scalp so sore did smite
That to the skull a yawning wound it
made :

The deadly dint his dullèd senses all dis-
mayed.

I wot not whether the revenging steel
Were hardened with that holy-water dew
Wherein he fell, or sharper edge did feel,
Or his baptized hands now greater grew,
Or other secret virtue did ensue,
Else never could the force of fleshly arm
Ne⁵ molten metal in his blood embrue ;
For, till that stound,⁶ could never wight
him harm

By subtilty, nor slight, nor might, nor
mighty charm.

The cruel wound enragèd him so sore
That loud he yelled for exceeding pain,
As hundred ramping lions seemed to roar
Whom ravenous hunger did thereto con-
strain.

Then gan he toss aloft his stretchèd train,⁷
And therewith scourge the buxom⁸ air so
sore,

That to his force to yielde it was fain ;
Ne ought his sturdy strokes might stand
afore,

That high trees overthrew and rocks in pieces
tore.

The same advancing high above his head,
With sharp intended⁹ sting so rude him
smote

⁴ Bright with the water of life.

⁵ Nor.

⁶ Blow.

⁷ Tail.

⁸ Yielding.

⁹ Stretched out.

That to the earth him drove as stricken
 dead,
 Ne living wight would have him life be-
 hott;¹
 The mortal sting his angry needle shot
 Quite through his shield, and in his shoul-
 der seased,²
 Where fast it stuck, ne would thereout be
 got :
 The grief thereof him wondrous sore dis-
 eased,
 Ne might his rankling pain with patience be
 appeased.

But yet, more mindful of his honor dear
 Than of the grievous smart which him
 did wring,
 From loathèd soil he gan him lightly rear,
 And strove to loose the far-infixèd sting,
 Which, when in vain he tried with strug-
 geling,
 Inflamed with wrath, his raging blade he
 heft,³
 And strook so strongly that the knotty
 string
 Of his huge tail he quite asunder cleft ;
 Five joints thereof he hewed, and but the
 stump him left.

Heart cannot think what outrage and what
 cries,
 With foul enfoulered⁴ smoke and flashing
 fire,
 The hell-bred beast threw forth unto the
 skies,
 That all was coverèd with darkness dire ;
 Then, fraught with rancor and engorgèd ire,
 He cast⁵ at once him to avenge for all,

¹ Promised.² Pierced.³ Raised.⁴ Mixed with flame.⁵ Determined.

And, gathering up himself out of the mire,
 With his uneven wings did fiercely fall
 Upon his sun-bright shield, and gript⁶ it fast
 withal.

Much was the man encumbered with his hold,
 In fear to lose his weapon in his paw,
 Ne wist yet how his talons to unfold ;
 Nor harder was from Cerberus' greedy jaw
 To pluck a bone than from his cruel claw
 To reave⁷ by strength the griptèd gage away :
 Thrice he assayed it from his foot to draw,
 And thrice in vain to draw it did assay ;
 It bootèd nought to think to rob him of his
 prey.

Tho,⁸ when he saw no power might prevail,
 His trusty sword he called to his last aid,
 Wherewith he fiercely did his foe assail,
 And double blows about him stoutly laid,
 That glancing fire out of the iron played,
 As sparkles from the anvil use to fly
 When heavy hammers on the wedge are
 swayed ;
 Therewith at last he forced him to untie
 One of his grasping feet; him to defend
 thereby.

The other foot, fast fixèd on his shield,
 Whenas no strength nor strokes mote him
 constrain
 To loose, ne yet the warlike pledge to yield,
 He smote thereat with all his might and
 main,
 That nought so wondrous puissance might
 sustain ;
 Upon the joint the lucky steel did light,
 And made such way that hewed it quite
 in twain ;

⁶ Seized.⁷ Wrench.⁸ Then.

The paw yet missèd not his minisht¹ might,
But hung still on the shield, as it at first
was pight.²

For grief thereof and devilish despite,
From his infernal furnace forth he threw
Huge flames, that dimmèd all the heaven's
light,
Enrolled in duskish smoke and brimstone
blue,
As burning *Ætna* from his boiling stew
Doth belch out flames, and rocks in pieces
broke,
And ragged ribs of mountains molten new,
Enwrapt in coal-black clouds and filthy
smoke,
That all the land with stench, and heaven
with horror, choke.

The heat whereof, and harmful pestilence,
So sore him noyd³ that forced him to retire
A little backward for his best defence,
To save his body from the scorching fire
Which he from hellish entrails did expire.⁴
It chanced (eternal God that chance did
guide),
As he recoiled backward, in the mire
His nigh forweared feeble feet did slide,
And down he fell, with dread of shame sore
terrified.

There grew a goodly tree him fair beside,
Loaden with fruit and apples rosy red,
As⁵ they in pure vermilion had been dyed,
Whereof great virtues over all⁶ were redd,⁷
For happy life to all which thereon fed,
And life eke⁸ everlasting, did befall :

¹ Diminished.² Fastened.³ Annoyed.⁴ Breathe out.⁵ As if.⁶ Everywhere.⁷ Declared.⁸ Also.

Great God it planted in that blessed stedd⁹
With his almighty hand, and did it call
The Tree of Life, the crime of our first fa-
ther's fall.

In all the world like was not to be found,
Save in that soil where all good things did
grow,
And freely sprung out of the fruitful
ground
As incorrupted nature did them sow,
Till that dread dragon all did overthrow.
Another like fair tree eke⁸ grew thereby,
Whereof whoso did eat eftsoons¹⁰ did know
Both good and ill. O mournful memory !
That tree through one man's fault hath done
us¹¹ all to die !

From that first tree forth flowed, as from
a well,
A trickling stream of balm most souveraine
And dainty dear,¹² which on the ground
still fell,
And overflowed all the fertile plain,
As⁵ it had dewed been with timely rain ;
Life and long health that gracious oint-
ment gave,
And deadly wounds could heal, and rear
again
The senseless corse appointed for the grave:
Into that same he fell which did from death
him save.

For nigh thereto the ever-damnèd beast
Durst not approach—for he was deadly¹³
made,
And all that life preservèd did detest—
Yet he it oft adventured to invade.

⁹ Place.¹⁰ Immediately.¹¹ Caused us.¹² Precious.¹³ Of a deadly nature.

By this the drooping Daylight gan to
fade,
And yield his room to sad succeeding
Night,
Who with her sable mantle gan to shade
The face of earth and ways of living
wight,
And high her burning torch set up in heaven
bright.

When gentle Una saw the second fall
Of her dear Knight, who, weary of long
fight
And faint through loss of blood, moved
not at all,
But lay as in a dream of deep delight,
Besmeared with precious balm whose vir-
tuous might
Did heal his wounds and scorching heat
allay,
Again she stricken was with sore affright,
And for his safety gan devoutly pray,
And watch the noyous¹ night and wait for
joyous day.

The joyous day gan early to appear,
And fair Aurora from the dewy bed
Of aged Tithone gan herself to rear
With rosy cheeks, for shame as blushing
red ;
Her golden locks, for haste, were loosely
shed
About her ears when Una her did mark
Climb to her charet,² all with flowers
spread,
From heaven high to chase the cheerless
dark ;
With merry note her loud salutes the mount-
ing lark.

¹ Baleful.² Chariot.

Then freshly up arose the doughty Knight,
All healed of his hurts and woundes wide,
And did himself to battle ready dight ;³
Whose early foe, awaiting him beside
To have devoured so soon as day he spied,
When now he saw himself so freshly rear,
As if late fight had nought him damni-
fied,⁴

He wox dismayed and gan his fate to fear ;
Nathless with wonted rage, he him advanced
near.

And in his first encounter, gaping wide,
He thought at once him to have swallowed
quite,
And rushed upon him with outrageous
pride ;
Who him recounting fierce, as hawk in
flight,
Perforce rebutted⁵ back ; the weapon bright,
Taking advantage of his open jaw,
Ran through his mouth with so impórtune⁶
might,
That deep emperst⁷ his darksome hollow
maw,
And, back retyrd,⁸ his life-blood forth withal
did draw.

So down he fell, and forth his life did
breathe,
That vanisht into smoke and cloudes swift ;
So down he fell that th' earth him under-
neath
Did groan, as feeble so great load to lift ;
So down he fell as an huge rocky clift,
Whose false⁹ foundation waves have washt
away,

³ Prepare.⁴ Injured.⁵ Repelled.⁶ Extreme.⁷ Pierced.⁸ Drawn.⁹ Not solid.

With dreadful poyse¹ is from the mainland
 rift,
 And, rolling down, great Neptune doth
 dismay ;
 So down he fell, and like an heaped moun-
 tain lay.

The Knight himself even trembled at his
 fall,
 So huge and horrible a mass it seemed ;
 And his dear lady, that beheld it all,
 Durst not approach for dread which she
 misdeemed ;²
 But yet, at last, whenas the direful fiend
 She saw not stir, offshaking vain affright,
 She nigher drew, and saw that joyous end ;
 Then God she praised, and thanked her
 faithful Knight,
 That had achieved so great a conquest by his
 might.

EDMUND SPENSER.

THE COMMON LOT.

ONCE, in the flight of ages past,
 There lived a man ; and who was he ?
 Mortal, howe'er thy lot be cast,
 That man resembled thee.
 Unknown the region of his birth ;
 The land in which he died, unknown ;
 His name has perished from the earth :
 This truth survives alone—

That joy and grief, and hope and fear,
 Alternate triumphed in his breast ;
 His bliss and woe a smile, a tear :
 Oblivion hides the rest.
 The bounding pulse, the languid limb,
 The changing spirit's rise and fall—
 We know that these were felt by him,
 For these are felt by all.

¹ Force or weight.² Groundlessly feared.

He suffered, but his pangs are o'er ;
 Enjoyed, but his delights are fled ;
 Had friends : his friends are now no more ;
 And foes : his foes are dead.
 He loved, but whom he loved the grave
 Hath lost in its unconscious womb ;
 Oh, she was fair, but naught could save
 Her beauty from the tomb.

He saw whatever thou hast seen,
 Encountered all that troubles thee ;
 He was—whatever thou hast been ;
 He is—what thou shalt be.
 The rolling seasons, day and night,
 Sun, moon and stars, the earth and main—
 Erewhile his portion—life and light,
 To him exist in vain.

The clouds and sunbeams o'er his eye
 That once their shades and glory threw
 Have left in yonder silent sky
 No vestige where they flew ;
 The annals of the human race,
 Their ruins since the world began,
 Of *him* afford no other trace
 Than this : There lived a man.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

TOO LATE.

TOO late, alas ! I must confess
 You need not arts to move me :
 Such charms by nature you possess
 'Twere madness not to love ye.

Then spare a heart you may surprise,
 And give my tongue the glory
 To boast, though my unfaithful eyes
 Betray a tender story.

JOHN WILMOT
(Earl of Rochester).

THE OLD CORPORAL.

MARCHING TO EXECUTION.

FROM THE FRENCH OF PIERRE-JEAN DE BÉRANGER.



NOW, comrades, onward let us
go ;
Each man his musket firmly
bear.
My pipe is lit ; your love I
know :
Come, close this life of toil
and care.
Dolt, in the service to grow
gray !
But then you young recruits
had need

Of your old corporal many a day.

Cheer, comrades, cheer !

Nay, shed no tear.

Attention ! march ! quick march !

A cornet struck me—raw young fool !
I cut him down ; he quickly healed.
I am condemned : you know the rule ;
The corporal to death must yield.
With rage and wine so fiercely nerved,
Nothing could stay my furious arm ;
Besides, Napoleon I had served.

Cheer, comrades, cheer !

Nay, shed no tear.

Attention ! march ! quick march !

Recruits, you'll scarce endure the loss
Of leg or arm, for medal prized ;
In those brave wars I gained my cross
Where we so many kings capsized.
The alehouse scot you gladly free

When I our bloody fights narrate ;
Well, that's what glory means, you see !
Cheer, comrades, cheer !
Nay, shed no tear.
Attention ! march ! quick march !

Robert, my fellow-townsmen, thou
To thy quiet flocks must get thee home.
Hold ! see these garden-buds : ere now
In our sweet cantons they're in bloom.
From early dawn on woody hill
I've often strayed the livelong day :
Oh, my poor mother lives there still.
Cheer, comrades, cheer !
Nay, shed no tear.
Attention ! march ! quick march !

What woman weeps and murmurs so ?
Ah ! 'tis the drummer's widow, Jane.
In Russia, 'mid the sleet and snow,
I bore her son with toil and pain
Whole days and nights ; I saved her, too,
From her poor husband's frozen grave.
Pray for my soul, good Jeanette, do !
Cheer, comrades, cheer !
Nay, shed no tear.
Attention ! march ! quick march !

Look you ! my pipe's smoked out and dry !
No matter. Now, my comrades kind,
We are arrived. Good-bye ! good-bye !
I beg my eyes you will not bind.
One favor still 'tis yours to give :

Be firm—aim well. God keep you all,
 And long and happy may you live!
 Cheer, comrades, cheer!
 Nay, shed no tear.
 Attention! march! quick march!

Translation of WILLIAM ANDERSON.

THE ONEYDA CHIEF'S WAR-SONG.

AND I could weep"—th' Oneyda chief
 His descant wildly thus begun—
 "But that I may not stain with grief
 The death-song of my father's son,
 Or bow this head in woe;
 For, by my wrongs and by my wrath,
 To-morrow Areouski's breath,
 That fires yon heaven with storms of death,
 Shall light us to the foe;
 And we shall share, my Christian boy,
 The foeman's blood, the avenger's joy!

"But thee, my flower, whose breath was
 given
 By milder genii o'er the deep,
 The spirits of the white man's heaven
 Forbid not thee to weep;
 Nor will the Christian host,
 Nor will thy father's spirit grieve
 To see thee, on the battle's eve,
 Lamenting, take a mournful leave
 Of her who loved thee most:
 She was the rainbow to thy sight,
 Thy sun, thy heaven of lost delight,

"To-morrow let us do or die;
 But when the bolt of death is hurled,
 Ah! whither then with thee to fly?
 Shall Outalissi roam the world?
 Seek we thy once-loved home?

The hand is gone that cropped its flowers;
 Unheard their clock repeats its hours,
 Cold is the hearth within their bowers;
 And, should we thither roam,
 Its echoes and its empty tread
 Would sound like voices from the dead.

"Or shall we cross yon mountains blue,
 Whose streams my kindred nation quaffed,
 And by my side, in battle true,
 A thousand warriors drew the shaft?
 Ah! there, in desolation cold,
 The desert serpent dwells alone,
 Where grass o'ergrows each mouldering bone,
 And stones themselves to ruin grown,
 Like me, are death-like old.
 Then seek we not their camp, for there
 The silence dwells of my despair.

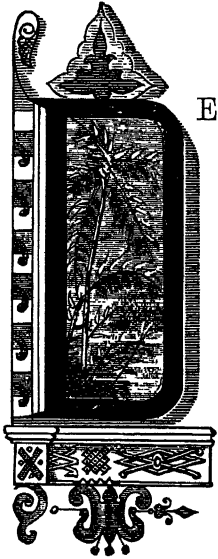
"But hark! the trump! To-morrow thou
 In glory's fires shall dry their tears;
 Even from the land of shadows now
 My father's awful ghost appears
 Amidst the clouds that round us roll;
 He bids my soul for battle thirst;
 He bids me dry the last, the first,
 The only, tears that ever burst
 From Outalissi's soul,
 Because I may not stain with grief
 The death-song of an Indian chief."

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

PATIENCE.

TO see what gems lie hidden where it
 grows,
 Wouldst pluck the tree of life up by the
 root?
 Wait until the unseen into flower blows;
 Wait till the jewels hang in precious fruit.

GERALD MASSEY.



DANIEL DE FOE.

DE FOE, the son of a London butcher, was born in the year 1661, in the parish of St. Giles. He was educated at a celebrated dissenting academy, that of Mr. Morton, at Stoke-Newington. In A. D. 1692 he failed in business, his liabilities being eighty-five thousand dollars. He compromised with his creditors, but afterward most honor-

ably paid this large indebtedness in full.

The troubles of De Foe were not confined to his business ventures. He engaged in the religious controversies of the age, and was condemned to the pillory for one of his productions, entitled *The Shortest Way with the Dissenters*. Both the religious parties were offended by this publication, but the sympathies of the people were with him. On the occasion of his condemnation he wrote his "Hymn to the Pillory," which is considered to be among the best of his poems. The following extract from that poem shows how philosophically he underwent the punishment assigned him:

"Hail, hieroglyphic state machine,
Contrived to punish Fancy in!
Men that are men in thee can feel no pain,
And all thy insignificance disdain.
Contempt—that false new word for shame—
Is, without crime, an empty name,
A shadow to amuse mankind,
But never frights the wise or well-fixed mind:

Virtue despises human scorn,
And scandals Innocence adorn.
Exalted on thy stool of state,
What prospect do I see of sovereign fate!
How the inscrutables of Providence
Differ from our contracted sense!
Here, by the errors of the town,
The fools look out and knaves look on.
Persons or crimes find here the same respect,
And Vice does Virtue oft correct,
The undistinguished fury of the street,
Which mob and malice mankind greet.
Thou art the state-trap of the law,
But neither can keep knaves nor honest men in awe:
These are too hardened in offence,
And those upheld by innocence."

The peculiarity of De Foe's style consists in giving to fiction the appearance of fact, clothing fancy with the garb of reality. His works are very voluminous, the most popular of them being *Robinson Crusoe*. He died A. D. 1731.

A GUILTY CONSCIENCE.

THIS thing called conscience is a strange, bold disturber. It works upon the imagination with an invincible force; it makes a man view things that are not as if they were, feel things that are not to be felt, see things that are not to be seen and hear things that are not to be heard; it commands the senses; nay, even the tongue itself, which is so little under command, submits to this sovereign mandate; and though I do not see that conscience always overrules it to silence, yet it often makes it speak, even whether it would or no, and that to its own ruin and

destruction, making the guilty man accuse himself and confess what his policy had before so effectually concealed that no eye had seen it, no evidence could prove it.

The murderer sees the murdered innocent as plainly before his eyes as if he was actually sent back from his place to charge him; nay, he sees him without eyes: he is present with him sleeping and waking; he sees him when he is not to be seen, and testifies to his own guilt with no need of other witness.

A gentleman, and a man in good circumstances too, committed a murder in or near St. Pancras, Soaper lane, London, many years ago. The murder was attended with some very cruel and barbarous circumstances such as he could not expect to be pardoned for; so he fled, and, making his escape into France, got out of the reach of justice.

His personal safety was for a while so much satisfaction to him that he did not make any reflections at all upon the fact; but after a while he took shipping from France and went over to Martinico, where he lived several years. And even for two or three years he carried it off well enough; but the first shock given to his soul was in a fit of sickness, when, being in danger of death, he saw, as he was between sleeping and waking, the spectre, as he thought, of the murdered person, just as in the posture when he killed him, his wound bleeding and his countenance ghastly; the sight of which exceedingly terrified him, and at length awakened him. But, being awake and finding it was but a dream, and that the murdered person did not really appear to him, and, as he called it, haunt him, he was easy as to that part; but, being in a

high fever and believing he should die, conscience began to stare at him and to talk to him. He resisted a long time, but, death approaching, he grew very pensive, though, as he said, still more afraid of dying than penitent for his crime.

After he recovered he grew easy and began to forget things again; came over to Europe again, and, being at Rouen, in Normandy, he dreamed he saw the murdered man again, and that he looked frightful and terrible and with a threatening aspect, and this threw him into a kind of melancholy, which increased exceedingly, the spectre, as he called it, coming to him every night.

But this was not all, for now, as he dreamed of it all night, so he thought of it all day. It was, as we say, before his eyes continually; his imagination formed figures to him, now of this kind, then of that, always relating to the murdered man, so that, in short, he could think of nothing else; and though he was satisfied there was no real ghost, as he called it, or apparition, yet his own terrified conscience made the thought be to him one continued apparition, and the murdered man was never out of sight.

He was so reduced by the constant agitation of his soul that he was in a very weak condition and in a deep consumption. But in the midst of these tumults of his soul he had a strong impression upon his mind that he could never die in peace, nor ever go to heaven, if he did not go over to England and either get the Parliament's pardon (for it was in those days when there was no king in Israel), or that if he could not obtain a pardon, that then he should surrender into the hands of justice and satisfy the law with his life, which was the debt he owed to the blood of

the man he killed, and could no other way be expiated. He withstood this as a wild, distracted thing and the fruit of his disturbed mind. "What," said he to himself, "should I go to England for? To go there is to go and die;" and these words, "go and die," run daily upon his mind. But though they came first into his thoughts as an answer to his other distractions, yet they turned upon him soon after, and he dreamed that the dead murdered man said to him, "Go and die;" and, repeating it, said, "Go to England and die;" and this followed him by night and by day, asleep and awake, that he had it always in his ears, "Go to England and die."

In short, and to pass over some circumstances, though worth telling, which happened to him in the mean time, he was so continually terrified by the reproaches of his conscience and the voice which he thought followed him that he answered it once in his sleep thus:

"Well, if it must be so, let me alone: I will go and die."

It was some time, however, before he did; but at last, unable to support the torture of his mind, he resolved to come over to England, and did so. He landed at Gravesend, and there took passage in the tilt-boat for London.

When he arrived at London, intending to land at Westminster, he took a wherry at Billingsgate, to carry him through bridge. It happened that two lighters laden with coals run foul of the boat he was in, and one of another, over-against Queenhithe, or thereabouts; and the watermen were so very hard put to it that they had much ado to avoid being crushed between the lighters, so that

they were obliged to get into one of the lighters and let the boat sink. This occasioned him, contrary to his design, to go on shore a little to the eastward of Queenhithe; from thence he walked up on foot toward Cheapside, intending to take a coach for Westminster.

As he passed a street which crosses out of Bread street into Bow lane, being almost night and he not well knowing the streets, having been absent eighteen years, he heard somebody cry, "Stop him! stop him!" It seems a thief had broke into a house in some place as he passed by, and was discovered and run for it, and the people after him, crying, "Stop him! stop him!"

It presently occurred to him that, being so near the place where the murder was committed, and where he had lived, somebody that knew him had seen him, and that it was him they cried after; upon which he began to run with all his might.

Had the people cried "Stop thief!" he had had no need to be alarmed, knowing, as he said, that he had stolen nothing; but the crowd crying only "Stop him! stop him!" it was as likely to be him as not; and, his own guilt concurring, he run, as above.

As he run with all his might, it was a good while before the people overtook him; but just at the corner of Soaper lane, near about where now stands the Rummer tavern, his foot slipped, and his breath failing him too, he fell down.

The people, not knowing who he was, had lost their thief and pursued him; but when they came up to him, they found he was not the right person and began to leave him. But his own guilty conscience, which at first set him a-running, and which alone was his real

pursuer, continuing to follow him close, and which at last had thrown him down too, so increased his fright that, believing they all knew him, he cried out, "It is very true: I am the man. It was I did it."

It seems, when he first fell, some people, who, upon hearing the noise in the street, came running to their doors, as is usual in such cases,—I say, some people, at the door of a house just against where he fell, said one to another, "There he is! That's he! They have catched him;" and it was upon that saying that he answered, "It is very true: I am the man, and I did it;" for still he imagined they knew him to be the murderer that killed the man so long ago, whereas there was nobody there that had any knowledge of the matter, and the very memory of the thing was almost forgotten in the place, as it might well be, having been done eighteen years before.

However, when they heard him cry, "I am the man, and I did it," one of the people that came about him said,

"What did you do?"

"Why, I killed him," says he; "I killed Mr. —," and then repeated his name; but nobody remembered the name.

"Why, you are mad," says one of the people; and then added another, "The man's a distracted, disordered man. They pursued a little shoplifting thief, and here they have frightened a poor gentleman that they own is not the person, but is an unhappy disordered man, and fancied they pursued after him."

"But are you sure he is not the man?"

"'Sure'!" says another; "why, they tell you so themselves. Besides, the man is distracted."

"'Distracted'!" says a third; "how do you know that?"

"Nay," says the other; "he must be distracted or in drink. Don't you hear how he talks? 'I did it,' 'I killed him,' and I don't know what. Why, here's nobody killed, is there? I tell you the poor man is crazed."

Thus they talked a while, and some run forward toward Cheapside, to look for the real thief, and so they were about to let him go. But one grave citizen, and wiser than the rest, cried,

"Nay, hold! Let's inquire a little further. Though he's not the thief they look for, there may be something in it. Let us go before my lord mayor with him;" and so they did.

I think the lord mayor then in being was Sir William Turner.

When he came before the lord mayor, he voluntarily confessed the fact, and was afterward executed for it; and I had the substance of this relation from an ear-witness of the thing, so that I can freely say that I give entire credit to it.

It was remarkable, also, that the place where this man fell down when he run, believing he was pursued and known, though at first he really was not, was just against the very door of the house where the person lived that he had murdered.

Many inferences might be drawn from this story, but that which is particularly to my purpose is to show how men's guilt crowds their imagination with sudden and surprising ideas of things, brings spectres and apparitions into their eyes when there are really no such things, forms ghosts and phantasms in their very view when their eyes are shut. They see sleeping, and dream walking; the night is all vision, and the day all apparition,

till, either by penitence or punishment, they make satisfaction for the wrong they have done, and either justice or the injured person are appeased.

But to bring all this back to our business: here's no other apparition in all this than what is formed in the imagination. The ghosts, the souls of the most injured person, whether injuriously murdered or injuriously robbed and plundered, sleeps in peace, knows nothing of the murderer or thief, except only that it gives that part all up to the eternal Judge. The murderer has the horror of the fact always upon him; conscience draws the picture of the crime in apparition just before him, and the reflection, not the injured soul, is the spectre that haunts him. Nor can he need a worse tormentor in this life; whether there is a worse hereafter or no I do not pretend to determine. This is certainly a worm that never dies; it is always gnawing the vitals, not of the body, but of the very soul. But I say here was no apparition all this while of any kind, no spectre, no ghost—no, not to detect a murderer.

DANIEL DE FOE.

THERE IS NOTHING ELSE BUT JUSTICE.

IN this God's world, with its wild-whirling eddies and mad foam-oceans, where men and nations perish as if without law, and judgment for an unjust thing is sternly delayed, dost thou think that there is therefore no justice? It is what the fool hath said in his heart. It is what the wise in all times were wise because they denied and knew for ever not to be. I tell thee again there is nothing else but justice. One strong thing I find here below—the just thing, the true

thing. My friend, if thou hadst all the artillery of Woolwich trundling at thy back in support of an unjust thing, and infinite bonfires visibly waiting ahead of thee, to blaze centuries long for thy victory on behalf of it, I would advise thee to call halt, to fling down thy baton and say, "In God's name, no!" Thy "success"! Poor devil, what will thy success amount to? If the thing is unjust, thou hast not succeeded—no, not though bonfires blazed from north to south, and bells rang, and editors wrote leading-articles, and the just thing lay trampled out of sight, to all mortal eyes an abolished and annihilated thing. Success? In few years thou wilt be dead and dark—all cold, eyeless, deaf, no blaze of bonfires, ding-dong of bells or leading-articles visible or audible to thee again at all for ever. What kind of success is that?

THOMAS CARLYLE.

READING AND THINKING.

THOSE who read everything are thought to understand everything too, but it is not always so. Reading only furnishes the mind with the materials of knowledge: it is thinking that makes what we read ours. We are of the ruminating kind, and it is not enough that we cram ourselves with a great load of collections. Unless we chew them over again, they will not give us strength and nourishment.

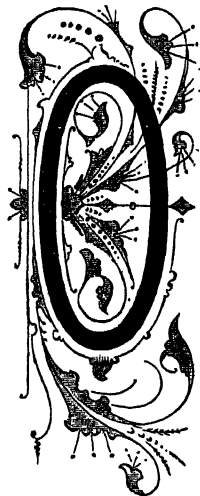
JOHN LOCKE.

INFLUENCE.

VIRTUE will catch as well as vice by contact, and the public stock of honest, manly principle will daily accumulate.

THOMAS BURKE.

O'CONNOR'S CHILD; OR, THE FLOWER
OF LOVE LIES BLEEDING.*



H, once the harp of Innisfail
Was strung full high to
notes of gladness,
But yet it often told a tale
Of more prevailing sadness.
Sad was the note, and wild
its fall,
As winds that moan at
night forlorn
Along the isles of Fion-Gall,
When, for O'Connor's child
to mourn,

The harper told how lone, how far
From any mansion's twinkling star,
From any path of social men,
Or voice but from the fox's den,
The lady in the desert dwelt;
And yet no wrongs nor fears she felt.
Say, why should dwell in place so wild
O'Connor's pale and lovely child?

Sweet lady! she no more inspires
Green Erin's hearts with beauty's power,
As, in the palace of her sires,
She bloomed a peerless flower.
Gone from her hand and bosom, gone,
The royal broche, the jewelled ring,
That o'er her dazzling whiteness shone
Like dew on lilies of the spring.

* This poem was suggested by Campbell seeing a flower in his own garden at Sydenham called "love lies bleeding." To this circumstance we owe the touching narrative of "O'Connor's Child," composed in December, 1809, and published in the spring of the following year. It has been considered by many good judges as the most highly finished of all Campbell's minor pieces.

Yet why, though fall'n her brother's kerne
Beneath De Bourgo's battle stern,
While yet in Leinster unexplored
Her friends survive the English sword—
Why lingers she from Erin's host
So far on Galway's shipwrecked coast?
Why wanders she a huntress wild,
O'Connor's pale and lovely child?

And, fixed on empty space, why burn
Her eyes with momentary wildness?
And wherefore do they then return
To more than woman's mildness?
Dishevelled are her raven locks;
On Connocht Moran's name she calls;
And oft amidst the lonely rocks
She sings sweet madrigals.
Placed 'midst the foxglove and the moss,
Behold a 'parted warrior's cross:
That is the spot where, evermore,
The lady at her shieling door
Enjoys that in communion sweet
The living and the dead can meet;
For, lo! to lovelorn fantasy,
The hero of her heart is nigh.

Bright as the bow that spans the storm,
In Erin's yellow vesture clad,
A son of light, a lovely form,
He comes and makes her glad;
Now on the grass-green turf he sits,
His tasseled horn beside him laid;
Now o'er the hills in chase he flits,
The hunter and the deer a shade.



T. Campbell.

Sweet mourner ! these are shadows vain
 That cross the twilight of her brain ;
 Yet she will tell you she is blest,
 Of Connocht Moran's tomb possessed,
 More richly than in Aghrim's bower,
 When bards high praised her beauty's power
 And kneeling pages offered up
 The morat in a golden cup.

"A hero's bride, this desert bower—
 It ill befits thy gentle breeding ;
 And wherefore dost thou love this flower
 To call ' My love lies bleeding ' ?"
 "This purple flower my tears have nursed ;
 A hero's blood supplied its bloom ;
 I love it, for it was the first
 That grew on Connocht Moran's tomb.
 Oh, hearken, stranger, to my voice :
 This desert mansion is my choice,
 And blest, though fatal, be the star
 That led me to its wilds afar ;
 For here these pathless mountains free
 Gave shelter to my love and me,
 And every rock and every stone
 Bore witness that he was my own.

"O'Connor's child, I was the bud
 Of Erin's royal tree of glory ;
 But woe to them that wrapped in blood
 The tissue of my story !
 Still, as I clasp my burning brain,
 A death-scene rushes on my sight ;
 It rises o'er and o'er again—
 The bloody feud, the fatal night,
 When, chafing Connocht Moran's scorn,
 They called my hero basely born,
 And bade him choose a meaner bride
 Than from O'Connor's house of pride.
 Their tribe, they said, their high degree,
 Was sung in Tara's psaltery ;

Witness their Eath's victorious brand,
 And Cathal of the Bloody Hand ;
 Glory (they said) and power and honor
 Were in the mansion of O'Connor ;
 But he, my loved one, bore in field
 A humbler crest, a meaner shield.

"Ah, brothers, what did it avail
 That fiercely and triumphantly
 Ye fought the English of the Pale
 And stemmed De Bourgo's chivalry ?
 And what was it to love and me
 That barons by your standard rode,
 Or beal-fires for your jubilee
 Upon a hundred mountains glowed ?
 What though the lords of tower and dome
 From Shannon to the North Sea foam ?
 Thought ye your iron hands of pride
 Could break the knot that love had tied ?
 No ; let the eagle change his plume,
 The leaf its hue, the flower its bloom,
 But ties around this heart were spun
 That could not, would not, be undone.

"At bleating of the wild watch-fold
 Thus sang my love : ' Oh, come with me ;
 Our bark is on the lake ; behold,
 Our steeds are fastened to the tree.
 Come far from Castle Connor's clans ;
 Come with thy belted forester,
 And I beside the lake of swans
 Shall hunt for thee the fallow-deer,
 And build thy hut and bring thee home
 The wild-fowl and the honeycomb,
 And berries from the wood provide,
 And play my clarshech by thy side.
 Then come, my love !' How could I stay ?
 Our nimble staghounds tracked the way,
 And I pursued by moonless skies
 The light of Connocht Moran's eyes.

"And fast and far, before the star
 Of dayspring, rushed we through the
 glade,
 And saw at dawn the lofty bawn
 Of Castle Connor fade.
 Sweet was to us the hermitage
 Of this unploughed, untrodden shore;
 Like birds all joyous from the cage,
 For man's neglect we loved it more;
 And well he knew, my huntsman dear,
 To search the game with hawk and spear,
 While I, his evening food to dress,
 Would sing to him in happiness.
 But oh that midnight of despair
 When I was doomed to rend my hair—
 The night, to me, of shrieking sorrow,
 The night, to him, that had no morrow!

"When all was hushed at eventide,
 I heard the baying of their beagle;
 'Be hushed!' my Connocht Moran cried;
 'Tis but the screaming of the eagle.'
 Alas! 'twas not the eyrie's sound:
 Their bloody bands had tracked us out;
 Up listening starts our couchant hound,
 And hark! again that nearer shout
 Brings faster on the murderers.
 Spare—spare him, Brazil, Desmond fierce!
 In vain: no voice the adder charms;
 Their weapons crossed my sheltering arms;
 Another's sword has laid him low,
 Another's and another's;
 And every hand that dealt the blow—
 Ah me! it was a brother's!
 Yes, when his moanings died away,
 Their iron hands had dug the clay,
 And o'er his burial turf they trod,
 And I beheld—O God! O God!—
 His life-blood oozing from the sod.

"Warm in his death-wounds, sepulchred,
 Alas! my warrior's spirit brave
 Nor mass nor ulla-lulla heard,
 Lamenting, soothe his grave.
 Dragged to their hated mansion back,
 How long in thralldom's grasp I lay
 I know not, for my soul was black
 And knew no change of night or day.
 One night of horror round me grew;
 Or if I saw or felt or knew,
 'Twas but when those grim visages,
 The angry brothers of my race,
 Glared on each eyeball's aching throb
 And checked my bosom's power to sob,
 Or when my heart with pulses drear
 Beat like a death-watch to my ear.

"But Heaven at last my soul's eclipse
 Did with a vision bright inspire;
 I woke and felt upon my lips
 A prophetess's fire.
 Thrice in the east a war-drum beat;
 I heard the Saxon's trumpet sound,
 And ranged as to the judgment-seat
 My guilty, trembling brothers round.
 Clad in the helm and shield, they came;
 For now De Bourgo's sword and flame
 Had ravaged Ulster's boundaries
 And lighted up the midnight skies.
 The standard of O'Connor's sway
 Was in the turret where I lay;
 That standard with so dire a look,
 As ghastly shone the moon⁴ and pale,
 I gave that every bosom shook
 Beneath its iron mail.

"'And go,' I cried, 'the combat seek,
 Ye hearts that unappalled bore
 The anguish of a sister's shriek,
 Go, and return no more;

For sooner guilt the ordeal brand
 Shall grasp unhurt than ye shall hold
 The banner with victorious hand
 Beneath a sister's curse unrolled.
 Oh, stranger, by my country's loss,
 And by my love and by the cross,
 I swear I never could have spoke
 The curse that severed nature's yoke,
 But that a spirit o'er me stood
 And fired me with the wrathful mood;
 And frenzy to my heart was given
 To speak the malison of Heaven.

"They would have crossed themselves all
 mute;

They would have prayed to burst the
 spell;

But at the stamping of my foot

Each hand down powerless fell.

'And go to Athunree,' I cried;

'High lift the banner of your pride;

But know that where its sheet unrolls

The weight of blood is on your souls!

Go where the havoc of your kerne

Shall float as high as mountain-fern!

Men shall no more your mansion know;

The nettles on your hearth shall grow!

Dead as the green oblivious flood

That mantles by your walls shall be

The glory of O'Connor's blood!

Away! away to Athunree,

Where, downward when the sun shall fall,

The raven's wing shall be your pall,

And not a vassal shall unlace

The vizor from your dying face!

"A bolt that overhung our dome,

Suspended till my curse was given,

Soon as it passed these lips of foam

Pealed in the blood-red heaven.

Dire was the look that o'er their backs

The angry parting brothers threw;

But now, behold! like cataracts

Come down the hills in view

O'Connor's plumed partisans:

Thrice ten Kilnagorvian clans

Were marching to their doom.

A sudden storm their plumage tossed,

A flash of lightning o'er them crossed,

And all again was gloom.

"Stranger, I fled the home of grief,

At Connocht Moran's tomb to fall;

I found the helmet of my chief,

His bow still hanging on our wall,

And took it down, and vowed to rove

This desert place a huntress bold,

Nor would I change my buried love

For any heart of living mould—

No, for I am a hero's child.

I'll hunt my quarry in the wild,

And still my home this mansion make,

Of all unheeded and unheeding,

And cherish, for my warrior's sake,

The flower of love lies bleeding."

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

A FAREWELL.

MY fairest child, I have no song to give
 you:

No lark could pipe to skies so dull and gray;

Yet, ere we part, one lesson I can leave you

For every day:

Be good, sweet maid, and let who will be
 clever;

Do noble things, not dream them all day
 long;

And so make life, death and that vast for ever

One grand, sweet song.

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

THE UNIVERSAL PRAYER.



ATHER of all, in every age,
In every clime, adored,
By saint, by savage and by
sage,
Jehovah, Jove* or Lord!

Thou great First Cause, least
understood,
Who all my sense confined
To know but this, that thou
art good
And that myself am blind,

Yet gave me, in this dark estate,
To see the good from ill,
And, binding nature fast in fate,
Left free the human will,—

What conscience dictates to be done
Or warns me not to do,
This teach me more than hell to shun,
That more than heaven pursue.

What blessings thy free bounty gives
Let me not cast away,
For God is paid when man receives:
To enjoy is to obey.

Yet not to earth's contracted span
Thy goodness let me bound,
Or think thee Lord alone of man,
When thousand worlds are round.

* "Every one must admire the spirit of mercy which breathes in this poem, but the Christian objects to placing Jove in apposition with JEHOVAH and LORD."

Let not this weak unknowing hand
Presume thy bolts to throw,
And deal damnation round the land
On each I judge thy foe.

If I am right, thy grace impart
Still in the right to stay;
If I am wrong, oh teach my heart
To find that better way.

Save me alike from foolish pride
Or impious discontent
At aught thy wisdom has denied
Or aught thy goodness lent.

Teach me to feel another's woe,
To hide the fault I see;
That mercy I to others show,
That mercy show to me.

Mean though I am—not wholly so,
Since quickened by thy breath—
Oh, lead me, wheresoe'er I go,
Through this day's life or death.

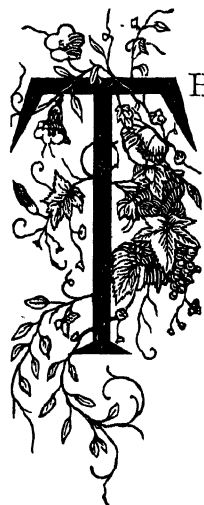
This day be bread and peace my lot;
All else beneath the sun,
Thou knowst if best bestowed or not,
And let thy will be done.

To thee, whose temple is all space,
Whose altar earth, sea, skies,
One chorus let all beings raise,
All nature's incense rise.

ALEXANDER POPE.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES.

BYRON.



THE Hon. George Gordon Byron, afterward Lord Byron, was born in London on the 22d of January, 1788. His father was a bad man and abandoned his wife and child, and his mother, though fond, was of a very violent temper. The boy was slightly lame from his birth, and always very sensitive in regard to his infirmity. He inherited his mother's temper. In 1798, on the death of his grand-uncle, he became Lord Byron, with his ancestral seat at Newstead Abbey. After attending a child's school at Aberdeen he was sent to Harrow, where he was esteemed by his companions, but not distinguished for scholarship. Thence he went to Trinity College, Cambridge, where he lived an idle, self-indulgent life, reading constantly but discursively.

As early as November, 1806, Byron published his first volume, *Poems on Various Occasions*, which, with alterations and additions, he issued as *Hours of Idleness*. . . . By George Gordon, Lord Byron, a Minor. This volume was severely and unjustly handled by the *Edinburgh Review*, and the author was so stung that he vented his wrath in a satire, imitated from Juvenal, entitled "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers." Of this he was afterward very much ashamed. He then set out to travel, and, stopping in Spain, Italy and Malta, he went as far as Greece.

On his return he brought with him, as the literary results of his journey, carefully elaborated *Hints from Horace*, which met with little favor, and the early cantos of "Childe Harold," which literally took the world by storm. "He woke up one morning and found himself famous." In 1811 he published "The Giaour;" in 1813 "The Bride of Abydos;" and in 1814 "The Corsair."

In 1815, Lord Byron made an unfortunate marriage with Miss Milbanke. After the birth of a daughter they separated, on account of entire incompatibility, never again to meet as man and wife. He once more left England for the Continent, an embittered and a misanthropic man. At Geneva he continued to work upon "Childe Harold" with no diminution of poetic power; there, also, he wrote the story of Bonnivard, "The Prisoner of Chillon." From 1817 until his departure for Greece he resided in Italy, leading a dissolute life, at Venice, Ravenna, Pisa, Genoa, where he wrote numerous other poems, several of his dramas and "Don Juan." The immoral tone of the last named shocked the public taste, but it contains passages of rare pathos, power and beauty, such as "The Isles of Greece," "The Shipwreck," "The Storming of Belgrade."

The struggles of Greece for independence of Turkey enlisted Byron's heartiest sympathies. He espoused the cause of Philhellenism with all his vigor, raised troops and accepted a command, and was determined to do or die in behalf of Grecian liberty. This promise was never fulfilled. He was seized

with a malarial fever, of which he died, on the 19th of April, 1824, amid the mourning of the Grecian people. Macaulay, in his epigrammatic style, compares him to Napoleon: "Two men have died within our recollection who, at a time of life at which few people have completed their education, had raised themselves, each in his own department, to the height of glory. One of them died at Longwood; the other, at Missolonghi."

In his tales in verse and in his dramas Byron is always unconsciously his own hero—"Lara," "The Corsair," "The Giaour." He had none of the objective Shakesperean power: he could only present himself, and that self an evil example; and yet he was a great poet, in spite of his immorality and his misanthropy.

BRYAN WALLER PROCTER.

BRYAN WALLER PROCTER—Barry Cornwall—was born in Wiltshire, England, on the 21st of November, 1789. In 1819 he made his first venture in a literary career by the publication of a volume entitled *Dramatic Scenes, and Other Poems*. This was followed, in 1821, by *Mirandola*, a tragedy, which met with brilliant success. He died in London on the 5th of October, 1874.

Procter is more familiarly known under the pseudonym "Barry Cornwall," which is an imperfect anagram of his true name. The following is but a partial list of his published works: *Marcian Colonna: An Italian Story*; *The Flood of Thessaly, and Other Poems and Poetical Works*; *Effigies Poeticæ*; *English Songs, and Other Small Poems*; *Lives of Edmund Kean and Charles Lamb*; and a *Memoir of Shakespeare*. He is esteemed

as a writer of refined, melodious and inspiring songs, and it is for these that he is more particularly held in remembrance.

The poetical works of Procter have a large circulation and are widely read in both England and America.

WILLIAM COLLINS.

BORN in Chichester, England, on the 25th of December, 1720, this writer in after-life achieved distinction as an eminent lyric poet. He received his education at Oxford, became a friend of Dr. Johnson, and in 1747 produced his "Ode on the Passions," besides some lyric poems, among which were odes to "Mercy" and to "Evening." "The Dirge in Cymbeline" is one of the efforts of his genius.

Collins became a prey to melancholy, and during the latter part of his life his friends were obliged to place him under the restraints of an asylum. He died in 1756.

SIR JOHN BOWRING.

THIS author was born in Exeter, England, on the 17th of October, 1792. In 1825 he became editor of the *Westminster Review*. He was well versed in modern languages, especially the Slavonic, and made a collection of the ancient and popular poems of almost all the countries of Europe, translating them into verse. He was elected to Parliament in 1835, and in 1854 received the honor of knighthood. He died November 22, 1872.

Among the numerous writings of Bowring may be mentioned *The Works of Jeremy Bentham*, *Specimens of the Russian Poets*, *Poetry of the Magyars* and *The Kingdom*

and *People of Siam*. He was also the author of some excellent hymns.

GEORGE CROLY.

A CLERGYMAN of the Anglican Church, Croly was a native of Dublin, Ireland, in which city he was born in the month of August, 1780. He became rector of St. Stephen's, Wallbrook, London, in 1835. He died on the 24th of November, 1860.

A poet, a prose-writer and a pulpit-orator, the writings of Croly take a wide range in the domain of literature. Some of his published works are: *Salathiel: A Story of the Past, the Present and the Future*; *History of George IV.*; *Poetical Works*; *Catiline: A Tragedy*; *Life of Edmund Burke*; and *Marston*, a novel.

WHAT CONSTITUTES A STATE?

WHAT constitutes a State?

Not high-raised battlement or labored mound,
Thick wall or moated gate;
Not cities proud with spires and turrets
crowned;

Not bays and broad-armed ports
Where, laughing at the storm, rich navies
ride;

Not starred and spangled courts
Where low-browed baseness wafts perfume
to pride.

No! Men, high-minded men,
With powers as far above dull brutes endued,
In forest, brake or den,
As beasts excel cold rocks and brambles rude;
Men who their duties know,
But know their rights, and, knowing, dare
maintain,

Prevent the long-aimed blow,
And crush the tyrant while they rend the
chain,—

These constitute a State;
And sovereign law, that State's collected
will,

O'er thrones and globes elate
Sits empress, crowning good, repressing ill.
Smit by her sacred frown,
The fiend Dissension like a vapor sinks,
And e'en the all-dazzling crown
Hides his faint rays, and at her bidding
shrinks.

Such was this Heaven-loved isle,
Than Lesbos fairer and the Cretan shore.
No more shall freedom smile?
Shall Britons languish and be men no more?
Since all must life resign,
Those sweet rewards which decorate the
brave

'Tis folly to decline,
And steal inglorious to the silent grave.

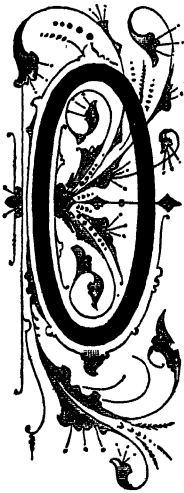
SIR WILLIAM JONES.

LOVE AND TIME.

LOVE and Time with reverence use,
Treat them like a parting friend;
Nor the golden gifts refuse
Which in youth sincere they send;
For each year their price is more,
And they less simple, than before.

Love, like spring-tides full and high,
Swells in every youthful vein;
But each tide does less supply,
Till they quite shrink in again.
If a flow in age appear,
'Tis but rain, and runs not clear.

JOHN DRYDEN.



OH, THE PLEASANT DAYS OF OLD.

Oh, the pleasant days of old,
which so often people
praise!

True, they wanted all the
luxuries that grace our
modern days:

Bare floors were strewed with
rushes, the walls let in
the cold.

Oh how they must have
shivered in those pleas-
ant days of old!

Oh, those ancient lords of old, how magnifi-
cent they were!

They threw down and imprisoned kings; to
thwart them who might dare?

They ruled their serfs right sternly; they
took from Jews their gold:

Above both law and equity were those great
lords of old.

Oh, the gallant knights of old, for their valor
so renowned!

With sword and lance and armor strong they
scoured the country round;

And whenever aught to tempt them they met
by wood or wold,

By right of sword they seized the prize, those
gallant knights of old.

Oh, the gentle dames of old, who quite free
from fear or pain

Could gaze on joust and tournament and see
their champions slain!

They lived on good beefsteaks and ale, which
made them strong and bold:

Oh, more like men than women were those
gentle dames of old.

Oh, those mighty towers of old, with their
turrets, moat and keep,
Their battlements and bastions, their dun-
geons dark and deep!

Full many a baron held his court within the
castle-hold,

And many a captive languished there in those
strong towers of old.

Oh, the troubadours of old, with their gentle
minstrelsie

Of hope and joy or deep despair, whiche'er
their lot might be!

For years they served their ladye-love ere
they their passion told:

Oh, wondrous patience must have had those
troubadours of old.

Oh, those blessed times of old, with their
chivalry and state!

I love to read their chronicles which such
brave deeds relate;

I love to sing their ancient rhymes, to hear
their legends told;

But, Heaven be thanked! I live not in those
blessed times of old.

FRANCES BROWNE.

THE WAY OF THE WORLD.—The way
of the world is to make laws, but follow
customs.

MONTAIGNE.



PALEMON AND LAVINIA.

LAVINIA once had friends,
 And Fortune smiled deceit-
 ful on her birth;
 For in her helpless years
 deprived of all,
 Of every stay, save inno-
 cence and Heaven,
 She with her widowed moth-
 er—feeble, old
 And poor—lived in a cottage
 far retired
 Among the windings of a
 woody vale,

By solitude and deep-surrounding shades,
 But more by bashful modesty, concealed.
 Together thus they shunned the cruel scorn
 Which virtue sunk to poverty would meet
 From giddy passion and low-minded pride,
 Almost on Nature's common bounty fed,
 Like the gay birds that sung them to repose
 Content and careless of to-morrow's fare.

Her form was fresher than the morning rose
 When the dew wets its leaves, unstained and
 pure

As is the lily or the mountain snow.
 The modest virtues mingled in her eyes,
 Still on the ground dejected, darting all
 Their humid beams into the blooming
 flowers;

Or when the mournful tale her mother told
 Of what her faithless fortune promised once
 Thrilled in her thought, they, like the dewy
 star

Of evening, shone in tears. A native grace
 Sat fair-proportioned on her polished limbs,
 Veiled in a simple robe, their best attire,
 Beyond the pomp of dress; for loveliness
 Needs not the foreign aid of ornament,
 But is, when unadorned, adorned the most;
 Thoughtless of beauty, she was Beauty's self,
 Recluse amid the close-embowering woods.
 As in the hollow breast of Apennine,
 Beneath the shelter of encircling hills,
 A myrtle rises, far from human eye,
 And breathes its balmy fragrance o'er the
 wild,

So flourished blooming and unseen by all
 The sweet Lavinia, till, at length, compelled
 By strong Necessity's supreme command,
 With smiling patience in her looks she went
 To glean Palemon's fields.

The pride of swains
 Palemon was, the generous and the rich,
 Who led the rural life in all its joy
 And elegance, such as Arcadian song
 Transmits from ancient uncorrupted times,
 When tyrant Custom had not shackled man,
 But free to follow Nature was the mode.
 He, then, his fancy with autumnal scene
 Amusing, chanced beside his reaper-train
 To walk, when poor Lavinia drew his eye,
 Unconscious of her power, and, turning quick
 With unaffected blushes from his gaze,
 He saw her charming, but he saw not half
 The charms her downcast modesty concealed.
 That very moment love and chaste desire



Lacandonian.

Sprung in his bosom, to himself unknown ;
For still the world prevailed, and its dread
 laugh,

Which scarce the firm philosopher can scorn,
Should his heart own a gleaner in the field,
And thus in secret to his soul he sighed :

“ What pity that so delicate a form,
By beauty kindled, where enlivening sense
And more than vulgar goodness seems to
 dwell,

Should be devoted to the rude embrace
Of some indecent clown ! She looks, me-
 think,

Of old Acasto's line, and to my mind
Recalls that patron of my happy life,
From whom my liberal fortune took its rise,
Now to the dust gone down, his houses, lands
And once fair-spreading family dissolved.

'Tis said that in some lone obscure retreat,
Urged by remembrance sad and decent pride,
Far from those scenes which knew their bet-
 ter days,

His aged widow and his daughter live,
Whom yet my fruitless search could never
 find.

Romantic wish ! would this the daughter
 were !”

When, strict inquiring, from herself he found
She was the same, the daughter of his friend,
Of bountiful Acasto, who can speak
The mingled passions that surprised his heart
And through his nerves in shivering trans-
 port ran ?

Then blazed his smothered flame, avowed
 and bold ;

And as he viewed her, ardent, o'er and o'er,
Love, gratitude and pity wept at once.
Confused and frightened at his sudden tears,

Her rising beauties flushed a higher bloom,
And thus Palemon, passionate and just,
Poured out the pious rapture of his soul :

“ And art thou, then, Acasto's dear remains—
She whom my restless gratitude has sought
So long in vain ? O heavens ! the very
 same—

The softened image of my noble friend
Alive, his every look, his every feature,
More elegantly touched. Sweeter than spring,
Thou sole surviving blossom from the root
That nourished up my fortune, say, ah where,
In what sequestered desert, hast thou drawn
The kindest aspect of delighted Heaven,
Into such beauty spread and blown so fair,
Though poverty's cold wind and crushing
 rain

Beat keen and heavy on thy tender years ?
Oh, let me now into a richer soil
Transplant thee safe, where vernal suns and
 showers

Diffuse their warmest, largest influence,
And of my garden be the pride and joy !
Ill it befits thee, oh it ill befits
Acasto's daughter—his whose open stores,
Though vast, were little to his ampler
 heart,

The father of a country—thus to pick
The very refuse of those harvest-fields
Which from his bounteous friendship I enjoy.
Then throw that shameful pittance from thy
 hand,

But ill-applied to such a rugged task ;
The fields, the master—all, my fair—are
 thine

If to the various blessings which thy house
Has on me lavished thou wilt add that bliss,
That dearest bliss, the power of blessing
 thee !”

Here ceased the youth ; yet still his speak-
ing eye
Expressed the sacred triumph of his soul,
With conscious virtue, gratitude and love
Above the vulgar joy divinely raised.
Nor waited he reply. Won by the charm
Of goodness irresistible, and all
In sweet disorder lost, she blushed consent.
The news immediate to her mother brought
While pierced with anxious thought she pined
away

The lonely moments for Lavinia's fate,
Amazed, and scarce believing what she heard,
Joy seized her withered veins, and one bright
gleam

Of setting life shone on her evening hours,
Not less enraptured than the happy pair,
Who flourished long in tender bliss and reared
A numerous offspring lovely like themselves,
And good, the grace of all the country round.

JAMES THOMSON.

HUDIBRAS'S LOGIC.

HE was in logic a great critic,
Profoundly skilled in analytic ;
He could distinguish and divide
A hair 'twixt south and south-west side,
On either which he would dispute,
Confute, change hands, and still confute ;
He'd undertake to prove by force
Of argument a man's no horse ;
He'd prove a buzzard is no fowl,
And that a lord may be an owl,
A calf an alderman, a goose a justice,
And rooks committee-men and trustees ;
He'd run in debt by disputation,
And pay with ratiocination :
All this by syllogism true
In mood and figure he would do.

For rhetoric, he could not ope
His mouth but out there flew a trope ;
And when he happened to break off
I' th' middle of his speech or cough,
H' had hard words ready to show why,
And tell what rules he did it by ;
Else, when with greatest art he spoke,
You'd think he talked like other folk ;
For all a rhetorician's rules
Teach nothing but to name his tools.

But when he pleased to show't, his speech
In loftiness of sound was rich—
A Babylonish dialect
Which learned pedants much affect :
It was a party-colored dress
Of patched and piebald languages ;
'Twas English cut on Greek and Latin,
Like fustian heretofore on satin ;
It had an odd promiscuous tone,
As if he had talked three parts in one,
Which made some think, when he did gabble,
Th' had heard three laborers of Babel,
Or Cerberus himself, pronounce
A leash of languages at once.
This he as volubly would vent
As if his stock would ne'er be spent ;
And truly, to support that charge,
He had supplies as vast and large,
For he could coin or counterfeit
New words with little or no wit—
Words so debased and hard no stone
Was hard enough to touch them on ;
And when with hasty noise he spoke 'em,
The ignorant for current took 'em ;
That had the orator who once
Did fill his mouth with pebble-stones
When he harangued but known his phrase,
He would have used no other ways.

SAMUEL BUTLER.

and producing ten thousand enjoyments for the little traveller, he is busy gathering together his provender for the long winter-time, when frost and snow and cold shall have locked up the granaries of Nature.

Thou wilt tell me that I am mocking thee—that thou canst see this daily and hourly, and is this a mystery, therefore? If thou hadst read in those ancient legends before thee of an insect so courageous that it would attack an animal of ten thousand times its magnitude, of industry so indefatigable that it would climb housetops and mountains to pursue its course, of perseverance so unflagging that though repulsed a thousand times it still would return and overcome the obstacle that impeded it, the eye would have sparkled with interest and amazement. It is because it is constantly before thee, because it belongs to the present time, that thou lookest so disdainfully upon it. When did the knight-errants of thy heart do half so much? When did their bosoms beat as high with valor and determination as this poor insect?

“But it has no loves, no burning jealousies, no blood-stained victories!”

How knowest thou that? I warrant thee even that tiny breast has grown gentle for some fond one that lived within its little world; that its blood has moved quicker when some Adonis-ant has flitted around the little coquette; that its path has been stained by the trophies of its mimic battles.

But thou wilt say, “Why dost thou lure me from my glowing page to point me to this moving atom? Why not show me the majestic mysteries of Nature? Why waste my aim with a topic so insignificant?” I answer, “Because it is insignificant. I

point thee there, to one of the smallest of earth's creatures, to ask thee, If the atoms contain such wonders, how much more the noble and lofty works of Nature?”

Follow me, if thou wilt. Let us dive into the caverns of the earth and mark the sculptured halls, the rocky avenues stretching miles and miles below the busy haunts of men. Let us plunge into the deep and see the huge leviathan sporting amid the waters, or the rainbow-hued dolphin as it flings back bright rays of the glorious sun. Let us climb into the air and behold the eagle with his untiring wing and his unflinching eye, the noble image of indomitable perseverance and of brilliant genius, soaring proudly and gazing fixedly toward heaven's brightest luminary.

O dreamer, if the moments of thy life were multiplied by the sands of the desert, they would be all too short to unravel these mysteries that are around thee and above thee.

JUDGE CHARLTON.

MUSIC AT MRS. PONTO'S.

THE jingling of a harp and piano announced that Mrs. Ponto's *ung pu de Musick* had commenced, and the smell of the stable entering the dining-room, in the person of Stripes, summoned us to *caffy* and the little concert. She beckoned me with a winning smile to the sofa, on which she made room for me, and where we could command a fine view of the backs of the young ladies who were performing the musical entertainment. Very broad backs they were, too, strictly according to the prevailing mode, for crinoline or its substitutes is not an expensive luxury, and young people in the country can afford to be in the fashion at very trifling

charges. Miss Emily Ponto at the piano, and her sister Maria at that somewhat exploded instrument the harp, were in light-blue dresses that looked all flounce and spread out like Mr. Green's balloon when inflated.

"Brilliant touch Emily has! What a fine arm Maria's is!" Mrs. Ponto remarked, good-naturedly pointing out the merits of her daughters and waving her own arm in such a way as to show that she was not a little satisfied with the beauty of that member. I observed she had about nine bracelets and bangles, consisting of chains and padlocks, the major's miniature, and a variety of brass serpents with fiery ruby or tender turquoise eyes writhing up to her elbow, almost, in the most profuse contortions.

When the performance was concluded, I had the felicity of a presentation and conversation with the two tall and scraggy Miss Pontos, and Miss Wirt, the governess, sat down to entertain us with variations on "Sich a Gettin' up Stairs." They were determined to be in the fashion.

For the performance of the "Gettin' up Stairs" I have no other name but that it was "a stunner." First, Miss Wirt, with great deliberation, played the original and beautiful melody, cutting it, as it were, out of the instrument, and firing off each note so loud, clear and sharp that I am sure Stripes must have heard it in the stable.

"What a fine ^{ve}!" says Mrs. Ponto; and indeed it *was* a finger, as knotted as a turkey's drumstick and splaying all over the piano. When she banged out the tune slowly, she began a different manner of "Gettin' up Stairs," and did so with a fury and swiftness quite incredible. She spun up stairs;

she whirled up stairs; she galloped up stairs; she rattled up stairs; and then, having got the tune to the top landing, as it were, she hurled it down again, shrieking, to the bottom floor, where it sank in a crash, as if exhausted by the breathless rapidity of the descent.

Then Miss Wirt played the "Gettin' up Stairs" with the most pathetic and ravishing solemnity; plaintive moans and sobs issued from the keys. You wept and trembled as you were gettin' up stairs. Miss Wirt's hands seemed to faint and wail and die in variations; again, and she went up with a savage clang and rush of trumpets, as if Miss Wirt was storming a breach; and, although I knew nothing of music, as I sat and listened with my mouth open to this wonderful display, my *caffy* grew cold, and I wondered the windows did not crack and the chandelier start out of the beam at the sound of this earthquake of a piece of music.

"Glorious creature, isn't she?" said Mrs. Ponto. "Squirtz's favorite pupil. Inestimable to have such a creature. Lady Carabas would give her eyes for her. A prodigy of accomplishments!—Thank you, Miss Wirt!" And the young ladies gave a heave and a gasp of admiration—a deep-breathing, gushing sound such as you hear at church when the sermon comes to a full stop.

Miss Wirt put her two great double-knuckled hands round a waist of her two pupils, and said,

"My dear children, I hope you will be able to play it soon as well as your poor little governess. When I lived with the Dunsinanes, it was the dear duchess's favorite, and Lady Barbara and Lady Jane McBeth learned it. It was while hearing Jane play that, I remember, that dear Lord Castletoddy

first fell in love with her; and, though he is but an Irish peer with not more than fifteen thousand a year, I persuaded Jane to have him.—Do you know Castletoddy, Mr. Snob? Round Towers—sweet place!—County Mayo. Old Lord Castletoddy—the present lord was then Lord Inishowan—was a most eccentric old man; they say he was mad. I heard His Royal Highness the poor dear duke of Sussex—*such* a man, my dears, but, alas! addicted to smoking—I heard His Royal Highness say to the marquis of Anglesea, ‘I am sure Castletoddy is mad;’ but Inishowan wasn’t, in marrying my sweet Jane, though the dear child had but her ten thousand pounds *pour tout potage*.”

“Most invaluable person,” whispered Mrs. Major Ponto to me. “Has lived in the very highest society;” and I, who have been accustomed to see governesses bullied in the world, was delighted to find this one ruling the roost, and to think that even the majestic Mrs. Ponto bent before her.

WILLIAM M. THACKERAY.

LAST OFFICIAL LETTER OF WASHINGTON TO GENERAL PUTNAM.

HEADQUARTERS, 2d JUNE, 1783.

DEAR SIR: Your favor of the 20th of May I received with much pleasure. For I can assure you that among the many worthy and meritorious officers with whom I have had the happiness to be connected in service through the course of this war, and from whose cheerful assistance in the various and trying vicissitudes of a complicated contest, the name of a Putnam is not forgotten, nor will be but with that stroke of Time which shall obliterate from my mind the

remembrance of all those toils and fatigues through which we have struggled for the preservation and establishment of the rights, liberties and independence of our country.

Your congratulations on the happy prospects of peace and independent security, with their attendant blessings to the United States, I receive with great satisfaction, and beg that you will accept a return of my gratulations to you on this auspicious event—an event in which, great as it is in itself, and glorious as it will probably be in its consequences, you have a right to participate largely, from the distinguished part you have contributed toward its attainment.

But while I contemplate the greatness of the object for which we have contended and felicitate you on the happy issue of our toils and labors, which have terminated with such general satisfaction, I lament that you should feel the ungrateful returns of a country in whose service you have exhausted your bodily strength and expended the vigor of a youthful constitution. I wish, however, that your expectations of returning liberality may be verified. I have a hope they may; but should they not, your case will not be a singular one. Ingratitude has been experienced in all ages, and republics in particular have ever been famed for the exercise of that unnatural and sordid vice.

The secretary at war, who is now here, informs me that you have ever been considered as entitled to full pay since your absence from the field, and that you will still be considered in that light until the close of the war, at which period you will be equally entitled to the same emoluments of half pay or commutation as other officers of your rank. The same opinion is also given

by the paymaster-general, who is now with the army, empowered by Mr. Morris for the settlement of all their accounts, and who will attend to yours whenever you shall think proper to send on for the purpose; which it will probably be best for you to do in a short time.

I anticipate with pleasure the day—and that I trust not far off—when I shall quit the busy scenes of a military employment and retire to the more tranquil walks of domestic life. In that, or whatever other situation Providence may dispose of my future days, the remembrance of the many friendships and connections I have had the happiness to contract with the gentlemen of the army will be one of my most grateful reflections. Under this contemplation, and impressed with the sentiments of benevolence and regard, I commend you, my dear sir, my other friends, and with them the interests and happiness of our dear country, to the keeping and protection of almighty God.

I have the honor to be, etc.,

GEORGE WASHINGTON.

To the Hon. Major-General Putnam.

IMPATIENCE.

HARD lines for the poor little man, whose quaint costume seems like a fancy-dress of our grandfathers—breeches, shoe-buckles, and generally antique appearance—hard by the obsolete spinning-wheel. The dame of ancient days—his grandmother—is with the utmost patience and entire unconcern of the boy's secret wishes winding the thread, while on his extended hands there is hank enough to

double the ball. Change ages a little—not too much: make Granny forty-five years younger and the boy twenty years older—and there would be little hardship about it. Young men have actually been known to covet such work.

Little Tommy detests it at all times, and especially to-day. The sun is shining brightly, but not fiercely; the winds are gently at play. His schoolmates, unseen by the patient spinner, need not make themselves known to the impatient boy by hoarse whippers: he feels that they are there; and the curly dog at his feet looks up as if saying, "When that hank is out, run for it, Tommy! That's your only chance."

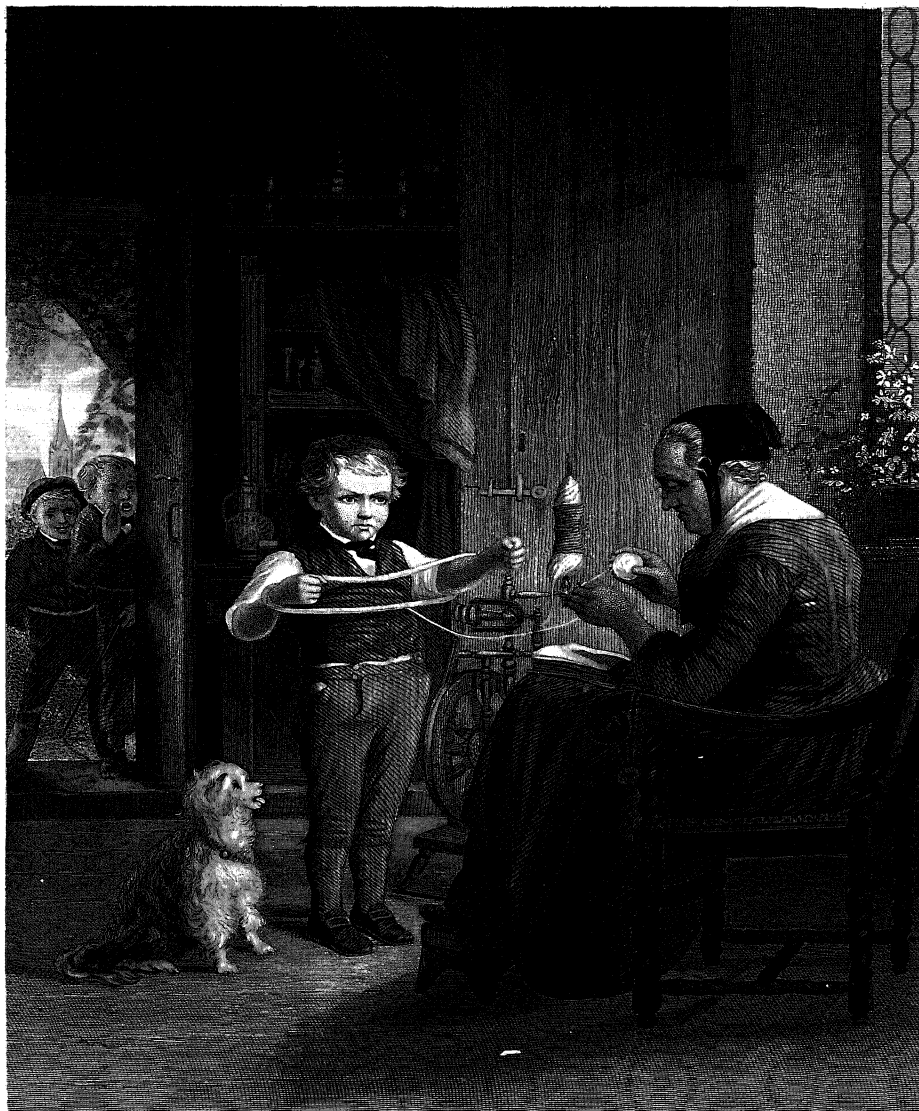
Let us hope for better things—that Patience will set Impatience free, and that Tommy will soon enjoy his romp the more that it has been somewhat delayed, and at one time doubtful. If the old lady does not let him off, we shall feel tempted to echo the dog's thought: "Run!"

LOVE IS BY FANCY LED ABOUT.

LOVE is by fancy led about
From hope to fear, from joy to doubt.
Whom we now an angel call,
Divinely graced in every feature,
Straight's a deformed, a perjured creature:
Love and hate are fancy all.

'Tis but as fancy shall present
Objects of grief or of content
That the lover's blest or dies:
Visions of mighty pain or pleasure,
Imagined want, imagined treasure,
All in powerful fancy lies.

GEORGE GRANVILLE
(Lord Lansdowne).



ENGRAVED BY A.S. WALTER.

Impatience.

ATHENS.



THE sun of Athens pierced into my windows early in the morning and would not let me sleep. It was the opening of October, and the sky was a positively dazzling blue. I looked out of my window; the white houses of the long straight streets were almost painful to the sight because of the clear atmosphere, that allowed full fierce play to the glare of the sun. Lifting my eyes just above the level of the highest housetops, I see an object the sight of which sends a thrill through me. It is the Parthenon. I cannot see any part of the Acropolis, on which it rests; the city and its houses come between me and hide the great rock of the citadel. The Parthenon seems as though it rested on air. So clear and keen is the atmosphere that the pillars of the Parthenon appear to be within easy touch of my hand, and yet they are so far away that the divine temple looks almost as small as a child's toy.

I resolved to rouse up little Steenie and give him his first sight of Athens and the Parthenon. Steenie Vale, I should say, was the son of Sir Thomas Vale, a distinguished official in the Indian civil service. Steenie had been sent home from India a mere infant, and brought up by relatives in England and sent to school there. His mother was dead; now his father was coming home, and intended to spend some time in Greece. I had taken charge of the boy until his father should get

to Athens. Steenie proved a very wholesome companion to me in my present mood and surroundings. He was an unconscious corrective of the effusive or the sentimental. It would have been impossible for me to rave about the Acropolis while that boy was anywhere near.

The streets shone with a bewildering brightness when Steenie and I set out to have a look at Athens. Our hotel was in the street of Hermes; its windows at one side looked into the great square of the Constitution, where stands the royal palace, a huge barrack built of marble already yellowing under the keen influences of air and wind and sun. Those who do not know the city may be told that modern Athens is a town of white, straight, well-paved streets running at right angles with each other. Every street which is not given up to shops is shaded by a double row of young trees, chiefly the pepper trees, which after a shower of rain send about them such a pungent odor that the unthinking wayfarer finds himself compelled to sneeze as he passes. One is reminded here of Brussels, there of Weimar. That is to say, the streets and houses occasionally remind you of these cities. The people in the streets do not remind you of Brussels or Weimar, or of any city, probably, that you ever saw before. Intense activity, watchfulness, restlessness, chatter, are the characteristics of Athens. Everybody is brisk and stirring as if all his hopes in life depended on his moving quickly, gesticulating much and talking at the top of his voice. They say Athens is

not a city of Greeks at all in the true sense. Perhaps not ethnologically : no doubt the race has got a little mixed ; but the Athens of to-day seems to me to bear a marvellous resemblance in its crowds and their manners to the Athens of Aristophanes and of St. Paul. One understands Aristophanes better after half an hour's observation of the street of Hermes or the old market-place just under the Acropolis. Nearly half the street-population—the working, trading, donkey-driving, wood-chopping, load-carrying population—are Albanians. The fustanella, or white kilt, of the traditional Albanian is as common in the streets of Athens as the private soldier's uniform in London. The servants and attendants of the royal household are always especially gorgeous in their Albanian garb. Their vast white kilts rustle with conscious grandeur, like the tartans of Vich-ian-Vohr in *Waverley*. Many of these heroes swagger about with belts that contain a whole armory of knives and pistols. Some of them wear shoes that turn up at the toes like those of a mediæval gallant, with the difference that the point of the toe is here adorned by a curious round ornament looking like a prickly pear or the bristly clump of an old-fashioned shaving-brush. The Albanian women of the poorer class are oddly got up. They generally wear a thick and gaudy shawl wrapped round head and shoulders, and from the shoulders down seem to be clad in nothing but a long white chemise. Not many women are in the streets. Athenian ladies seldom go out ; Athenian maid-servants do not run on errands. Epirotes are everywhere, in great baggy trousers the waste of material in which appears quite as extravagant as that of the white stuff in the fustanella. Shepherds from the mountains are

there in shaggy capotes. Greek priests with mild deep eyes and long dark beards are everywhere, wearing gracefully their flowing robes and their high peculiar hats. Strings of donkeys bear along enormous piles of brushwood, every stack of brushwood covering each animal much more completely than Malcolm's soldiers could have been covered by Dunsinane boughs. Extemporaneous market-places are started from moment to moment at any convenient juncture of streets or open space. Everywhere traffic, talk, chatter, bustle, variety of costume, color and figure ; no beggars or beggary anywhere.

The two great business streets of Athens are the street of Hermes and the street of Æolus ; these run across each other. The street of Hermes begins in the square of the Constitution and passes through the centre of the city out into the suburbs and the fields. About midway in its course it is crossed by the street of Æolus, which, starting from the foot of the Acropolis and passing the temple of Æolus, or Tower of the Winds, goes on until it touches the corner of the Place of Concord, a new square of the approved Parisian pattern. These are the principal business streets. Then there is the fashionable street of the Stadion, where people make a promenade of evenings, and University Street with its glittering and many-colored buildings ; and there are streets of costly and luxurious private residences where the Greek or the Levantine who has made money settles himself down to display his splendor in his villa. Looking one way from the street of Hermes is seen the Acropolis ; looking the other way, the steep and conical Lycabettus, with the little monastery or hermitage on its top, the light in which

is supposed—I only say “supposed”—never to be allowed to go out.

Who lingers long in the streets of Athens before he has climbed the Acropolis and seen the Parthenon? We soon left the houses and made for the sacred hill. We went the long way, past the street which bears the name of Byron, and past the amphitheatre on some of whose marble benches you may still read the names of their once lucky possessors; and we mounted up by dusty roads made picturesque with the frequent cactus and thyme, and even still some stray flowers, until we reached the Hill of Mars, on which Paul preached; and we stopped every now and then to gaze upon the exquisite outlines of the Parnes range of mountains, or of Hymettus, much nearer to us. On the way I showed Steenie a long deep rut of stones and shards and pebbles and old scraps of broken crockery and bottles and shreds of paper, and I informed him that that was the Ilyssus, and that if we should have any heavy rain we might see water there some day. Every now and then we caught a glimpse of the sea and of rocky Sunium and the shores of Salamis. Always as we ascend we have rising above us the Acropolis with its sublimely ordered confusion of pillars, that change color every moment as we change our point of view. Now they are of a rich glowing orange and now turn to purple, and again gleam white and sparkling, and yet with another winding of the hill stand out like ebony against some mass of light clouds floating lazily along the sky.

A few sellers of curiosities waylay us as we mount, but they are not importunate; they are not like the pestering nuisances of Switzerland or Italy. We get to a belt of wall,

and then to a gate at the top of a little flight of rugged stone steps—mere stones piled on stones; and when we knock, the door is opened to us by one of the old soldiers who are the guardians of the place. We are within the precincts of the Parthenon. The old soldier will accompany us if we wish it, and he will answer any question we please to put. But he does not insist on being our guide. As we do not ask him to come with us, he quietly falls behind. He does, indeed, follow us at some little distance, with his gray-blue cloak wrapped round him; and he keeps his eye on us, for he does not know us, and visitors have even still a way of carving their name on some exquisite sculptured fragment of marble or chipping off a piece as a memento of the Parthenon or the Erechtheum. But when he comes to know us and to see that we have no such purpose, but that we honestly admire and reverence the ruins on the grass-grown Acropolis, he will cease to follow or to watch us. To make its charms perfection for the stranger, the Parthenon only wanted this happy freedom from the pestering of the professional guide.

For the Parthenon is perfection. Every pile that human hands have raised is, for beauty and symmetry, an anti-climax after the Parthenon. Who could describe the divine shapeliness and dignity of those colonnades of ineffable design? Vaster, and in a sense grander, are the awful ruins at Karnak, but they oppress the very soul of the gazer by their stupendous vastness; they do not fill and satisfy him with a sense of perfect form and beauty as the Parthenon does. Those Doric columns, whose successive colorings have now settled down to a softened orange hue—do they not seem the very em-

bodiment of strength and grace, each one a poet's thought turned into marble? For hours one wanders lost in wonder through this wilderness of ruined temples, and rows of stately erect columns, and fallen statues, and slender broken shafts, and marble steps, and thrones, and fonts. I have called it a wilderness, but the word will not suit, for the very divineness of order and harmony is in these ruins. Every prostrate column seems to have fallen with the dignity of the dying Cæsar. Then look around; turn your eyes a moment from the temples and the columns to the scene beyond, and say whether earth would have anything to show more fair, even though there never had been a Parthenon and the Acropolis were a naked rock. See! There, where the sea is glittering on your left, is the island of Salamis, and leftward farther still is Sunium. Through the clefts and gorges of that glorious mountain-range in front one can sometimes see, on a clear day—and nearly all days are clear in this region—the ruin-crowned head of far Acrocorinth. Not much vegetation, even on Hymettus, but a beauty of outline, given by Nature, as exquisite as that which Art has conferred on the Parthenon itself; and where there is color it is color rich and yet tender, on mountain-side, on marble, as on the sea and in the heaven.

Nor is that part of the Acropolis the least interesting where you can sit or lean upon a low wall or battlement and see Athens shining beneath you. There, spread out at your feet like a colored map, is the whole city. You can trace every street; you can discover almost any house you happen to know. There is the king's palace—any one can see that at a glance—with its great gardens and the

square of the Constitution in front. There stretches the street of Hermes; see where it is crossed by the street of Æolus. Beneath, in the valley, is the temple of Theseus; one can hardly speak of it as a ruin: it is still almost untouched by time. Not far is the Athenian terminus of the one Greek railway, the line from the city to Phaleron and the Piræus; we can see the little train come puffing and steaming in. In this marvelously still and clear air every sound from the city comes up to our ears softened but distinct. The cries of the eager sellers in the market, the wail of a child, the barking of a dog, the sound of a mule's bell,—all come clearly up to the heights of the Acropolis. If you turn this way, you see at the foot of Hymettus a burial-ground with its cypresses; and a funeral procession is going in, the corpse lying in the yet open coffin, adorned in all its gala-clothes and with hands meekly composed upon its breast. Here and there you see what was once a Turkish mosque, with its peculiar round and cap-like roof; it is perhaps now an Athenian schoolhouse. Turn again to where the city lies, and look across and over it until your view is broken by the steep and the hermitage of Lycabettus—the Lycabettus of Æschylus and of Aristophanes.

All this I pointed out as well as I could to Steenie. Needless to say that I did not indulge in any raptures, or even any enthusiasm, to him. It is almost an unlucky thing for a man to be really in love with the Parthenon as I am, for it seems so like affectation—so like going into rapture where rapture is the conventional thing. I have a friend who says it is a positive trouble to him that he cannot help admiring Shakespeare ~~be~~ ^{and} all other

poets. If any foolish person—some girl, perhaps—asks him what poet he most admires, and he has to answer “Shakespeare,” how can she help thinking that he is only saying he admires Shakespeare because everybody ought to admire Shakespeare? I try to keep my admiration for the Parthenon well in order. I have even once, when asked for my opinion by a young lady, had art enough to say that on the whole I thought the Parthenon very nice. I was rewarded for this judicious self-restraint by obtaining from her a frank and honest reply. She said she didn’t care about it much. I mentioned this little fact to Steenie, and he was pleased.

I brought our visit to the Parthenon to an end. Steenie, indeed, was ready to go at any time. He said nothing in particular disparagement of the place, but he observed that, after all, there was not a great deal for him to see there, inasmuch as all the finest things the Acropolis had ever had were now in the British Museum.

“You see everything best at the British Museum, don’t you know,” Steenie observed as we passed the temple of the Wingless Victory and came down the marble steps of the Propylæa together.

“That’s a noble sea-view, anyhow, Steenie. They don’t have that in the British Museum.”

“No,” Steenie replied, surveying Salamis and Egina and Sunium and the sea with cool, critical eye. “It’s a little like the view from Great Orme’s Head, near Liverpool, don’t you know, but not so fine.”

It was Steenie’s creed that the whole earth could show nothing new to him who was acquainted with London and Liverpool.

JUSTIN MCCARTHY.

AUCTIONING EYES.

YES, eyes! beautiful eyes!
Up for sale, but not for gold;
Some as blue as azure skies,
Every pair a perfect prize.
Up for sale, but not for gold.

Eyes, eyes! beautiful eyes!
Lovers, let me sell them you—
Black and hazel, lovely eyes,
Laughing, sparkling, merry eyes.
Lovers, let me sell them you.

Eyes, eyes! beautiful eyes!
Each pair in the sweetest case;
Sad, poetic, lovely eyes,
Gentle, yearning, beaming eyes.
Each pair in the sweetest case.

Each case is a maiden’s face
Bound in tress of beauteous hue,
Velvet cheek and brow of grace:
Could you ask for better case
For the eyes I’d sell to you?

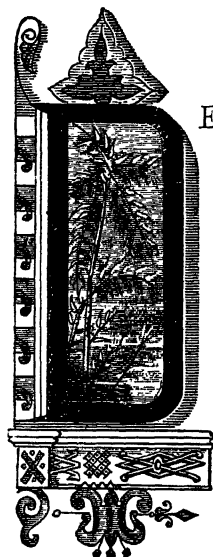
Eyes, eyes! beautiful eyes!
Lovers, let me sell them you.
Who bids most of love for eyes—
Real heart-love for these eyes?
Lovers, let me sell them you.

Eyes, eyes! beautiful eyes!
Who bids most will get the best;
Blue or hazel be the prize,
Get the best of all these eyes.
Who bids most will get the best.

C. W. ALEXANDER.

MOTHER AND POET.

TURIN, AFTER NEWS FROM GAETA, 1861.



DEAD! One of them shot, by
the sea in the east,
And one of them shot, in
the west by the sea.
Dead! both my boys!
When you sit at the
feast
And are wanting a great
song for Italy free,
Let none look at me!

Yet I was a poetess only
last year,

And good at my art, for a woman, men
said;

But this woman, this, who is agonized here,
The east sea and west sea rhyme on in her
head
For ever instead.

What art can a woman be good at? Oh;
vain!

What art is she good at, but hurting her
breast

With the milk-teeth of babes, and a smile at
the pain?

Ah, boys, how you hurt! you were strong
as you pressed,
And I proud, by that test.

What art's for a woman? To hold on her
knees

Both darlings! to feel all their arms
round her throat

Cling, strangle a little! to sew by degrees
And 'broider the long clothes and neat
little coat;
To dream and to dote.

To teach them— It stings there! I made
them indeed

Speak plain the word country. I taught
them, no doubt,

That a country's a thing men should die for
at need.

I prated of liberty, rights, and about
The tyrant cast out.

And when their eyes flashed—O my beauti-
ful eyes!—

I exulted; nay, let them go forth at the
wheels

Of the guns, and denied not. But then the
surprise

When one sits quite alone! Then one
weeps, then one kneels!
God, how the house feels!

At first, happy news came, in gay letters
moiled

With my kisses—of camp-life and glory,
and how

They both loved me; and, soon coming home
to be spoiled,

In return would fan off every fly from my
brow

With their green laurel-boughs.

Then was triumph at Turin: "Ancona was free!"

And some one came out of the cheers in the street,

With a face pale as stone, to say something to me.

My Guido was dead! I fell down at his feet,

While they cheered in the street.

I bore it; friends soothed me; my grief looked sublime

As the ransom of Italy. One boy remained

To be leant on and walked with, recalling the time

When the first grew immortal, while both of us strained

To the height he had gained.

And letters still came, shorter, sadder, more strong,

Writ now but in one hand, "I was not to faint—

One loved me for two—would be with me ere long:

And *Viva l'Italia*—he died for our saint,
Who forbids our complaint."

My Nanni would add, "He was safe, and aware

Of a presence that turned off the balls—was imprest

It was Guido himself, who knew what I could bear

And how 'twas impossible, quite disposed,

To live on for the rest."

On which, without pause, up the telegraph-line

Swept smoothly the next news from Gaeta:
Shot!

Tell his mother. Ah, ah! "his," "their" mother—not "mine"!

No voice says "My mother" again to me.
What?

You think Guido forgot?

Are souls straight so happy that, dizzy with heaven,

They drop earth's affections, conceive not of woe?

I think not. Themselves were too lately forgiven

Through that Love and Sorrow which reconciled so

The Above and Below.

O Christ of the seven wounds, who lookedst through the dark

To the face of thy mother! consider, I pray,

How we common mothers stand desolate, mark,

Whose sons, not being Christs, die with eyes turned away,

And no last word to say!

Both boys dead? but that's out of nature.
We all

Have been patriots, yet each house must always keep one.

'Twere imbecile, hewing out roads to a wall;
And, when Italy's made, for what end is it done

If we have not a son?

Ah, ah, ah! when Gaeta's taken, what then?
 When the fair wicked queen sits no more
 at her sport
 Of the fire-balls of death crashing souls out
 of men?
 When the guns of Cavalli with final re-
 tort
 Have cut the game short?

When Venice and Rome keep their new
 jubilee,
 When your flag takes all heaven for its
 white, green and red,
 When you have your country from mountain
 to sea,
 When King Victor has Italy's crown on his
 head
 (And I have my Dead)—

What then? Do not mock me. Ah, ring
 your bells low,
 And burn your lights faintly! My country
 is there,
 Above the star pricked by the last peak of
 snow:
 My Italy's there, with my brave civic
 Pair,
 To disfranchise despair!

Forgive me. Some women bear children in
 strength,
 And bite back the cry of their pain in
 self-scorn;
 But the birth-pangs of nations will wring us
 at length
 Into wail such as this—and we sit on for-
 lorn
 When the man-child is born.

Dead! One of them shot, by the sea in the
 east,
 And one of them shot, in the west by the
 sea.
 Both! both my boys! If in keeping the
 feast
 You want a great song for your Italy free,
 Let none look at me!

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

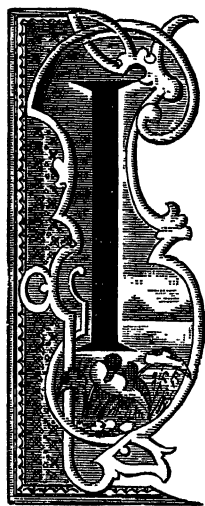
WARREN'S ADDRESS.

STAND! The ground's your own, my
 braves!
 Will ye give it up to slaves?
 Will ye look for greener graves?
 Hope ye mercy still?
 What's the mercy despots feel?
 Hear it in that battle-peal,
 Read it on yon bristling steel!
 Ask it, ye who will.
 Fear ye foes who kill for hire?
 Will ye to your homes retire?
 Look behind you! They're afire;
 And, before you, see
 Who have done it! From the vale
 On they come; and will ye quail?
 Leaden rain and leaden hail
 Let their welcome be.

In the God of battles trust!
 Die we may, and die we must;
 But oh where can dust to dust
 Be consigned so well
 As where Heaven its dew shall shed
 On the martyred patriot's bed,
 And the rocks shall raise their head
 Of his deeds to tell?

JOHN PIERPONT.

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF GABRIEL
BETTEREDGE.



I AM not superstitious. I have read a heap of books in my time; I am a scholar in my own way. Though turned seventy, I possess an active memory, and legs to correspond. You are not to take it, if you please, as the saying of an ignorant man when I express my opinion that such a book as *Robinson Crusoe* never was written, and never will be written again. I have tried that book for years—generally in combination with a pipe of tobacco—and I have found it my friend in need in all the necessities of this mortal life. When my spirits are bad, *Robinson Crusoe*; when I want advice, *Robinson Crusoe*; in past times when my wife plagued me, in present times when I have had a drop too much, *Robinson Crusoe*. I have worn out six stout *Robinson Crusoes* with hard work in my service. On my lady's last birthday she gave me a seventh. I took a drop too much on the strength of it, and *Robinson Crusoe* put me right again. Price four shillings and sixpence, bound in blue, with a picture into the bargain.

I spoke of my lady a line or two back. If you know anything of the fashionable world, you have heard tell of the three beautiful Miss Herncastles—Miss Adelaide, Miss Caroline and Miss Julia, this last being the youngest, and the best of the three sisters in my opinion; and I had opportunities of judg-

ing, as you shall presently see. I went into the service of the old lord, their father (he had the longest tongue and the shortest temper of any man, high or low, I ever met with)—I say I went into the service of the old lord as page-boy-in-waiting on the three honorable young ladies at the age of fifteen years. There I lived till Miss Julia married the late Sir John Verinder—an excellent man who only wanted somebody to manage him. And, between ourselves, he found somebody to do it; and, what is more, he throve on it, and grew fat on it, and lived happy and died easy on it, dating from the day when my lady took him to church to be married to the day when she relieved him of his last breath and closed his eyes for ever.

I have omitted to state that I went with the bride to the bride's husband's house and lands down here. "Sir John," she said, "I can't do without Gabriel Betteredge." "My lady," says Sir John, "I can't do without him, either." That was his way with her, and that was how I went into his service. It was all one to me where I went, so long as my mistress and I were together.

Seeing that my lady took an interest in the out-of-door work and the farms, and such like, I took an interest in them too—with all the more reason that I was a small farmer's seventh son myself. My lady got me put under the bailiff and I did my best, and gave satisfaction, and got promotion accordingly.

Some years later—on the Monday, as it might be—my lady says,

“Sir John, your bailiff is a stupid old man. Pension him liberally, and let Gabriel Betteredge have his place.”

On the Tuesday, as it might be, Sir John says,

“My lady, the bailiff is pensioned liberally, and Gabriel Betteredge has got his place.”

You hear more than enough of married people living together miserably; here is an example to the contrary. Let it be a warning to some of you, and an encouragement to others. In the mean time, I will go on with my story.

Well, there I was in clover, you will say. Placed in a position of trust and honor, with a little cottage of my own to live in, with my rounds on the estate to occupy me in the morning, and my accounts in the afternoon, and my pipe and my *Robinson Crusoe* in the evening, what more could I possibly want to make me happy? Remember what Adam wanted when he was alone in the garden of Eden; and if you don't blame it in Adam, don't blame it in me.

The woman I fixed my eye on was the woman who kept house for me at my cottage; her name was Selina Goby. I agree with the late William Cobbett about picking a wife. See that she chews her food well and sets her foot down firmly on the ground when she walks, and you're all right. Selina Goby was all right in both these respects, which was one reason for marrying her. I had another reason, likewise, entirely of my own discovering. Selina, being a single woman, made me pay so much a week for her board and services. Selina, being my wife, couldn't charge for her board, and would have

to give me her services for nothing. That was the point of view I looked at it from—economy, with a dash of love. I put it to my mistress, as in duty bound, just as I have put it to myself.

“I have been turning Selina Goby over in my mind,” I said, “and I think, my lady, it will be cheaper to marry her than to keep her.”

My lady burst out laughing and said she didn't know which to be most shocked at, my language or my principles. Some joke tickled her, I suppose, of the sort that you can't take unless you are a person of quality.

Understanding nothing myself but that I was free to put it next to Selina, I went and put it accordingly. And what did Selina say? Lord! how little you must know of women if you ask that! Of course she said “Yes.”

As my time grew nearer, and there got to be talk of my having a new coat for the ceremony, my mind began to misgive me. I have compared notes with other men as to what they felt while they were in my interesting situation, and they have all acknowledged that about a week before it happened they privately wished themselves out of it. I went a trifle farther than that, myself: I actually rose up, as it were, and tried to get out of it. Not for nothing; I was too just a man to expect she would let me off for nothing. Compensation to the woman when the man gets out of it is one of the laws of England. In obedience to the laws, and after turning it over carefully in mind, I offered Selina Goby a feather-bed and fifty shillings to be off the bargain.† You will hardly believe it, but it is nevertheless true: she was fool enough to refuse.

After that it was all over with me, of course. I got the new coat as cheap as I could, and I went through all the rest of it as cheap as I could. We were not a happy couple, and not a miserable couple. We were six of one and half a dozen of the other. How it was I don't understand, but we always seemed to be getting, with the best of motives, in one another's way. When I wanted to go up stairs, there was my wife coming down; or when my wife wanted to go down, there was I coming up. That is married life, according to my experience of it.

After five years of misunderstandings on the stairs, it pleased an all-wise Providence to relieve us of each other by taking my wife. I was left with my little girl, Penelope, and with no other child. Shortly afterward Sir John died, and my lady was left with her little girl, Miss Rachel, and no other child. I have written to very poor purpose of my lady if you require to be told that my little Penelope was taken care of under my good mistress's own eye, and was sent to school and taught, and made a sharp girl, and promoted, when old enough, to be Miss Rachel's own maid.

As for me, I went on with my business as bailiff year after year up to Christmas, 1847, when there came a change in my life. On that day my lady invited herself to a cup of tea alone with me in my cottage. She remarked that, reckoning from the year when I started as page-boy in the time of the old lord, I had been more than fifty years in her service, and she put into my hands a beautiful waistcoat of wool that she had worked herself, to keep me warm in the bitter winter weather.

I received this magnificent present quite at

a loss to find words to thank my mistress with for the honor she had done me. To my great astonishment, it turned out, however, that the waistcoat was not an honor, but a bribe. My lady had discovered that I was getting old before I had discovered it myself, and she had come to my cottage to wheedle me (if I may use such an expression) into giving up my hard, out-of-door work as bailiff and taking my ease for the rest of my days as steward in the house. I made as good a fight of it against the indignity of taking my ease as I could. But my mistress knew the weak side of me; she put it as a favor to herself. The dispute between us ended, after that, in my wiping my eyes, like an old fool, with my new woollen waistcoat, and saying I would think about it.

The perturbation in my mind in regard to thinking about it being truly dreadful after my lady had gone away, I applied the remedy which I have never yet found to fail me in cases of doubt and emergency: I smoked a pipe and took a turn at *Robinson Crusoe*. Before I had occupied myself with that extraordinary book five minutes I came on a comforting bit (page one hundred and fifty-eight), as follows: "To-day we love what to-morrow we hate." I saw my way clear directly. To-day I was all for continuing to be farm-bailiff; to-morrow, on the authority of *Robinson Crusoe*, I should be all the other way. Take myself to-morrow while in to-morrow's humor, and the thing was done. My mind being relieved in this manner, I went to sleep that night in the character of Lady Verinder's farm-bailiff, and I woke up the next morning in the character of Lady Verinder's house-steward. All quite comfortable, and all through *Robinson Crusoe*.

My daughter, Penelope, has just looked over my shoulder to see what I have done. She remarks that it is beautifully written and every word of it true. But she points out one objection. She says what I have done so far isn't in the least what I was wanted to do. I am asked to tell the story of the Diamond, and, instead of that, I have been telling the story of my own self. Curious, and quite beyond me to account for. I wonder whether the gentlemen who make a business and a living out of writing books ever find their own selves getting in the way of their subjects, like me? If they do, I can feel for them.

WILKIE COLLINS.

AFTER THE BALL.

THEY sat and combed their beautiful hair—

Their long bright tresses one by one—
As they laughed and talked in the chamber there

After the revel was done.

Idly they talked of waltz and quadrille,

Idly they laughed, like other girls
Who over the fire, when all is still,
Comb out their braids and curls.

Robe of satin and Brussels lace,
Knots of flowers and ribbons too,
Scattered about in every place,
For the revel is through.

And Maud and Madge, in robes of white,
The prettiest nightgowns under the sun,
Stockingless, slipperless, sit in the night,
For the revel is done—

Sit and comb their beautiful hair,
Those wonderful waves of brown and gold,
Till the fire is out in the chamber there
And the little bare feet are cold.

Then out of the gathering winter chill,
All out of the bitter St. Agnes weather,
While the fire is out and the house is still,
Maud and Madge together—

Maud and Madge, in robes of white,
The prettiest nightgowns under the sun,
Curtained away from the chilly night,
After the revel is done—

Float along in a splendid dream
To a golden gittern's tinkling tune,
While a thousand lustres shimmering stream
In a palace's grand saloon.

Flashing of jewels and flutter of laces,
Tropical odors sweeter than musk,
Men and women with beautiful faces,
And eyes of tropical dusk,

And one face shining out like a star,
One face haunting the dreams of each,
And one voice, sweeter than others are,
Breaking into silvery speech,

Telling, through lips of bearded bloom,
An old, old story over again,
As down the royal-bannered room,
To the golden gittern's strain,

Two and two, they dreamily walk,
While an unseen spirit walks beside,
And, all unheard in the lovers' talk,
He claimeth one for a bride.

Oh, Maud and Madge, dream on together,
 With never a pang of jealous fear;
 For ere the bitter St. Agnes weather
 Shall whiten another year,

Robed for the bridal and robed for the tomb,
 Braided brown hair and golden tress,
 There'll be only one of you left for the bloom
 Of the bearded lips to press—

Only one for the bridal pearls,
 The robe of satin and Brussels lace;
 Only one to blush through her curls
 At the sight of a lover's face.

Oh, beautiful Madge, in your bridal white,
 For you the revel has just begun,
 But for her who sleeps in your arms to-night
 The revel of life is done.

But, robed and crowned with your saintly
 bliss,
 Queen of heaven and bride of the sun,
 Oh, beautiful Maud, you'll never miss
 The kisses another hath won.

NORA PERRY.

CHARLIE.

GOD gave him, and from year to year
 The precious gift yet dearer grew,
 And breathed his gentle spirit through
 The beings he was sent to cheer.

We watched him: so the loving gaze
 Upon the petals of a rose,
 That spread and sweeten as it grows,
 To blossom in the donor's praise.

One day, before our wondering eyes,
 Expanded by an inward power,
 The infant bud became a flower
 In all the hues of Paradise.

The gift was taken in full bloom;
 But flowers their odors leave behind,
 Diffusing all the tempered wind
 With Memory's sweet and sad perfume.

EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN.

THE TOMBS IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

MORTALITY, behold and fear!
 What a change of flesh is here!
 Think how many royal bones
 Sleep within these heaps of stones!
 Here they lie, had realms and lands,
 Who now want strength to stir their hands,
 Where from their pulpits sealed with dust
 They preach, "In greatness is no trust."

Here's an acre sown indeed
 With the richest, royallest seed
 That the earth did e'er suck in
 Since the first man died for sin;
 Here the bones of birth have cried,
 "Though gods they were, as men they died!"
 Here are sands, ignoble things,
 Dropt from the ruined sides of kings;
 Here's a world of pomp and state
 Buried in dust once dead by fate.

FRANCIS BEAUMONT.

GOD GIVES US LOVE.

GOD gives us love; something to love,
 He lends us; but when love is grown
 To ripeness, that on which it throve
 Falls off, and love is left alone.

ALFRED TENNYSON.



Charlie.

PENN TO HIS FAMILY.

SELECTED FROM A LETTER TO HIS WIFE AND CHILDREN.

TO HIS WIFE.



MY DEAR WIFE: Remember thou wast the love of my youth, and much the joy of my life—the most beloved as well as most worthy of all my earthly comforts; and the reason of that love was more thy inward than thy outward excellencies, which yet were many. God knows, and thou knowest it, I can say it was a match of Providence's making; and God's image in us both was the first thing, and the most amiable and engaging ornament in our eyes. Now I am to leave thee, and that without knowing whether I shall ever see thee more in this world: take my counsel into thy bosom, and let it dwell with thee in my stead while thou livest. . . . And now, my dearest, let me recommend to thy care my dear children, abundantly beloved of me as the Lord's blessings and the sweet pledges of our mutual and endeared affection. Above all things endeavor to breed them up in the love of virtue, and that holy plain way of it which we have lived in, that the world in no part of it get into my family. I had rather they were homely than finely bred as to outward behavior; yet I love sweetness mixed with gravity and cheerfulness tempered with sobriety. Religion in the heart leads into this true civility, teaching men and women to be mild and courteous in

their behavior—an accomplishment worthy indeed of praise.

Next, breed them up in love one of another; tell them it is the charge I left behind me, and that it is the way to have the love and blessing of God upon them. Sometimes separate them, but not long, and allow them to send and give each other small things to endear one another with.

Once more I say tell them it was my counsel they should be tender and affectionate one to another. For their learning be liberal. Spare no cost, for by such parsimony all is lost that is saved; but let it be useful knowledge, such as is consistent with truth and godliness, not cherishing a vain conversation or idle mind. But ingenuity mixed with industry is good for the body and the mind too. I recommend the useful parts of mathematics, as building houses or ships, measuring, surveying, dialling, navigation, but agriculture is especially in my eye: let my children be husbandmen and housewives—it is industrious, healthy, honest and of good example—like Abraham and the holy ancients, who pleased God and obtained a good report. This leads to consider the works of God and nature, of things that are good, and diverts the mind from being taken up with the vain arts and inventions of a luxurious world. Rather keep an ingenious person in the house to teach them than send them to schools, too many evil impressions being commonly received there. Be sure to observe their genius, and do not

cross it as to learning : let them not dwell too long on one thing, but let their change be agreeable and all their diversions have some little bodily labor in them. When grown big, have most care for them ; for then there are more snares both within and without. When marriageable, see that they have worthy persons in their eye, of good life and good fame for piety and understanding. I need no wealth, but sufficiency. And be sure their love be dear, fervent and mutual, that it may be happy for them. I choose not they should be married to earthly covetous kindred ; and of cities and towns of concourse beware : the world is apt to stick close to those who have lived and got wealth there. A country life and estate I like best for my children ; I prefer a decent mansion of an hundred pounds per annum before ten thousand pounds in London, or such like place, in a way of trade.

TO HIS CHILDREN.

Be obedient to your dear mother—a woman whose virtue and good name is an honor to you ; for she hath been exceeded by none in her time for her integrity, humanity, virtue and good understanding, qualities not usual among women of her worldly condition and quality. Therefore honor and obey her, my dear children, as your mother, and your father's love and delight. Nay, love her, too, for she loved your father with a deep and upright love, choosing him before all her many suitors ; and though she be of a delicate constitution and noble spirit, yet she descended to the utmost tenderness and care for you, performing the painfulest acts of service to you in your infancy, as a mother and a nurse too. I charge you, before the

Lord, honor and obey, love and cherish, your dear mother.

Next, betake yourselves to some honest, industrious course of life, and that not of sordid covetousness, but for example and to avoid idleness. And if you change your condition and marry, choose with the knowledge and consent of your mother if living, or of guardians or those that have the charge of you. Mind neither beauty nor riches, but the fear of the Lord and a sweet and amiable disposition, such as you can love above all this world, and that may make your habitations pleasant and desirable to you. And, being married, be tender, affectionate, patient and meek. Be sure to live within compass ; borrow not, neither be beholden to any. Ruin not yourself by kindness to others, for that exceeds the due bounds of friendship ; neither will a true friend expect it. Small matters I heed not.

TO HIS ELDER BOYS.

And, as for you, who are likely to be concerned in the government of Pennsylvania, I do charge you before the Lord God and his holy angels that you be lowly, diligent and tender, fearing God, loving the people and hating covetousness. Let justice have its impartial course, and the law free passage. Though to your loss, protect no man against it ; for you are not above the law, but the law above you. Live, therefore, the lives yourselves you would have the people live, and then you have right and boldness to punish the transgressor. Keep upon the square, for God sees you ; therefore do your duty, and be sure you see with your own eyes and hear with your own ears. Entertain no lurchers ; cherish no informers for gain or revenge ; use no tricks ; fly to

no devices to support or cover injustice; but let your hearts be upright before the Lord, trusting in him above the contrivances of men, and none shall be able to hurt or supplant.

Finally, my children, love one another with a true endeared love, and your dear relations on both sides, and take care to preserve tender affection in your children to each other, often marrying within themselves, so as to be without the bounds forbidden in God's law, that so they may not, like the forgetting unnatural world, grow out of kindred and as cold as strangers, but, as becomes a truly natural and Christian stock, you, and yours after you, may live in the pure and fervent love of God toward one another, as becometh brethren in the spiritual and natural relation.

So farewell to my thrice dearly beloved wife and children!

Yours, as God pleaseth, in that in which no waters can quench, no time forget nor distance wear away, but remains for ever.

WILLIAM PENN.

WORMINGHURST, Fourth of Sixth Month, 1682.

THE DIGNITY OF MANNERS.

THERE is a certain dignity of manners absolutely necessary to make even the most valuable character either respected or respectable. Horse-play, romping, frequent and loud fits of laughter, jokes, waggery and indiscriminate familiarity will sink both merit and knowledge into a degree of contempt. They compose, at most, a merry fellow; and a merry fellow was never yet a respectable man. Indiscriminate familiarity either offends your superiors or else dubs you their

dependent and led captain. It gives your inferiors just but troublesome and improper claims of equality. A joker is near akin to a buffoon, and neither of them is the least related to wit. Whoever is admitted or sought for in company upon any other account than that of his merit and manners is never respected there, but only made use of. We will have such a one, for he sings prettily; we will invite such a one to a ball, for he dances well; we will have such a one at supper, for he is always joking and laughing; we will ask another, because he plays deep at all games or because he can drink a great deal. These are all vilifying distinctions, mortifying preferences, and exclude all ideas of esteem and regard. Whoever is had, as it is called, in company for the sake of any one thing singly, is singly that thing, and will never be considered in any other light, consequently never respected, let his merits be what they may.

PHILIP DORMER STANHOPE
(Earl of Chesterfield).

SELF-ESTIMATE.

FROM THE GERMAN OF GOETHE.

IT is right that a man, when he first enters on life, should think highly of himself, should determine to attain many eminent distinctions and endeavor to make all things possible; but when his education has advanced to a certain point, it is advantageous for him that he learn to lose himself among a mass of men—that he learn, for the sake of others, to forget himself in an activity prescribed by duty. It is then that he first becomes acquainted with himself, for it is conduct alone that compares us with others.

Translation of JOHN STUART BLACKIE.

BRIER-ROSE.

FROM ST. NICHOLAS.

PART I.



AID Brier-Rose's mother to
the naughty Brier-Rose,
"What will become of you,
my child, the Lord Al-
mighty knows.

You will not scrub the ket-
tles, and you will not
touch the broom;

You never sit a minute still
at spinning-wheel or
loom."

Thus grumbled in the morning, and grumbled
late at eve,

The good wife as she bustled with pot and
tray and sieve;

But Brier-Rose she laughed, and she cocked
her dainty head;

"Why, I shall marry, mother dear," full
merrily she said.

"*You* marry, saucy Brier-Rose! The man
he is not found

To marry such a worthless wench, these
seven leagues around."

But Brier-Rose she laughed, and she trilled
a merry lay:

"Perhaps he'll come, my mother dear, from
eight leagues away."

The good wife with a "Humph!" and a sigh
forsook the battle,

And flung her pots and pails about with much
vindictive rattle:

"O Lord, what sin did I commit in youthful
days, and wild,
That thou hast punished me in age with such
a wayward child?"

Up stole the girl on tiptoe, so that none her
step could hear,

And, laughing, pressed an airy kiss behind
the good-wife's ear.

And she, as e'er relenting, sighed, "Oh,
Heaven only knows

Whatever will become of you, my naughty
Brier-Rose."

The sun was high and summer sounds were
teeming in the air—

The clank of scythes, the cricket's whirl and
swelling wood-notes rare

From field and copse and meadow; and
through the open door

Sweet, fragrant whiffs of new-mown hay the
idle breezes bore.

Then Brier-Rose grew pensive, like a bird
of thoughtful mien,

Whose little life has problems among the
branches green.

She heard the river brawling where the tide
was swift and strong,

She heard the summer singing its strange
alluring song,

And out she skipped the meadows o'er and
gazed into the sky;

Her heart o'erbrimmed with gladness—she
scarce herself knew why—

And to a merry tune she hummed, "Oh,
Heaven only knows
Whatever will become of the naughty Brier-
Rose."

Whene'er a thrifty matron this idle maid es-
pied,
She shook her head in warning, and scarce
her wrath could hide;
For girls were made for housewives, for spin-
ning-wheel and loom,
And not to drink the sunshine and wild-
flower's sweet perfume.

And oft the maidens cried, when the Brier-
Rose went by,
"You cannot knit a stocking, and you can-
not make a pie."
But Brier-Rose, as was her wont, she cocked
her curly head;
"But I can sing a pretty song," full merrily
she said.

And oft the young lads shouted, when they
saw the maid at play,
"Ho, good-for-nothing Brier-Rose! how do
you do to-day?"
Then she shook her tiny fist; to her cheeks
the color flew:
"However much you coax me, I'll never
dance with you."

PART II.

Thus flew the years light-wingèd over Brier-
Rose's head,
Till she was twenty summers old and yet re-
mained unwed.
And all the parish wondered: "The Lord
almighty knows
Whatever will become of that naughty Brier-
Rose."

And while they wondered came the spring
a-dancing o'er the hills;
Her breath was warmer than of yore, and
all the mountain-rills
With their tinkling and their rippling and
their rushing filled the air,
And the misty sounds of water forth-welling
everywhere.

And in the valley's depth, like a lusty beast
of prey,
The river leaped and roared aloud and tossed
its mane of spray;
Then hushed again its voice to a softly-
plashing croon
As dark it rolled beneath the sun and white
beneath the moon.

It was a merry sight to see the lumber as it
whirled
Adown the tawny eddies that hissed and
seethed and swirled,
Now shooting through the rapids and with a
reeling swing
Into the foam-crests diving like an animated
thing.

But in the narrows of the rocks, where o'er
a steep incline
The waters plunged and wreathed in foam
the dark boughs of the pine,
The lads kept watch with shout and song,
and sent each straggling beam
A-spinning down the rapids, lest it should
lock the stream.

PART III.

And yet—methinks I hear it now—wild
voices in the night,
A rush of feet, a dog's harsh bark, a torch's
flaring light,

And wandering gust of dampness, and 'round
us, far and nigh,
A throbbing boom of water like a pulse-beat
in the sky.

The dawn just pierced the pallid east with
spears of gold and red
As we with boat-hooks in our hands toward
the narrows sped ;
And terror smote us, for we heard the mighty
tree-tops sway,
And thunder as of chariots, and hissing
showers of spray.

"Now, lads," the sheriff shouted, "you are
strong, like Norway's rock :
A hundred crowns I give to him who breaks
the lumber-lock !
For if another hour go by, the angry waters'
spoil
Our homes will be, and fields, and our weary
years of toil."

We looked each at the other ; each hoped
his neighbor would
Brave death and danger for his home, as
valiant Norsemen should ;
But at our feet the brawling tide expanded
like a lake,
And whirling beams came shooting on and
made the firm rock quake.

"Two hundred crowns !" the sheriff cried,
and breathless stood the crowd ;
"Two hundred crowns, my bonny lads !" in
anxious tones and loud.
But not a man came forward, and no one
spoke or stirred,
And nothing save the thunder of the cataract
was heard.

But as with trembling hands and with faint-
ing hearts we stood,
We spied a little curly head emerging from
the wood ;
We heard a little snatch of a merry little
song,
And saw the dainty Brier-Rose come dancing
through the throng.

An angry murmur rose from the people
round about.
"Fling her into the river !" we heard the
matrons shout ;
"Chase her away, the silly thing ! for God
himself scarce knows
Why ever he created that worthless Brier-
Rose."

Sweet Brier-Rose she heard their cries ; a
little pensive smile
Across her fair face flitted that might a stone
beguile,
And then she gave her pretty head a roguish
little cock ;
"Hand me a boat-hook, lads," she said : "I
think I'll break the lock."

Derisive shouts of laughter broke from throats
of young and old :
"Ho, good-for-nothing Brier-Rose ! your
tongue was ever bold ;"
And mockingly a boat-hook into her hands
was flung,
When, lo ! into the river's midst with daring
leaps she sprung.

We saw her dimly through a mist of dense
and blinding spray ;
From beam to beam she skipped like a wa-
ter-sprite at play,

And now and then faint gleams we caught
 of color through the mist—
 A crimson waist, a golden head, a little dainty
 wrist.

In terror pressed the people to the margin of
 the hill ;
 A hundred breaths were bated, a hundred
 hearts stood still,
 For, hark ! from out the rapids came a strange
 and creaking sound,
 And then a crash of thunder which shook
 the very ground.

The waters hurled the lumber mass down
 o'er the rocky steep :
 We heard a muffled rumbling and a rolling in
 the deep ;
 We saw a tiny form which the torrent swiftly
 bore
 And flung into the wild abyss, where it was
 seen no more.

Ah, little naughty Brier-Rose, thou couldst
 nor weave nor spin,
 Yet thou couldst do a nobler deed than all
 thy mocking kin ;
 For thou hadst courage e'en to die, and by
 thy death to save
 A thousand farms and lives from the fury of
 the wave.

And yet the adage lives in the valley of thy
 birth :
 When wayward children spend their days in
 heedless play and mirth,
 Oft mothers say, half smiling, half sighing,
 " Heaven knows
 Whatever will become of the naughty Brier-
 Rose."

HJALMAR HJORTH BOYESEN.

THE CHILDREN.

WHEN the lessons and tasks are all
 ended,

And the school for the day is dismissed,
 And the little ones gather around me
 To bid me " Good-night " and be kissed,
 Oh, the little white arms that encircle
 My neck in a tender embrace !
 Oh, the smiles that are halos of heaven,
 Shedding sunshine of love on my face !

And when they are gone I sit dreaming
 Of my childhood, too lovely to last—
 Of love that my heart will remember
 When it wakes to the pulse of the past,
 Ere the world and its wickedness made me
 A partner of sorrow and sin,
 When the glory of God was about me
 And the glory of gladness within.

Oh, my heart grows weak as a woman's,
 And the fountains of feeling will flow,
 When I think of paths steep and stony
 Where the feet of the dear ones must go,
 Of the mountains of sin hanging o'er them,
 Of the tempests of fate blowing wild.
 Oh, there is nothing on earth half so holy
 As the innocent heart of a child.

They are idols of hearts and of households ;
 They are angels of God in disguise ;
 His sunlight still sleeps in their tresses,
 His glory still beams in their eyes.
 Oh, those truants from home and from
 heaven !
 They have made me more manly and
 mild,
 And I know how Jesus could liken
 The kingdom of God to a child.



Drawn by J. M. Wright.

Engraved by F. English sculp.

May Day.

The group on the green and the flowers.

I ask not a life for the dear ones

All radiant, as others have done,
But that life may have just enough shadow

To temper the glare of the sun ;

I would pray God to guard them from evil,

But my prayer would bound back to my-
self.

Ah ! a seraph may pray for a sinner,

But a sinner must pray for himself.

The twig is so easily bended,

I have banished the rule and the rod ;

I have taught them the goodness of knowl-
edge :

They have taught me the goodness of God.

My heart is a dungeon of darkness,

Where I shut them from breaking a rule ;

My frown is sufficient correction ;

My love is the law of the school.

I shall leave the old home in the autumn,

To traverse its threshold no more ;

Ah ! how shall I sigh for the dear ones

That meet me each morn at the door !

I shall miss the "Good-nights" and the
kisses

And the gush of their innocent glee,

The group on the green, and the flowers

That are brought every morning to me.

I shall miss them at morn and at eve,

Their song in the school and the street ;

I shall miss the low hum of their voices

And the tramp of their delicate feet.

When the lessons and tasks are all ended,

And Death says, "The school is dis-
missed !"

May the little ones gather around me

To bid me "Good-night" and be kissed !

CHARLES M. DICKINSON.

THE BARON'S LAST BANQUET.

O 'ER a low couch the setting sun had
thrown its latest ray

Where in his last strong agony a dying war-
rior lay—

The stern old Baron Rudiger, whose frame
had ne'er been bent

By wasting pain till time and toil its iron
strength had spent.

"They come around me here and say my
days of life are o'er—

That I shall mount my noble steed and lead
my band no more ;

They come, and to my beard they dare to
tell me now that I,

Their own liege lord and master born, that I
—ha, ha !—must die.

"And what is Death ? I've dared him oft
before the Paynim spear ;

Think ye he's entered at my gate—has come
to seek me here ?

I've met him, faced him, scorned him, when
the fight was raging hot ;

I'll try his might, I'll brave his power—defy,
and fear him not.

"Ho ! sound the tocsin from my tower and
fire the culverin ;

Bid each retainer arm with speed ; call every
vassal in ;

Up with my banner on the wall ; the banquet-
board prepare ;

Throw wide the portal of my hall and bring
my armor there !"

An hundred hands were busy then ; the ban-
quet forth was spread,

And rang the heavy oaken floor with many a
martial tread ;

While from the rich, dark tracery along the
vaulted wall
Lights gleamed on harness, plume and spear
o'er the proud old Gothic hall.

Fast hurrying through the outer gate the
mailed retainers poured,
On through the portal's frowning arch, and
thronged around the board;
While at its head, within his dark carved
oaken chair of state,
Armed cap-a-pie, stern Rudiger with girded
falchion sate.

"Fill every beaker up, my men! Pour forth
the cheering wine;
There's life and strength in every drop:
thanksgiving to the vine!
Are ye all there, my vassals true? Mine
eyes are waxing dim.
Fill round, my tried and fearless ones, each
goblet to the brim.

"Ye're there, but yet I see you not. Draw
forth each trusty sword,
And let me hear your faithful steel clash once
around my board.
I hear it faintly: louder yet! What clogs
my heavy breath?
Up, all, and shout for Rudiger, 'Defiance
unto Death!'"

Bowl rang to bowl, steel clanged to steel, and
rose a deafening cry
That made the torches flare around and shook
the flags on high.
Ho, cravens, do ye fear him? Slaves,
traitors, have ye flown?
Ho, cowards, have ye left me to meet him
here alone?

"But I defy him! Let him come!" Down
rang the massy cup,
While from its sheath the ready blade came
flashing halfway up;
And, with the black and heavy plumes scarce
trembling on his head,
There, in his dark carved oaken chair, old
Rudiger sat—dead.

ALBERT G. GREENE.

THE BOYS.

"THE boys are coming home to-morrow."
Thus our rural hostess said;
Whilst Lou and I shot flitting glances
Full of vague, unspoken dread.

Had we hither come for quiet,
Hither fled the city's noise,
But to change it for the tumult
Of those horrid country-boys?

Waking one with wild hallooing
Early every summer day,
Shooting robins, tossing kittens,
Frightening the wrens away,

Stumbling over trailing flounces,
Thumbing volumes gold and blue,
Clamoring for sugared dainties,
Tracking earth the passage through,—

These and other kindred trials
Fancied we with woeful sigh.
"Those boys—those horrid boys—to-mor-
row!"
Sadly whispered Lou and I.

I wrote those lines one happy summer;
To-day I smile to read them o'er,

Remembering how full of terror
We watched all day the opening door.

They came—"the boys." Six feet in stature,
Graceful, easy, polished men!
I vowed to Lou, behind my knitting,
To trust no mother's words again.

For boyhood is a thing immortal
To every mother's heart and eye,
And sons are boys to her for ever,
Change as they may to you and I.

To her no line comes sharply marking
Whither or when their childhood went,
Nor when the eyeglass upward turning
Levelled at last their downward bent.

Now by the window, still and sunny,
Warmed by the rich October glow,
The dear old lady waits and watches,
Just as she waited years ago.

For Lou and I are now her daughters:
We married those two country-boys,
In spite of all our sad forebodings
About their awkward ways and noise.

Lou springs up to meet a footfall;
I list no more for coming feet:
Mother and I are waiting longer
For steps on Beulah's golden street.

But when she blesses Lou's beloved
And seals it with a tender kiss,
I know that loving words go upward—
Words to another world than this.

Always she speaks in gentle fashion
About "my boys"—she always will—

Though one is gray and one has vanished
Beyond the touch of time or ill.

MISS ETHEL LYNN
(Mrs. Beers).

THE LANDLADY'S DAUGHTER.

FROM THE GERMAN OF JOHANN LUDWIG UHLAND.

THREE students were travelling over the
Rhine;
They stopped when they came to the land-
lady's sign:
"Good landlady, have you good beer and
wine?
And where is that dear little daughter of
thine?"—

"My beer and wine are fresh and clear;
My daughter she lies on the cold death-bier."
And when to the chamber they made their
way,
There, dead, in a coal-black shrine, she lay.

The first he drew near and the veil gently
raised,
And on her pale face he mournfully gazed.
"Ah! wert thou but living yet," he said,
"I'd love thee from this time forth, fair
maid!"

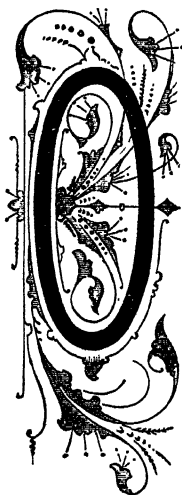
The second he slowly put back the shroud,
And turned him away and wept aloud:
"Ah! that thou liest in the cold death-bier!
Alas! I have loved thee for many a year!"

The third he once more uplifted the veil,
And kissed her upon her mouth so pale:
"Thee loved I always; I love still but thee;
And thee will I love through eternity."

Translation of J. S. DWIGHT.

PRIAM PETITIONS ACHILLES FOR THE BODY OF HIS SON.

FROM THE GREEK OF HOMER.



OLD man, a god hath hither
 been thy guide :
 Hermes I am, and sent to
 thee from Jove,
 Father of all, to bring thee
 safely here.
 I now return, nor to Achilles'
 eyes
 Will I appear : beseems it
 not a god
 To greet a mortal in the sight
 of all.

But go thou in and clasp Achilles' knees,
 And supplicate him for his father's sake,
 His fair-haired mother's and his child's, that so
 Thy words may stir an answer in his heart."

Thus saying, Hermes to Olympus' heights
 Returned; and Priam from his chariot sprang,
 And left Idæus there, in charge to keep
 The horses and the mules, while he himself
 Entered the dwelling straight where wont to
 sit

Achilles, loved of heaven. The chief he found
 Within, his followers seated all apart ;
 Two only in his presence ministered,
 The brave Automedon and Alcimus,
 A warrior bold ; scarce ended the repast
 Of food and wine ; the table still was set.
 Great Priam entered unperceived of all,
 And, standing by Achilles, with his arms
 Embraced his knees, and kissed those fearful
 hands,
 Blood-stained, which many of his sons had
 slain.

As when a man, by cruel fate pursued,
 In his own land hath shed another's blood,
 And, flying, seeks beneath some wealthy house
 A foreign refuge, wondering, all behold,
 On godlike Priam so with wonder gazed
 Achilles ; wonder seized th' attendants all,
 And one to other looked. Then Priam thus
 To Peleus' son his suppliant speech ad-
 dressed :

"Think, great Achilles, rival of the gods,
 Upon thy father, e'en as I myself
 Upon the threshold of unjoyous age ;
 And haply he from them that dwell around
 May suffer wrong, with no protector near
 To give him aid ; yet he, rejoicing, knows
 That thou still livst, and day by day may
 hope

To see his son returning safe from Troy ;
 While I, all hapless, that have many sons—
 The best and bravest through the breadth of
 Troy—

Begotten, deem that none are left me now.
 Fifty there were when came the sons of
 Greece,

Nineteen the offspring of a single womb ;
 The rest the women of my household bore.
 Of these have many by relentless Mars
 Been laid in dust ; but he, my only one,
 The city's and his brethren's sole defence—
 He, bravely fighting in his country's cause,
 Hector, but lately by thy hand hath fall'n.
 On his behalf I venture to approach
 The Grecian ships ; for his release to thee
 To make my prayer, and priceless ransom pay.

Then thou, Achilles, reverence the gods,
 And for thy father's sake look pitying down
 On me, more needing pity, since I bear
 Such grief as never man on earth hath
 borne,
 Who stoop to kiss the hand that slew my
 son."

Thus, as he spoke, within Achilles' breast
 Fond mem'ry of his father rose; he touched
 The old man's hand and gently put him by.
 Then wept they both, by various mem'ries
 stirred:

One, prostrate at Achilles' feet, bewailed
 His warrior son; Achilles for his sire
 And for Patroclus wept—his comrade dear;
 And through the house their weeping loud
 was heard.

But when Achilles had indulged his grief
 And eased the yearning of his heart and
 limbs,

Uprising, with his hand the aged sire,
 Pitying his hoary head and hoary beard,
 He raised, and thus with gentle words ad-
 dressed:

"Alas, what sorrows, poor old man, are
 thine!

How couldst thou venture to the Grecian
 ships

Alone, and to the presence of the man
 Whose hand hath slain so many of thy
 sons—

Many and brave? An iron heart is thine!
 But sit thou on this seat, and in our hearts,
 Though filled with grief, let us that grief
 suppress,

For woeful lamentation naught avails:
 Such is the thread the gods for mortals
 spin—

To live in woe, while they from cares are
 free.

Two coffers lie beside the door of Jove
 With gifts for man—one good, the other ill;
 To whom from each the lord of lightning
 gives,

Him sometimes evil, sometimes good, befalls;
 To whom the ill alone, him foul disgrace
 And grinding misery o'er the earth pursue:
 By god and man alike despised he roams.
 Thus from his birth the gods to Peleus gave
 Excellent gifts; with wealth and substance
 blessed

Above his fellows; o'er the Myrmidons
 He ruled with sovereign sway; and Heaven
 bestowed

On him, a mortal, an immortal bride.
 Yet this of ill was mingled in his lot—
 That in his house no rising race he saw
 Of future kings; one only son he had—
 One doomed to early death. Nor is it
 mine

To tend my father's age, but far from home
 Thee and thy sons in Troy I vex with war.
 Much have we heard, too, of thy former
 wealth;

Above what Lesbos northward, Macar's
 seat,

Contains, and Upper Phrygia, and the shores
 Of boundless Hellespont, 'tis said that thou
 In wealth and number of thy sons wast
 blessed;

But since on thee this curse the gods have
 brought,

Still round thy city war and murder rage.
 Bear up, nor thus with grief incessant
 mourn;

Vain is thy sorrow for thy gallant son:
 Thou canst not raise him, and mayst suffer
 more."

To whom in answer Priam, godlike sire :
 "Tell me not yet, illustrious chief, to sit
 While Hector lies uncared for in the tent,
 But let me quickly go, that with mine eyes
 I may behold my son ; and thou accept
 The ample treasures which we tender thee :
 Mayst thou enjoy them and in safety reach
 Thy native land, since thou hast spared my
 life
 And bidst me still behold the light of
 heaven."

To whom Achilles thus with stern regard :
 "Old man, incense me not ; I mean myself
 To give thee back thy son, for here of late,
 Despatched by Jove, my goddess-mother
 came,
 The daughter of the aged ocean-god ;
 And thee too, Priam, well I know some god—
 I cannot err—hath guided to our ships :
 No mortal, though in venturous youth, would
 dare
 Our camp to enter, nor could hope to pass
 Unnoticed by the watch, nor easily
 Remove the ponderous bar that guards our
 doors.
 But stir not up my anger in my grief,
 Lest, suppliant though thou be, within my
 tent
 I brook thee not and Jove's command trans-
 gress."
 He said ; the old man trembled and obeyed.

Then to the doorway with a lion's spring
 Achilles rushed ; not unaccompanied :
 With him Automedon and Alcimius,
 His two attendants of his followers all
 Next to the lost Patroclus best-esteemed ;
 They from the yoke the mules and horses
 loosed,

Then led the herald of the old man in
 And bade him sit, and from the polished
 wain
 The costly ransom took of Hector's head.
 Two robes they left, and one well-woven
 vest,
 To clothe the corpse and send with honor
 home.
 Then to the female slaves he gave command
 To wash the body and anoint with oil
 Apart, that Priam might not see his son,
 Lest his grieved heart its passion unrestrained
 Should utter, and Achilles, roused to wrath,
 His suppliant slay and Jove's command
 transgress.

When they had washed the body, and with
 oil
 Anointed, and around it wrapped the robe
 And vest, Achilles lifted up the dead
 With his own hands and laid him on the
 couch,
 Which to the polished wain his followers
 raised.
 Then, groaning, on his friend by name he
 called :
 "Forgive, Patroclus ; be not wroth with me
 If in the realm of darkness thou shouldst
 hear
 That godlike Hector to his father's arms,
 For no mean ransom, I restore ; whereof
 A fitting share for thee I set aside."
 This said, Achilles to the tent returned ;
 On the carved couch from whence he rose he
 sat
 Beside the wall, and thus to Priam spoke :
 "Old man, thy son, according to thy prayer,
 Is given thee back ; upon the couch he lies ;
 Thyself shalt see him at the dawn of day.

Meanwhile, the evening meal demands our
care:

Not fair-haired Niobe abstained from food
When in the house her children lay in
death—

Six beauteous daughters and six stalwart
sons.

The youths Apollo with his silver bow,
The maids the archer-queen Diana, slew,
With anger filled that Niobe presumed
Herself with fair Latona to compare,
Her many children with her rival's two;
So by the two were all the many slain.
Nine days in death they lay, and none was
there

To pay their funeral rites, for Saturn's son
Had given to all the people hearts of stone;
The tenth th' immortal gods entombed, the
dead.

Nor yet did Niobe, when now her grief
Had worn itself in tears, from food refrain.
And now in Sipylus, amid the rocks
And lonely mountains where the goddess-
nymphs

That love to dance by Achelōus' stream,
'Tis said, were cradled, she, though turned to
stone,

Broods o'er the wrongs inflicted by the gods.
So we, too, godlike sire, the meal may share,
And later thou thy noble son mayst mourn,
To Troy restored. Well worthy he thy
tears."

Translation of EARL DERBY.

REST.

MY feet are wearied and my hands are
tired,
My soul oppressed,

And I desire what I have long desired—
Rest, only rest.

'Tis hard to toil, when toil is almost vain,
In barren ways;

'Tis hard to sow, and never garner grain
In harvest-days.

The burden of my days is hard to bear,
But God knows best,
And I have prayed—but vain has been my
prayer—
For rest, sweet rest.

'Tis hard to plant in spring, and never reap
The autumn yield;
'Tis hard to till, and when 'tis tilled to weep
O'er fruitless field.

And so I cry a weak and human cry
So heart-oppressed,
And so I sigh a weak and human sigh
For rest—for rest.

My way has wound across the desert years,
And cares infest
My path, and through the flowing of hot tears
I pine for rest.

'Twas always so. When, but a child, I laid
On mother's breast
My wearied little head, e'en then I prayed,
As now, for rest.

And I am restless still. 'Twill soon be o'er,
For down the west
Life's sun is setting, and I see the shore
Where I shall rest.

FATHER RYAN.

THE WIFE'S APPEAL.



O H, don't go in to-night, John ;
 Now, husband, don't go in :
 To spend our only shilling,
 John,
 Would be a cruel sin.
 There's not a loaf at home,
 John ;
 There's not a coal, you
 know ;
 Though with hunger I am
 faint, John,
 And cold comes down the
 snow.

Then don't go in to-night.

Ah, John ! you must remember,
 And, John, I can't forget,
 When never foot of yours, John,
 Was in the ale-house set.
 Ah ! those were happy times, John ;
 No quarrels then we knew,
 And none were happier in our lane
 Than I, dear John, and you.
 Then don't go in to-night.

You will not go ! John, John, I mind,
 When we were courting, few
 Had arm as strong or step as firm
 Or cheek as red as you ;
 But drink has stolen your strength, John,
 And paled your cheek to white,
 Has tottering made your young firm tread
 And bowed your manly height.
 You'll not go in to-night ?

You'll not go in ? Think on the day
 That made me, John, your wife ;

What pleasant talk that day we had
 Of all our future life—
 Of how your steady earnings, John,
 No wasting should consume,
 But weekly some new comfort bring
 To deck our happy room !
 Then don't go in to-night.

To see us, John, as then we dressed—
 So tidy, clean and neat—
 Brought out all eyes to follow us
 As we went down the street.
 Ah ! little thought our neighbors then,
 And we as little thought,
 That ever, John, to rags like these
 By drink we should be brought.
 You won't go in to-night ?

And will you go ? If not for me,
 Yet for your baby, stay.
 You know, John, not a taste of food
 Has passed my lips to-day.—
 And tell your father, little one,
 'Tis mine your life hangs on.—
 You will not spend the shilling, John ?
 You'll give it him ? Come, John,
 Come home with us to-night.

W. C. BENNETT.

MORE LIGHT THAN DARKNESS.

I'M no reformer, for I see more light
 Than darkness in the world. Mine eyes
 are quick
 To catch the first dim radiance of the dawn
 And slow to note the cloud that threatens storm.

The fragrance and the beauty of the rose
 Delight me so slight thought I give the
 thorn,
 And the sweet music of the lark's dear song
 Stays longer with me than the night-hawk's
 cry.
 And even in this great throe of pain called
 Life
 I find a rapture linked with each despair
 Well worth the price of anguish. I detect
 More good than evil in humanity.
 Love lights more fires than hate extin-
 guishes,
 And men grow better as the world grows old.

ELLA WHEELER.

DRINKING.

FROM THE GREEK OF ANACREON.

THE thirsty earth soaks up the rain,
 And drinks, and gapes for drink again;
 The plants suck in the earth, and are,
 With constant drinking, fresh and fair;
 The sea itself, which one would think
 Should have but little need of drink,
 Drinks ten thousand rivers up
 So filled that they o'erflow the cup;
 The busy sun (and one would guess,
 By's drunken fiery face, no less)
 Drinks up the sea; and when he's done,
 The moon and stars drink up the sun;
 They drink and dance by their own light,
 They drink and revel all the night;
 Nothing in nature's sober sound
 But an eternal health goes round.
 Fill up the bowl, then—fill it high;
 Fill all the glasses there; for why
 Should every creature drink but I?
 Why, man of morals? Tell me why.

Translation of ABRAHAM COWLEY.

JIM BLUDSO, OF THE PRAIRIE BELLE.

WALL, no, I can't tell whar he lives,
 Becase he don't live, you see;
 Leastways, he's got out of the habit
 Of livin' like you and me.
 Whar have you been for the last three year
 That you haven't heard folks tell
 How Jimmy Bludso passed in his checks
 The night of the Prairie Belle?

He weren't no saint—they engineers
 Is all pretty much alike—
 One wife in Natchez-under-the-Hill
 And another one here in Pike;
 A keerless man in his talk was Jim,
 And an awkward hand in a row,
 But he never flunked, and he never lied:
 I reckon he never knowed how.

And this was all the religion he had—
 To treat his engine well,
 Never be passed on the river,
 To mind the pilot's bell;
 And if ever the Prairie Belle took fire,
 A thousand times he swore
 He'd hold her nozzle agin the bank
 Till the last soul got ashore.

All boats has their day on the Mississip,
 And her day come at last.
 The Movastar was a better boat,
 But the Belle she *wouldn't* be passed,
 And so she come tearin' along that night—
 The oldest craft on the line—
 With a nigger squat on her safety-valve
 And her furnace crammed, rosin and pine.

The fire bust out as she clared the bar,
 And burnt a hole in the night;

And quick as a flash she turned, and made
 For that willer-bank on the right.
 There was runnin' and cursin', but Jim yelled
 out
 Over all the infernal roar,
 "I'll hold her nozzle agin the bank
 Till the last galoot's ashore!"

Through the hot black breath of the burnin'
 boat

Jim Bludso's voice was heard,
 And they all had trust in his cussedness
 And knowed he would keep his word.
 And, sure's you're born, they all got off
 Afore the smokestacks fell,
 And Bludso's ghost went up alone
 In the smoke of the Prairie Belle.

He weren't no saint, but at jedgment
 I'd run my chance with Jim
 'Longside of some pious gentlemen
 That wouldn't shook hands with him.
 He seen his duty—a dead-sure thing—
 And went for it thar and then;
 And Christ ain't a-going to be too hard
 On a man that died for men.

JOHN HAY.

THE TREADMILL SONG.

THE stars are rolling in the sky,
 The earth rolls on below,
 And we can feel the rattling wheel
 Revolving as we go.
 Then tread away, my gallant boys,
 And make the axle fly;
 Why should not wheels go round about
 Like planets in the sky?
 Wake up, wake up, my duck-legged man,
 And stir your solid pegs!

Arouse, arouse, my gawky friend,
 And shake your spider legs!
 What though you're awkward at the trade?
 There's time enough to learn;
 So lean upon the rail, my lad,
 And take another turn.

They've built us up a noble wall
 To keep the vulgar out;
 We've nothing in the world to do
 But just to walk about.
 So faster, now, you middle men,
 And try to beat the ends;
 It's pleasant work to ramble round
 Among one's honest friends.

Here! tread upon the long man's toes:
 He sha'n't be lazy here;
 And punch the little fellow's ribs
 And tweak that lubber's ear:
 He's lost them both. Don't pull his hair,
 Because he wears a scratch,
 But poke him in the further eye,
 That isn't in the patch.

Hark, fellows! there's the supper-bell,
 And so our work is done.
 It's pretty sport: suppose we take
 A round or two for fun?
 If ever they should turn me out
 When I have better grown,
 Now, hang me, but I mean to have
 A treadmill of my own.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

CARE.

WHEN one is past, another care we
 have;
 Thus woe succeeds a woe as wave a wave.

ROBERT HERRICK.

PICTURES OF MEMORY.



AMONG the beautiful pictures
That hang on Memory's
wall

Is one of a dim old forest
That seemeth best of all.
Not for its gnarled oaks olden,
Dark with the mistletoe ;
Not for the violets golden
That sprinkle the vale
below ;

Not for the milk-white lilies
That lean from the fra-
grant hedge,

Coquetting all day with the sunbeams
And stealing their golden edge ;
Not for the vines on the upland
Where the bright-red berries rest,
Nor the pinks, nor the pale, sweet cowslip,
It seemeth to me the best.

I once had a little brother
With eyes that were dark and deep :
In the lap of that old dim forest
He lieth in peace asleep.
Light as the down of the thistle,
Free as the winds that blow,
We roved there the beautiful summers—
The summers of long ago ;
But his feet on the hills grew weary,
And, one of the autumn eves,
I made for my little brother
A bed of the yellow leaves.

Sweetly his pale arms folded
My neck in a meek embrace
As the light of immortal beauty
Silently covered his face ;

And when the arrows of sunset
Lodged in the treetops bright,
He fell, in his saintlike beauty,
Asleep by the gates of light.
Therefore, of all the pictures
That hang on Memory's wall,
The one of the dim old forest
Seemeth the best of all.

ALICE CARY.

AGE.

FROM THE GREEK OF ANACREON.

OFt am I by the women told,
" Poor Anacreon, thou growest old ;
Look ! how thy hairs are falling all !
Poor Anacreon, how they fall !"
Whether I grow old or no
By the effects I do not know.
This I know without being told :
'Tis time to live if I grow old ;
'Tis time short pleasures now to take,
Of little life the best to make,
And manage wisely the last stake.

Translation of ABRAHAM COWLEY.

KINDAR BURIAL-SERVICE.

WE commend our brother to thee, O
earth !
To thee he returns, from thee was his birth ;
Of thee was he formed, he was nourished by
thee :
Take the body, O earth ! The spirit is free.
O air ! he once breathed thee, through thee
he survived,
And in thee and with thee his pure spirit lived :



I once had a Little Brother.

That spirit hath fled, and we yield him to thee;
His ashes be spread, like his soul, far and free.

O fire! we commit his dear reliques to thee,
Thou emblem of purity, spotless and free;
May his soul, like thy flames, bright and burning arise
To its mansion of bliss in the star-spangled skies.

O water! receive him. Without thy kind aid
He had parched 'neath the sunbeams or mourned in the shade;
Then take of his body the share which is thine,
For the spirit hath fled from its mouldering shrine.

LUCRETIA MARIA DAVIDSON.

THE IVY GREEN.

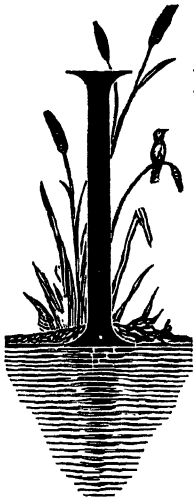
O H, a dainty plant is the ivy green,
That creepeth o'er ruins old!
On right choice food are his meals, I ween,
In his cell so lone and cold.
The wall must be crumpled, the stone decayed,
To pleasure his dainty whim,
And the mouldering dust that years have made
- Is a merry meal for him.
Creeping where no life is seen,
A rare old plant is the ivy green.
Fast he stealeth on, though he wears no wings,
And a staunch old heart has he;

How closely he twineth, how close he clings,
To his friend the huge oak tree!
And slyly he traileth along the ground,
And his leaves he gently waves,
As he joyously hugs and crawleth round
The rich mould of dead men's graves.
Creeping where grim Death has been,
A rare old plant is the ivy green.

Whole ages have fled and their works decayed,
And nations have scattered been,
But the stout old ivy shall never fade
From its hale and hearty green.
The brave old plant, in its lonely days,
Shall fatten on the past;
For the stateliest building man can raise
Is the ivy's food at last.
Creeping on where Time has been,
A rare old plant is the ivy green.
CHARLES DICKENS.

LOVE AND GLORY.

YOUNG Henry was as brave a youth
As ever graced a gallant story,
And Jane was fair as lovely truth;
She sighed for love, and he for glory.
With her his faith he meant to plight,
And told her many a gallant story,
Till war, their coming joys to blight,
Called him away from love to glory.
Young Henry met the foe with pride;
Jane followed, fought. Ah! hapless story!
In man's attire, by Henry's side,
She died for love, and he for glory.
CHARLES DIBDIN.



THE TROUBLES OF A YOUNG THIEF.

HAVE often thought—and with some mirth, too—how I had really more wealth than I knew what to do with [five pounds, his share of the plunder]; for lodging I had none, nor any box or drawer to hide my money in, nor had I any pocket but such as I say was full of holes. I knew nobody in the world that I could go and desire them to lay it up for me, for, being a poor, naked, ragged boy, they would presently say I had robbed somebody, and perhaps lay hold of me, and my money would be my crime, as they say it often is in foreign countries. And now, as I was full of wealth, behold I was full of care, for what to do to secure my money I could not tell; and this held me so long, and was so vexatious to me the next day, that I truly sat down and cried.

Nothing could be more perplexing than this money was to me all that night. I carried it in my hand a good while, for it was in gold all but fourteen shillings; and that is to say, it was four guineas, and that fourteen shillings was more difficult to carry than the four guineas. At last I sat down and pulled off one of my shoes and put the four guineas into that; but after I had gone a while my shoe hurt me so I could not go, so I was fain to sit down again and take it out of my shoe and carry it in my hand. Then I found a dirty linen rag in the street,

and I took that up and wrapt it altogether, and carried it in that a good way. I have often since heard people say, when they have been talking of money that they could not get in, “I wish I had it in a foul clout.” In truth, I had mine in a foul clout; for it was foul, according to the letter of that saying, but it served me till I came to a convenient place, and then I sat down and washed the cloth in the kennel, and so then put my money in again.

Well, I carried it home with me to my lodging in the glass-house; and when I went to go to sleep, I knew not what to do with it. If I had let any of the black crew I was with know of it, I should have been smothered in the ashes for it or robbed of it, or some trick or other put upon me for it; so I knew not what to do, but lay with it in my hand, and my hand in my bosom; but then sleep went from my eyes. Oh, the weight of human care! I, a poor beggar-boy, could not sleep so soon as I had but a little money to keep, who before that could have slept upon a heap of brickbats, stones or cinders, or anywhere, as sound as a rich man does on his down bed, and sounder too.

Every now and then dropping asleep, I should dream that my money was lost and start like one frightened, then, finding it fast in my hand, try to go to sleep again, but could not for a long while, then drop and start again. At last a fancy came into my head that if I fell asleep I should dream of the money, and talk of it in my

sleep, and tell that I had money; which if I should do, and one of the rogues should hear me, they would pick it out of my bosom, and of my hand too, without waking me; and after that thought I could not sleep a wink more; so I passed that night over in care and anxiety enough. And this, I may safely say, was the first night's rest that I lost by the cares of this life and the deceitfulness of riches.

As soon as it was day I got out of the hole we lay in and rambled abroad in the fields toward Stepney, and there I mused and considered what I should do with this money, and many a time I wished that I had not had it; for, after all my ruminating upon it and what course I should take with it, or where I should put it, I could not hit upon any one thing or any possible method to secure it; and it perplexed me so that at last, as I said just now, I sat down and cried heartily.

When my crying was over, the case was the same: I had the money still, and what to do with it I could not tell. At last it came into my head that I should look out for some hole in a tree and see to hide it there till I should have occasion for it. Big with this discovery, as I then thought it, I began to look about me for a tree, but there were no trees in the fields about Stepney or Mile-end that looked fit for my purpose; and if there were any that I began to look narrowly at, the fields were so full of people that they would see if I went to hide anything there, and I thought the people eyed me, as it were, and that two men in particular followed me to see what I intended to do.

This drove me further off, and I crossed the road at Mile-end, and in the middle of the town went down a lane that goes away to the Blind

Beggar's at Bethnal Green. When I got a little way in the lane, I found a footpath over the fields, and in those fields several trees for my turn, as I thought. At last, one tree had a little hole in it pretty high out of my reach, and I climbed up the tree to get it, and when I came there I put my hand in, and found, as I thought, a place very fit; so I placed my treasure there, and was mighty well satisfied with it. But, behold, putting my hand in again to lay it more commodiously, as I thought, of a sudden it slipped away from me, and I found the tree was hollow and my little parcel was fallen in out of my reach, and how far it might go in I knew not; so that, in a word, my money was quite gone, irrecoverably lost. There could be no room so much as to hope ever to see it again, for 'twas a vast great tree.

As young as I was, I was now sensible what a fool I was before, that I could not think of ways to keep my money, but I must come thus far to throw it into a hole where I could not reach it. Well, I thrust my hand quite up to my elbow, but no bottom was to be found, nor any end of the hole or cavity. I got a stick of the tree, and thrust it in a great way, but all was one; then I cried—nay, roared out, I was in such a passion; then I got down the tree again, then up again, and thrust in my hand again till I scratched my arm and made it bleed, and cried all the while most violently. Then I began to think I had not so much as a halfpenny of it left for a halfpenny roll, and I was hungry; and then I cried again. Then I came away in despair, crying and roaring like a little boy that had been whipped; then I went back again to the tree, and up the tree again; and thus I did several times.

The last time I had gotten up the tree I happened to come down not on the same side that I went up and came down before, but on the other side of the tree, and on the other side of the bank also; and, behold! the tree had a great open place in the side of it close to the ground, as old hollow trees often have; and, looking in the open place, to my inexpressible joy, there lay my money and my linen rag all wrapped up just as I had put it into the hole; for, the tree being hollow all the way up, there had been some moss or light stuff which I had not judgment enough to know was not firm, that had given way when it came to drop out of my hand, and so it had slipped quite down at once.

I was but a child, and I rejoiced like a child, for I hollowed quite out aloud when I saw it; then I ran to it and snatched it up, hugged and kissed the dirty rag a hundred times, then danced and jumped about, ran from one end of the field to the other, and, in short, I knew not what—much less do I know now—what I did, though I shall never forget the thing; either what a sinking grief it was to my heart when I thought I had lost it, or what a flood of joy overwhelmed me when I had got it again.

While I was in the first transport of my joy, as I have said, I ran about and knew not what I did; but when that was over, I sat down, opened the foul clout the money was in, looked at it, told it, found it was all there, and then I fell a-crying as violently as I did before, when I thought I had lost it.

DANIEL DE FOE.

CUNNING.—Cunning pays no regard to virtue, and is but the low mimic of wisdom.

BOLINGBROKE.

THE DOCTOR.

A DOCTOR of physic rode with us along;
There was none like him in this wide
world's throng

To speak of physic and of surgery,
For he was grounded in astronomy.
He very much prolonged his patients' hours
By natural magic, and the ascendant powers
Of figures that he cast his art could make
Benign of aspect, for his patient's sake.
He knew the cause of every malady,
Were it of cold or hot, or moist or dry,
And how engendered—what the humors
were:

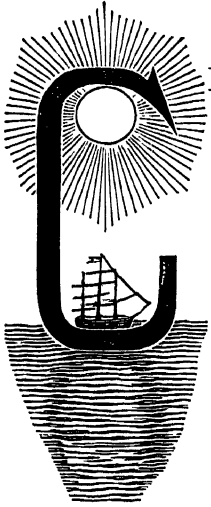
He was a very perfect practiser;
The cause once known, and root, of the
disease,

Anon he placed the sick man at his ease.
Full ready had he his apothecaries
To send him drugs and his electuaries,
And each one made the other sure to win:
Their friendship was no new thing to begin.
Well the old Æsculapius he knew,
And Dioscorides, and Rufus too;
Hali and old Hippocrates and Galen,
Serapion, Rasis and wise Avicen,
Averroes, Damascene and Constantin,
Deep-seeing Bernard, Gatesden, Gilbertin.
His diet by its nutriment weighed he,
For to be charged with superfluity
In meat and drink had been to him a libel;
His study was but little in the Bible.
He was all clad in crimson and sky-gray,
With thin silk lined, and lustrous taffeta;
And yet he was but moderate in expense.
He hoarded what he gained i' the pesti-
lence;

For gold in physic is a cordial old,
Therefore the doctor specially loved gold.

GEOFFREY CHAUCER.

DIRGE FOR A SOLDIER.



LOSE his eyes ; his work is
done :

What to him is friend or
foeman,

Rise of moon or set of
sun,

Hand of man or kiss of
woman ?

Lay him low, lay him
low,

In the clover or the
snow !

What cares he ? He cannot know.

Lay him low !

Fold him in his country's stars,

Roll the drum and fire the volley :

What to him are all our wars—

What but death-bemocking folly ?

Lay him low, lay him low,

In the clover or the snow !

Leave him to God's watching eye ;

Trust him to the Hand that made him.

Mortal love weeps idly by :

God alone has power to aid him.

Lay him low, lay him low,

In the clover or the snow !

What cares he ? He cannot know.

Lay him low !

GEORGE HENRY BOKER.

THE CAPTAIN.

A LEGEND OF THE ENGLISH NAVY.

HE that only rules by terror
Doeth grievous wrong ;

Deep as hell I count his error :

Let him hear my song.

Brave the captain was ; the seamen

Made a gallant crew—

Gallant sons of English freemen,

Sailors bold and true.

But they hated his oppression ;

Stern he was, and rash ;

So for every light transgression

Doomed them to the lash.

Day by day more harsh and cruel

Seemed the captain's mood ;

Secret wrath like smothered fuel

Burnt in each man's blood.

Yet he hoped to purchase glory—

Hoped to make the name

Of his vessel great in story

Wheresoe'er he came.

So they passed by capes and islands,

Many a harbor-mouth,

Sailing under palmy highlands

Far within the South.

On a day when they were going

O'er the lone expanse,

In the north, her canvas flowing,

Rose a ship of France.

Then the captain's color heightened ;

Joyful came his speech ;

But a cloudy gladness lightened

In the eyes of each.



A. Cunningham

"Chase!" he said; the ship flew forward,
 And the wind did blow;
 Stately, lightly went she Norward
 Till she neared the foe.

Then they looked at him they hated—
 Had what they desired;
 Mute, with folded arms, they waited:
 Not a gun was fired.

But they heard the foeman's thunder
 Roaring out their doom;
 All the air was torn in sunder,
 Crashing went the boom.

Spars were splintered, decks were shattered,
 Bullets fell like rain;
 Over masts and decks were scattered
 Blood and brains of men.

Spars were splintered; decks were broken;
 Every mother's son,
 Down they dropped—no word was spoken—
 Each beside his gun.

On the decks, as they were lying,
 Were their faces grim;
 In their blood, as they lay dying,
 Did they smile on him.

Those in whom he had reliance
 For his noble name
 With one smile of still defiance
 Sold him unto shame.

Shame and wrath his heart confounded;
 Pale he turned, and red,
 Till himself was deadly wounded,
 Falling on the dead.

Dismal error! fearful slaughter!
 Years have wandered by,
 Side by side beneath the water
 Crew and captain lie.

There the sunlit ocean tosses
 O'er them mouldering,
 And the lonely seabird crosses
 With one waft of the wing.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

THE LAST VERSES OF CHAUCER.

WRITTEN ON HIS DEATH-BED.

FLY from the press and dwell with soth-
 fastness;

Suffice unto thy good, though it be small;
 For hoard hath hate, and climbing tickleness,
 Press hath envy, and weal is blent o'er all;
 Savor no more than thee behoven shall;
 Rede well thyself, that otherfolk canst rede,
 And truth thee shall deliver 'tis no drede.

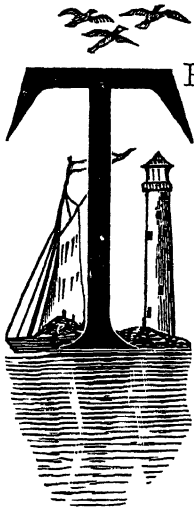
Pain thee not each crooked to redress
 In trust of her that turneth as a ball;
 Great rest standeth in little business;
 Beware also to spurn against a nalle;
 Strive not as doth a crocké with a wall;
 Deemeth thyself that deemest other's deed,
 And truth thee shall deliver 'tis no drede.

That thee is sent receive in buxomness;
 The wrestling of this world asketh a fall;
 Here is no home, here is but wilderness:
 Forth, pilgrim, forth! O beast, out of thy
 stall!

Look up on high, and thank thy God of all;
 Waiveth thy lust and let thy ghost thee lead,
 And truth thee shall deliver 'tis no drede.

GEOFFREY CHAUCER.

CONVERSATION.



THOUGH Nature weigh our
talents and dispense
To every man his modicum
of sense,
And conversation, in its bet-
ter part,
May be esteemed a gift, and
not an art,
Yet much depends, as in the
tiller's toil,
On culture and the sowing of
the soil.

Words learned by rote a parrot may rehearse,
But talking is not always to converse.

There is a prurience in the speech of some :
Wrath stays him, or else God would strike
them dumb ;

His wise forbearance has their end in view ;
They fill their measure and receive their due.
The heathen lawgivers of ancient days—
Names almost worthy of a Christian praise—
Would drive them forth from the resort of
men,

And shut up every satyr in his den.
Oh, come not ye near innocence and truth,
Ye worms that eat into the bud of youth !
Infectious as impure, your blighting power
Taints in its rudiments the promised flower.

Oaths terminate, as Paul observes, all strife ;
Some men have surely, then, a peaceful life.
Whatever subject occupy discourse—
The feats of Vestris or the naval force—

Asseveration blustering in your face
Makes contradiction such an hopeless case ;
In every tale they tell, or false or true,
Well known or such as no man ever knew,
They fix attention, heedless of your pain,
With oaths like rivets forced into the brain ;
And even when sober truth prevails through-
out,

They swear it till affirmance breeds a doubt.
A Persian, humble servant of the sun,
Who, though devout, yet bigotry had none,
Hearing a lawyer grave in his address
With adjurations every word impress,
Supposed the man a bishop, or, at least,
God's name so much upon his lips, a priest,
Bowed at the close with all his graceful airs,
And begged an interest in his frequent
prayers.

Ye powers who rule the tongue, if such
there are,
And make colloquial happiness your care,
Preserve me from the thing I dread and
hate—

A duel in the form of a debate ;
The clash of arguments and jar of words,
Worse than the mortal brunt of rival swords,
Decide no question with their tedious length,
For opposition gives opinion strength,
Divert the champions prodigal of breath,
And put the peaceably disposed to death.
Oh, thwart me not, Sir Soph, at every turn,
Nor carp at every flaw you may discern ;
Though syllogisms hang not on my tongue,
I am not surely always in the wrong ;

'Tis hard if all is false that I advance :
 A fool must now and then be right by chance.
 Not that all freedom of dissent I blame ;
 No ; there I grant the privilege I claim.
 A disputable point is no man's ground ;
 Rove where you please : 'tis common all
 around ;

Discourse may want an animated " No !"
 To brush the surface and to make it flow ;
 But still remember, if you mean to please,
 To press your point with modesty and ease.
 The mark at which my juster aim I take
 Is contradiction for its own dear sake :
 Set your opinion at whatever pitch,
 Knots and impediments make something
 hitch ;

Adopt his own, 'tis equally in vain :
 Your thread of argument is snapt again ;
 The wrangler, rather than accord with you,
 Will judge himself deceived, and prove it too.
 Vociferated logic kills me quite :
 A noisy man is always in the right ;
 I twirl my thumbs, fall back into my chair,
 Fix on the wainscot a distressful stare,
 And when I hope his blunders are all out
 Reply discreetly, " To be sure. No doubt."

Dubius is such a scrupulous good man !
 Yes, you may catch him tripping if you can.
 He would not with a peremptory tone
 Assert the nose upon his face his own ;
 With hesitation admirably slow
 He humbly hopes, presumes, it may be so.
 His evidence, if he were called by law
 To swear to some enormity he saw,
 For want of prominence and just relief,
 Would hang an honest man and save a thief.
 Through constant dread of giving truth of-
 fence,
 He ties up all his hearers in suspense,

Knows what he knows as if he knew it not,
 What he remembers seems to have forgot,
 His sole opinion, whatsoe'er befall,
 Centring at last in having none at all.

Where men of judgment creep and feel their
 way

The positive pronounce without dismay,
 Their want of light and intellect supplied
 By sparks absurdity strikes out of pride ;
 Without the means of knowing right from
 wrong,

They always are decisive, clear and strong ;
 Where others toil with philosophic force
 Their nimble nonsense takes a shorter course,
 Flings at your head conviction in the lump,
 And gains remote conclusions at a jump ;
 Their own defect, invisible to them,
 Seen in another, they at once condemn,
 And, though self-idolized in every case,
 Hate their own likeness in a brother's face.
 The cause is plain and not to be denied :
 The proud are always most provoked by
 pride ;
 Few competitions but engender spite,
 And those the most where neither has a right.

The point of honor has been deemed of use
 To teach good manners and to curb abuse ;
 Admit it true, the consequence is clear :
 Our polished manners are a mask we wear,
 And at the bottom barbarous still and
 rude ;

We are restrained, indeed, but not subdued.
 The very remedy, however sure,
 Springs from the mischief it intends to cure,
 And savage in its principle appears,
 Tried, as it should be, by the fruit it bears.
 'Tis hard, indeed, if nothing will defend
 Mankind from quarrels but their fatal end,

That now and then a hero must debase
 That the surviving world may live in peace.
 Perhaps at last close scrutiny may show
 The practice dastardly and mean and low—
 That men engage in it compelled by force,
 And fear, not courage, is its proper source,
 The fear of tyrant custom, and the fear
 Lest fops should censure us and fools should
 sneer.

At least to trample on our Maker's laws
 And hazard life for any or no cause,
 To rush into a fixed eternal state
 Out of the very flames of rage and hate,
 Or send another shivering to the bar
 With all the guilt of such unnatural war,
 Whatever use may urge or honor plead,
 On reason's verdict is a madman's deed.
 Am I to set my life upon a throw
 Because a bear is rude and surly? No!
 A moral, sensible and well-bred man
 Will not affront me, and no other can.

A story in which native humor reigns
 Is often useful, always entertains;
 A graver fact enlisted on your side
 May furnish illustration, well applied;
 But sedentary weavers of long tales
 Give me the fidgets, and my patience fails.
 'Tis the most asinine employ on earth
 To hear them tell of parentage and birth,
 And echo conversations dull and dry,
 Embellished with "He said" and "So said
 I."

At every interview their route the same,
 The repetition makes attention lame;
 We bustle up with unsuccessful speed,
 And in the saddest part cry, "Droll in-
 deed!"

The path of narrative with care pursue,
 Still making probability your clue,

On all the vestiges of truth attend,
 And let *them* guide you to a decent end.
 Of all ambitions men may entertain,
 The worst that can invade a sickly brain
 Is that which angles hourly for surprise
 And baits its hooks with prodigies and lies.
 Credulous infancy or age as weak
 Are fittest auditors for such to seek
 Who to please others will themselves dis-
 grace,
 Yet please not, but affront you to your face.
 A great retailer of this curious ware,
 Having unloaded and made many stare,
 "Can this be true?" an arch observer cries.—
 "Yes; rather moved, I saw it with these
 eyes."—

"Sir, I believe it on that ground alone;
 I could not had I seen it with my own."
 A tale should be judicious, clear, succinct,
 The language plain and incidents well linked.
 Tell not as new what everybody knows,
 And, new or old, still hasten to a close;
 There, centring in a focus round and neat,
 Let all your rays of information meet:
 What neither yields us profit or delight
 Is like a nurse's lullaby at night.

The pipe with solemn interposing puff
 Makes half a sentence at a time enough;
 The dozing sages drop the drowsy strain,
 Then pause and puff, and speak and pause
 again.

Such often, like the tube they so admire,
 Important triflers, have more smoke than
 fire.

The emphatic speaker dearly loves to oppose,
 In contact inconvenient, nose to nose,
 As if the gnomon on his neighbor's phiz,
 Touched with a magnet, had attracted his.

His whispered theme, dilated and at large,
Proves, after all, a wind-gun's airy charge,
An extract of his diary—no more ;
A tasteless journal of the day before.
He walked abroad, o'ertaken in the rain,
Called on a friend, drank tea, stepped home
again ;

Resumed his purpose, had a world of talk
With one he stumbled on, and lost his walk.
I interrupt him with a sudden bow :
"Adieu, dear sir, lest you should lose it now."

I cannot talk with civet in the room,
A fine puss-gentleman that's all perfume ;
The sight's enough ; no need to smell a beau :
Who trusts his nose into a raree-show ?
His odoriferous attempts to please
Perhaps might prosper with a swarm of
bees,

But we that make no honey, though we sting,
Poets, are sometimes apt to maul the thing.
'Tis wrong to bring into a mixed resort
What makes some sick and others *a la*
mort—

An argument of cogence, we may say,
Why such a one should keep himself away.

A graver coxcomb we may sometimes see,
Quite as absurd, though not so light, as he—
A shallow brain behind a serious mask,
An oracle within an empty cask,
The solemn fop, significant and budge ;
A fool with judges, amongst fools a judge ;
He says but little, and that little said
Owes all its weight, like loaded dice, to lead.
His wit invites you by his looks to come ;
But when you knock, it never is at home :
'Tis like a parcel sent you by the stage—
Some handsome present, as your hopes pre-
sage ;

'Tis heavy, bulky and bids fair to prove
An absent friend's fidelity and love ;
But when unpacked, your disappointment
groans
To find it stuffed with brickbats, earth and
stones.

Some men employ their health—an ugly
trick—
In making known how oft they have been
sick,

And give us in recitals of disease
A doctor's trouble, but without the fees ;
Relate how many weeks they kept their bed,
How an emetic or cathartic sped ;
Nothing is slightly touched, much less forgot ;
Nose, ears and eyes seem present on the
spot.

Now the distemper, spite of draught or pill,
Victorious seemed, and now the doctor's
skill ;

And now—alas for unforeseen mishaps !—
They put on a damp nightcap and relapse ;
They thought they must have died, they
were so bad :

Their peevish hearers almost wish they had.

Some fretful tempers wince at every touch :
You always do too little or too much ;
You speak with life, in hopes to entertain :
Your elevated voice goes through the brain ;
You fall at once into a lower key :
That's worse—the dronepipe of a humble-
bee.

The southern sash admits too strong a light ;
You rise and drop the curtain : now 'tis
night.

He shakes with cold ; you stir the fire and
strive

To make a blaze : that's roasting him alive.

Serve him with venison, and he chooses fish ;
With sole : that's just the sort he would not
wish.

He takes what he at first professed to loathe,
And in due time feeds heartily on both ;
Yet still, o'erclouded with a constant frown,
He does not swallow, but he gulps it down.
Your hope to please him vain on every
plan,

Himself should work that wonder if he can.
Alas ! his efforts double his distress ;
He likes yours little, and his own still less.
Thus always teasing others, always teased,
His only pleasure is to be displeased.

I pity bashful men who feel the pain
Of fancied scorn and undeserved disdain,
And bear the marks upon a blushing face
Of needless shame and self-imposed disgrace.
Our sensibilities are so acute
The fear of being silent makes us mute.
We sometimes think we could a speech pro-
duce

Much to the purpose if our tongues were loose,
But, being tied, it dies upon the lip,
Faint as a chicken's note that has the pip :
Our wasted oil unprofitably burns,
Like hidden lamps in old sepulchral urns.

The reeking, roaring hero of the chase—
I give him over as a desperate case.
Physicians write in hopes to work a cure
Never, if honest ones, when death is sure ;
And, though the fox he follows may be tamed,
A mere fox-follower never is reclaimed.
Some farrier should prescribe his proper
course

Whose only fit companion is his horse,
Or if, deserving of a better doom,
The noble beast judge otherwise, his groom.

Yet even the rogue that serves him, though
he stand

To take His Honor's orders cap in hand,
Prefers his fellow-grooms with much good
sense,

Their skill a truth, his master's a pretence.
If neither horse nor groom affect the squire,
Where can at last His Jockeyship retire ?
Oh, to the club, the scene of savage joys,
The school of coarse good-fellowship and
noise ;

There, in the sweet society of those
Whose friendship from his boyish years he
chose,

Let him improve his talent if he can,
Till none but beasts acknowledge him a man.

Man's heart had been impenetrably sealed,
Like theirs that cleave the flood or graze the
field,

Had not his Maker's all-bestowing hand
Given him a soul and bade him understand ;
The reasoning power vouchsafed of course
inferred

The power to clothe that reason with his
word ;

For all is perfect that God works on earth,
And he that gives conception adds the birth.
If this be plain, 'tis plainly understood
What uses of his boon the Giver would.

The mind, despatched upon her busy toil,
Shall range where Providence has blessed the
soil ;

Visiting every flower with labor meet
And gathering all her treasures sweet by
sweet,

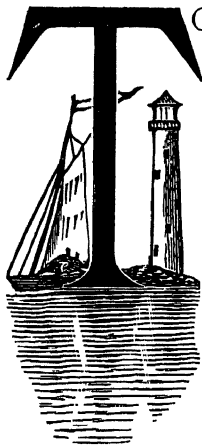
She should imbue the tongue with what she
sips

And shed the balmy blessing on the lips.

WILLIAM COWPER.

TWO LOVES AND A LIFE.

FOUNDED ON THE DRAMA OF THAT NAME BY MESSRS. TOM TAYLOR AND
CHARLES READE.



O the scaffold's foot she came ;
Leaped her black eyes into
flame ;
Rose and fell her panting
breast :
There a pardon closely pressed.

She had heard her lover's
doom—
Traitor death and shameful
tomb ;
Heard the price upon his
head ;

"I will save him," she had said.

"Blue-eyed Annie loves him too :
She will weep, but Ruth will do ;
Who should save him, sore distressed,
Who but she who loves him best ?"

To the scaffold now she came ;
On her lips there rose his name—
Rose, and yet in silence died :
Annie nestled by his side.

Over Annie's face he bent ;
Round her waist his fingers went ;
"Wife !" he called her—called *her* "wife ;"
Simple word, to cost a life.

In Ruth's breast the pardon lay,
But she coldly turned away :
"He has sealed his traitor fate :
I can love, and I can hate.

"Annie is his wife, they said ;
Be it wife, then, to the dead,
Since the dying she will mate :
I can love, and I can hate."

"What their sin ? They do but love ;
Let this thought thy bosom move."
Came the jealous answer straight :
"I can love, and I can hate."

"Mercy !" still they cried. But she :
"Who has mercy upon me ?
Who ? My life is desolate :
I can love, and I can hate."

From the scaffold stairs she went ;
Shouts the noonday silence rent ;
All the air was quick with cries :
"See the traitor ! See ! he dies !"

Back she looked with stifled scream,
Saw the axe upswinging gleam ;
All her woman's anger died.
"From the king !" she faintly cried—

"From the king ! His name behold !"
Quick the parchment she unrolled.
Paused the axe in upward swing :
"He is pardoned !" "Live the king !"

Glad the cry, and loud and long ;
All about the scaffold throng ;
There, entwining fold in fold
Raven tresses, locks of gold—

There against Ruth's tortured breast
Annie's tearful face is pressed,
While the white lips murmuring move :
" I can hate, but I can love."

WILLIAM SAWYER.

THERE IS NO DEATH.

THERE is no death ! The stars go down
To rise upon some fairer shore,
And bright in heaven's jewelled crown
They shine for evermore.

There is no death ! The dust we tread
Shall change beneath the summer showers
To golden grain or mellowed fruit,
Or rainbow-tinted flowers.

The granite rocks disorganize,
And feed the hungry moss they bear ;
The forest leaves drink daily life
From out the viewless air.

There is no death ! The leaves may fall,
And flowers may fade and pass away :
They only wait through wintry hours
The coming of the May.

There is no death ! An angel-form
Walks o'er the earth with silent tread ;
He bears our best-loved things away,
And then we call them dead.

He leaves our hearts all-desolate,
He plucks our fairest, sweetest flowers ;
Transplanted into bliss, they now
Adorn immortal bowers.

The birdlike voice whose joyous tones
Made glad these scenes of sin and strife

Sings now an everlasting song
Around the tree of life.

Where'er he sees a smile too bright
Or heart too pure for taint and vice,
He bears it to that world of light,
To dwell in Paradise.

Born unto that undying life,
They leave us but to come again ;
With joy we welcome them the same,
Except their sin and pain.

And ever near us, though unseen,
The dear immortal spirits tread,
For all the boundless universe
Is life : there are no dead.

EDWARD LYTTON BULWER.

EVELYN HOPE.

BEAUTIFUL Evelyn Hope is dead !
Sit and watch by her side an hour.
That is her book-shelf, this her bed ;
She plucked that piece of geranium-flower,
Beginning to die, too, in the glass.
Little has yet been changed, I think ;
The shutters are shut : no light may pass,
Save two long rays, through the hinge's
chink.

Sixteen years old when she died !
Perhaps she had scarcely heard my name ;
It was not her time to love ; beside,
Her life had many a hope and aim,
Duties enough and little cares,
And now was quiet, now astir,
Till God's hand beckoned unawares ;
And the sweet white brow is all of her.

Is it too late, then, Evelyn Hope?

What! your soul was pure and true,

The good stars met in your horoscope,

Made you of spirit, fire and dew,

And just because I was thrice as old,

And our paths in the world diverged so wide,

Each was naught to each, must I be told?

We were fellow-mortals, naught beside?

No, indeed! for God above

Is great to grant as mighty to make,

And creates the love to reward the love:

I claim you still for my own love's sake.

Delayed, it may be, for more lives yet,

Through worlds I shall traverse not a few:

Much is to learn and much to forget

Ere the time be come for taking you.

But the time will come—at last it will—

When, Evelyn Hope, "What meant," I
shall say,

"In the lower earth, in the years long still,

That body and soul so pure and gay?"

Why your hair was amber I shall divine,

And your mouth of your own geranium's
red,

And what you would do with me, in fine,

In the new life come in the old one's stead.

"I have lived," I shall say, "so much since
then,

Given up myself so many times,

Gained me the gains of various men,

Ransacked the ages, spoiled the climes;

Yet one thing—one—in my soul's full scope,

Either I missed or itself missed me;

And I want and find you, Evelyn Hope!

What is the issue? Let us see!

"I loved you, Evelyn, all the while;

My heart seemed full as it could hold;

There was place, and to spare, for the frank
young smile

And the red young mouth and the hair's
young gold.

So hush! I will give you this leaf to keep:

See, I shut it inside the sweet cold hand.

There! that is our secret. Go to sleep;

You will wake and remember and under-
stand.

ROBERT BROWNING.

DEPARTED LOVE.

CALL back the dew

That on the rose at morn was lying:

When the day is dying,

Bid the sunbeam stay;

Call back the wave

E'en while the ebbing tide's receding:

Oh, all unheeding

Of thy voice are they.

As vain the call

Distraction makes on love departed

When the broken-hearted

Bitter tears let fall;

Dew and sunshine, wave and flower,

Renewed, return at destined hour,

But never yet was known the power

Could vanished love recall.

CHARLES DICKENS.

WHAT IS AGE?

THE holy place of life, chapel of ease
For all men's wearied miseries; and to
rob

That of her ornament, it is accurst

As from a priest to steal a holy vestment,

Ay, and convert it to a sinful covering.

PHILIP MASSINGER.

THE VANITY OF HUMAN WISHES.



MENIPPUS the philosopher was a second time taken up into heaven by Jupiter, when for his entertainment he lifted up a trap-door that was placed by his footstool. At its rising there issued through it such a din of cries as astonished the philosopher. Upon his asking what they meant, Jupiter told him that they were the prayers that were sent up to him from the earth. Menippus, amidst the confusion of voices—which was so great that nothing less than the ear of Jove could distinguish them—heard the words “riches, honor” and “long life” repeated in several different tones and languages.

When the first hubbub of sounds was over, the trap-door being left open, the voices came up more separate and distinct. The first prayer was an odd one: it came from Athens, and desired Jupiter to increase the wisdom and the beard of his humble suppliant. Menippus knew it by the voice to be the prayer of his friend Licander the philosopher. This was succeeded by the petition of one who had just laden a ship, and promised Jupiter, if he took care of it and returned it home again full of riches, he would make him an offering of a silver cup. Jupiter thanked him for nothing, and, bending down his ear more attentively than ordinary, heard a voice complaining to him of the

cruelty of an Ephesian widow, and begged him to breed compassion in her heart.

“This,” says Jupiter, “is a very honest fellow. I have received a great deal of incense from him: I will not be so cruel to him as to hear his prayers.”

He was then interrupted by a whole volley of vows which were made for the health of a tyrannical prince by his subjects who prayed for him in his presence. Menippus was surprised, after having listened to prayers offered up with so much ardor and devotion, to hear low whispers from the same assembly, expostulating with Jove for suffering such a tyrant to live and asking him how his thunder could lie idle. Jupiter was so offended with these prevaricating rascals that he took down the first vows and puffed away the last.

The philosopher, seeing a great crowd mounting upward and making its way directly to the trap-door, inquired of Jupiter what it meant.

“This,” says Jupiter, “is the smoke of a whole hecatomb that is offered me by the general of an army, who is very importunate with me to let him cut off a hundred thousand men that are drawn up in array against him. What does the impudent wretch think I see in him, to believe that I will make a sacrifice of so many mortals as good as himself? and all this to his glory, forsooth! But hark!” says Jupiter; “there is a voice I never heard but in time of danger: ’tis a rogue that is shipwrecked in the Ionian sea. I saved him on a plank but three days ago, upon his

promise to mend his manners; the scoundrel is not worth a groat, and yet has the impudence to offer me a temple if I will keep him from sinking. But yonder," says he, "is a special youth for you; he desires me to take his father, who keeps a great estate from him, out of the miseries of human life. The old fellow shall live till he makes his heart ache. I can tell him that for his pains."

This was followed by the soft voice of a pious lady desiring Jupiter that she might appear amiable and charming in the sight of her emperor. As the philosopher was reflecting on this extraordinary petition there blew a gentle wind through the trap-door, which he at first mistook for a gale of zephyrs, but afterward found it to be a breeze of sighs. They smelt strongly of flowers and incense, and were succeeded by most passionate complaints of wounds and torments, fires and arrows, cruelty, despair and death. Menippus fancied that such lamentable cries arose from some general execution or from wretches lying under the torture, but Jupiter told him that they came up to him from the isle of Paphos, and that he every day received complaints of the same nature from that whimsical tribe of mortals who are called lovers.

"I am so trifled with," says he, "by this generation of both sexes, and find it so impossible to please them, whether I grant or refuse their petitions, that I shall order a western wind for the future to intercept them in their passage and blow them at random upon the earth."

The last petition he heard was from a very aged man, of near a hundred years old, begging but for one year more life, and then promised to die contented.

"This is the rarest old fellow!" says Jupiter; "he has made this prayer to me for above twenty years together. When he was but fifty years old, he desired only that he might live to see his son settled in the world. I granted it. He then begged the same favor for his daughter, and afterward that he might see the education of a grandson. When all this was brought about, he puts up a petition that he might live to finish a house he was building. In short, he is an unreasonable old cur, and never wants an excuse. I will no more of him;" upon which, he flung down the trap-door in a passion, and was resolved to give no more audiences that day.

JOSEPH ADDISON.

THE ADOPTED CHILD.

LADY.

WHY wouldst thou leave me, O gentle child?

Thy home on the mountains is bleak and wild—

A straw-roofed cabin with lowly wall;
Mine is a fair and a pillared hall,
Where many an image of marble gleams,
And the sunshine of picture for ever streams.

BOY.

Oh, green is the turf where my brothers play
Through the long bright hours of the summer day;

They find the red cup-moss where they climb,
And they chase the bee over the scented thyme,

And the rocks where the heath-flower blooms
they know.

Lady, kind lady, oh, let me go!

LADY.

Content thee, boy, in my bower to dwell ;
Here are sweet sounds which thou lovest
well—

Flutes on the air in the stilly noon,
Harps which the wandering breezes tune,
And the silvery wood-note of many a bird
Whose voice was ne'er in thy mountains
heard.

BOY.

My mother sings, at the twilight's fall,
A song of the hills far more sweet than all ;
She sings it under our own green tree
To the babe half slumbering on her knee ;
I dreamed last night of that music low.
Lady, kind lady, oh, let me go !

LADY.

Thy mother hath gone from her cares to rest ;
She hath taken the babe on her quiet breast ;
Thou wouldst meet her footstep, my boy, no
more,
Nor hear her song at the cabin-door :
Come thou with me to the vineyards nigh,
And we'll pluck the grapes of the richest
dye.

BOY.

Is my mother gone from her home away ?
But I know that my brothers are there at
play ;
I know they are gathering the foxglove's
bell,
Or the long fern-leaves by the sparkling
well ;
Or they launch their boats where the bright
streams flow.
Lady, kind lady, oh, let me go !

LADY.

Fair child, thy brothers are wanderers now :
They sport no more on the mountain's brow ;
They have left the fern by the spring's green
side,
And the streams where the fairy-barks were
tried :
Be thou at peace in thy brighter lot,
For thy cabin-home is a lonely spot.

BOY.

Are they gone, all gone, from the sunny hill ?
But the bird and the blue fly rove o'er it
still,
And the red deer bound in their gladness
free,
And the heath is bent by the singing bee,
And the waters leap, and the fresh winds
blow.

Lady, kind lady, oh, let me go !

FELICIA HEMANS.

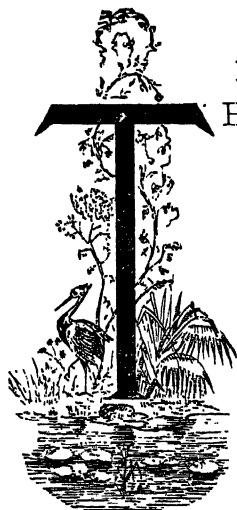
SHADOWS.

FOLLOW a shadow, it still flies you ;
Seem to fly it, it will pursue :
So court a lady, she denies you ;
Let her alone, she will court you.
Say are not women truly, then,
Styled but the shadows of us men ?

At morn and even shades are longest ;
At noon they are short, or none :
So men at weakest they are strongest ;
But grant us perfect they're not known.
Say are not women truly, then,
Styled but the shadows of us men ?

BEN JONSON.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES.



HORATIUS BONAR.

THE REV. DR. BONAR is known to the world as the author of beautiful hymns and as a writer on Hymnody. He was born in Edinburgh on the 19th of December, 1808, and was educated at the high school and the university of his native city. Ordained a minister of the Kirk of Scotland in 1837, he had charge of the church at Kelso, and later of the Grange, in Edinburgh. He joined the Free Kirk in 1843. A prolific writer, he had published up to 1869 a number of religious works in prose, among which are—*The Night of Weeping, The Morning of Joy, The Blood of the Cross, The Coming of the Kingdom of the Lord Jesus Christ, Truth and Error, Man : his Religion and his World, Prophetical Land-Marks, The Desert of Sinai, The Land of Promise, God's Way of Peace, God's Way of Holiness, Light and Truth*, and fifty-two short sermons. Many of these have been largely circulated, and are very popular in Scotland. He has edited, at different times, *The Journal of Prophecy* and *The Christian Treasury*.

The hymns of Bonar have appeared in the following collections : *Songs for the Wilderness, Bible Hymn Book, Hymns, Original and Selected*. Besides these, he wrote *Hymns of Faith and Hope, Song of the*

New Creation, and Hymns of the Nativity. The last mentioned was issued in 1879.

Dr. Bonar was a millenarian—not of the extreme class, but as a thoughtful and enthusiastic watcher for the Lord. His errors grow out of his ardent study and hopes. His devout hymns are used in many collections, and are dear to many Christian souls.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

BY this name is currently known one of the greatest men on the bede-roll of fame—a man of great genius and distinct individuality, a sculptor, a painter, an architect, an engineer, a poet and a philosopher. His father, Ludovico Buonarotti, was governor of the fortifications of Caprese and Chiusi, and both he and his wife were representatives of illustrious Tuscan families. Their son, Michael Angelo Buonarotti, was born in the castle of Caprese, in the territory of Arezzo, on the 6th of March, 1474. Early exhibiting a talent for art, he resisted his father's urgent attempt to confine him to severer studies. He was taken by a companion to see the painter Domenico Ghirlandaio, who was so pleased with his efforts that he accepted him as a pupil—the greatest, if not the only, claim to the remembrance of later periods. While in the studio of Domenico he modelled the head of a “Laughing Faun,” after an antique sculpture, which so impressed Lorenzo the Magnificent that he took him to his palace, placed him in his academy, and treated him as a son until his death, in 1492.

Thus deprived of his friend and patron, young Buonarrotti wandered away to Bologna, where he left the impression of his genius in the form of a "Kneeling Angel," and thence to Rome, where he executed the group known as the "Mater Dolorosa," now at St. Peter's. He studied anatomy by dissection of bodies, and thus became one of the most correct delineators of the human form. His cartoon of "Florentine Soldiers surprised when Bathing" exhibits this accuracy in a wonderful manner; it was never elaborated into a painting. He was employed by Pope Julius II. in various works, among which was the making of his monument, of which the design was grand. If it was not completed according to the sculptor's plan, it was, at least, one of the causes of the building of St. Peter's, as a fit enclosure for it. More devoted to sculpture than to painting, he undertook with great reluctance, at the solicitation of the pope, the painting of the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel. This marvellous work was accomplished in two years, from 1508 to 1510. Amid scenes described in the book of Genesis are colossal figures of saints, angels and prophets. It is still one of the wonders of Rome. He next turned his attention, in the emergency of Florence, to her fortifications, for which his plans were admirable and practical. His fame as a painter has no surer warrant than "The Last Judgment," which he painted in fresco above the altar of the Sistine. It is seventy feet high, full of a fearful variety, and has moved generations of imaginative Italians by fear. It was finished in 1541.

After Bramante and Raffaele had worked at the design for St. Peter's, and San Gallo, the succeeding architect, had died, Michael

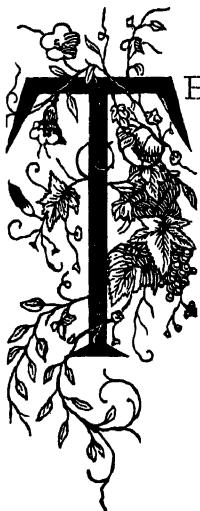
Angelo was appointed to the post, and during five pontificates he studied and wrought at the stupendous problem. He was possessed by it. He declared that he would take the Pantheon and hang it in air; but when, with the almost fruition of his hope, he had completed the tambour-work upon which the dome was to be built, he died, in 1563, leaving it to others only to complete his work. The dome is in reality his, far exceeding, in its circular base and its greater height, the low dome of the Pantheon and Bramante's angular dome of the cathedral of Florence. When it is lighted up on nights of high festival, whatever else it may signify, it is a glittering tribute to the genius of Michael Angelo. He was proud and passionate, but high-toned and generous. Grand in thought, in manner and in speech, he carried grandeur into art. Of his figures Fuseli has said, "His infants teem with the man, and his men are a race of giants."

TO DELIA.

ASKST thou how long my love shall stay
 When all that's new is past?
 How long? Ah, Delia, can I say
 How long my life will last?
 Dry be that tear, be hushed that sigh;
 At least I'll love thee till I die.

And does that thought afflict thee too—
 The thought of Damon's death,
 That he who only lives for you
 Must yield his faithful breath?
 Hushed be that sigh, be dried that tear,
 Nor let us lose our heaven here.

RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN.



EVERT AUGUSTUS DUYCKINCK.

HIS versatile and useful writer was born in the city of New York, where his father was a prosperous bookseller, on the 23d of November, 1816. He was graduated at Columbia College in 1835, and at once turned his attention to literature and journalism. He wrote early for the periodicals, and in 1840 he started, in conjunction with Cornelius Mathews, a monthly magazine entitled *Arc-turus: A Magazine of Books and Opinions*. It was published until 1842. In 1847 he issued a weekly journal called *The Literary World*, from which he withdrew for a short period, but returned again, with the collaboration of his brother, George L. Duyckinck, and continued his connection with it until its discontinuance, in 1853. Immediately after that he entered with his brother upon the preparation of the *Cyclopædia of American Literature*, which was completed and issued in 1856, in two octavo volumes. This excellent work, which has been largely commended and widely useful, occupied a place until then vacant, and is invaluable as a book of reference. In the same year he published *The Wit and Wisdom of Sidney Smith*. This volume, although ephemeral in its nature, was well received at a time when the sayings of the great English humorist were on every tongue.

Upon the death of his gifted brother, in 1863, Mr. Duyckinck published a memoir of

him. In 1865 he issued a *History of the Civil War in America* (1861-65), in three volumes. In 1866 he gave to the world a new edition of the *Cyclopædia*, with a large and valuable supplement, and also a *National Portrait-Gallery*, in two volumes. His pen was always busy. In 1870 appeared his *History of the World from the Earliest Period to the Present Time*, and in the next year (1871) *A Memoir of the Rev. Dr. Francis Hawks*.

After a life of unusual literary labor, and while yet in his prime, Mr. Duyckinck died, in 1878. He was one of those industrious men who strive to be rather useful than famous, and his *Cyclopædia of American Literature*, after receiving the high commendations of such men as Irving, Bancroft and Prescott, remains to later scholars a treasure-house of facts, specimens, opinions and critical notices of our best authors, and has conducted to make the literature of our country known and appreciated.

NEAL MALONE.

FROM TRAITS AND STORIES OF THE IRISH PEASANTRY.

THERE never was a greater-souled or doughtier tailor than little Neal Malone. Though but four feet four in height, he paced the earth with the courage and confidence of a giant; nay, one would have imagined that he walked as if he feared the world itself was about to give way under him. Let none dare to say in future that a



Engr. by H. H. Hall & Co. N.Y.

Ever A Daykinck.

tailor is but the ninth part of a man: that reproach has been gloriously taken away from the character of the cross-legged corporation by Neal Malone. He has wiped it off like a stain from the collar of a second-hand coat; he has pressed this wrinkle out of the lying front of antiquity; he has drawn together this rent in the respectability of his profession. No! By him who was breeches-maker to the gods—that is, except, like Highlanders, they eschewed inexpressibles—by him who cut Jupiter's frieze jocks for winter, and eke by the bottom of his thimble, we swear that Neal Malone was more than the ninth part of a man. Setting aside the Patagonians, we maintain that two-thirds of mortal humanity were comprised in Neal, and perhaps we might venture to assert that two-thirds of Neal's humanity were equal to six-thirds of another man's. It is right well known that Alexander the Great was a little man, and we doubt whether, had Alexander the Great been bred to the tailoring business, he would have exhibited so much of the hero as Neal Malone. Neal was descended from a fighting family who had signalized themselves in as many battles as ever any single hero of antiquity fought. His father, his grandfather and his great-grandfather were all fighting-men, and his ancestors in general, up, probably, to Con of the Hundred Battles himself.

No wonder, therefore, that Neal's blood should cry out against the cowardice of his calling; no wonder that he should be an epitome of all that was valorous and heroic in a peaceable man; for we neglected to inform the reader that Neal, though "bearing no base mind," never fought any man in his own person. That, however, deducted nothing from his courage. If he did not fight, it was sim-

ply because he found cowardice universal. No man would engage him; his spirit blazed in vain; his thirst for battle was doomed to remain unquenched except by whiskey, and this only increased it. In short, he could find no foe. He has often been known to challenge the first cudgel-players and pugilists of the parish, to provoke men of fourteen stone weight, and to bid mortal defiance to faction heroes of all grades, but in vain. There was that in him which told them that an encounter with Neal would strip them of their laurels. Neal saw all this with a lofty indignation; he deplored the degeneracy of the times, and thought it hard that the descendant of such a fighting family should be doomed to pass through life peaceably, whilst so many excellent rows and riots took place around him. It was a calamity to see every man's head broken but his own—a dismal thing to observe his neighbors go about with their bones in bandages, yet his untouched, and his friends beat black and blue, whilst his own cuticle remained undiscolored.

"Blur-an'-agers!" exclaimed Neal, one day, when half tipsy in the fair; "am I never to get a bit of fightin'? Is there no cowardly spalpeen to stand afore Neal Malone? Be this an' be that, I'm blue-mowlded for want of a batin'. I'm disgracin' my relations by the life I'm ladin'. Will none o' ye fight me aither for love, money or whiskey—frind or inimy, an' bad luck to ye? I don't care a *traneen* which, only out o' pure frindship let us have a morsel o' the rale kick-up, 'tany rate. Frind or inimy, I say agin, if you regard me; sure *that* makes no differ, only let us have the fight."

This excellent heroism was all wasted: Neal could not find a single adversary.

Except he divided himself like Hotspur and went to buffets one hand against the other, there was no chance of a fight—no person to be found sufficiently magnanimous to encounter the tailor. On the contrary, every one of his friends—or, in other words, every man in the parish—was ready to support him. He was clapped on the back until his bones were nearly dislocated in his body, and his hand shaken until his arm lost its cunning at the needle for half a week afterward. This, to be sure, was a bitter business—a state of being past endurance. Every man was his friend, no man was his enemy. A desperate position for any person to find himself in, but doubly calamitous to a martial tailor.

Many a dolorous complaint did Neal make upon the misfortune of having none to wish him ill, and what rendered this hardship doubly oppressive was the unlucky fact that no exertions of his, however offensive, could procure him a single foe. In vain did he insult, abuse and malign all his acquaintances; in vain did he father upon them all the rascality and villany he could think of. He lied against them with a force and originality that would have made many a modern novelist blush for want of invention, but all to no purpose. The world for once became astonishingly Christian; it paid back all his efforts to excite its resentment with the purest of charity; when Neal struck it on the one cheek, it meekly turned unto him the other. It could scarcely be expected that Neal would bear this. To have the whole world in friendship with a man is, beyond doubt, rather an affliction. Not to have the face of a single enemy to look upon would, decidedly, be considered a deprivation of many agreeable

sensations by most people, as well as by Neal Malone. Let who might sustain a loss or experience a calamity, it was a matter of indifference to Neal; they were *only* his friends, and he troubled neither his head nor his heart about them.

There is no man without his trials, and Neal, the reader perceives, was not exempt from his. What did it avail him that he carried a cudgel ready for all hostile contingencies, or knit his brows and shook his *kippeen* at the fiercest of his fighting friends? The moment he appeared they softened into downright cordiality. His presence was the signal of peace; for, notwithstanding his unconquerable propensity to warfare, he went abroad as the genius of unanimity, though carrying in his bosom the redoubtable disposition of a warrior, just as the sun, though the source of light himself, is said to be dark enough at bottom.

It could not be expected that Neal, with whatever fortitude he might bear his other afflictions, could bear such tranquillity like a hero. To say that he bore it as one would be to basely surrender his character; for what hero ever bore a state of tranquillity with courage? It affected his cutting out; it produced what Burton calls "a windie melancholie," which was nothing else than an accumulation of courage that had no means of escaping, if courage can without indignity be ever said to escape. He sat uneasy on his lap-board. Instead of cutting out soberly, he flourished his scissors as if he were heading a faction; he wasted much chalk by scoring his cloth in wrong places, and even caught his hot goose without a holder. These symptoms alarmed his friends, who persuaded him to go to a doctor. Neal

went, to satisfy them; but he knew that no prescription could drive the courage out of him—that he was too far gone in heroism to be made a coward of by apothecary stuff. Nothing in the *Pharmacopœia* could physic him into a pacific state. His disease was simply the want of an enemy and an unaccountable superabundance of friendship on the part of his acquaintances. How could a doctor remedy this by a prescription? Impossible! The doctor, indeed, recommended blood-letting, but to lose blood in a peaceable manner was not only cowardly, but a bad cure for courage. Neal declined it: he would lose no blood for any man until he could not help it; which was giving the character of a hero at a single touch. His blood was not to be thrown away in this manner; the only lancet ever applied to his relations was the cudgel, and Neal scorned to abandon the principles of his family. His friends, finding that he reserved his blood for more heroic purposes than dastardly phlebotomy, knew not what to do with him. His perpetual exclamation was, as we have already stated, “I’m blue-mowlded for want of a batin’.” They did everything in their power to cheer him with the hope of a drubbing, told him he lived in an excellent country for a man afflicted with his malady, and promised, if it were at all possible, to create him a private enemy or two, who, they hoped in Heaven, might trounce him to some purpose. This sustained him for a while, but as day after day passed, and no appearance of action presented itself, he could not choose but increase in courage. His soul, like a sword-blade too long in the scabbard, was beginning to get fuliginous by inactivity. He

looked upon the point of his own needle and the bright edge of his scissors with a bitter pang when he thought of the spirit rusting within him; he meditated fresh insults, studied new plans and hunted out cunning devices for provoking his acquaintances to battle, until by degrees he began to confound his own brain and to commit more grievous oversights in his business than ever. Sometimes he sent home to one person a coat with the legs of a pair of trousers attached to it for sleeves, and despatched to another the arms of the aforesaid coat tacked together as a pair of trousers. Sometimes the coat was made to button behind instead of before, and he frequently placed the pockets in the lower part of the skirts, as if he had been in league with cut-purses.

This was a melancholy situation, and his friends pitied him accordingly.

“Don’t be cast down, Neal,” said they; “your frinds feel for you, poor fellow!”

“Divil carry my frinds!” replied Neal. “Sure there’s not one o’ yez frindly enough to be my inimy. Tare-an-ounze! what’ll I do? I’m blue-mowlded for want of a batin’.”

Seeing that their consolation was thrown away upon him, they resolved to leave him to his fate; which they had no sooner done than Neal had thoughts of taking to the *Skiomachia* as a last remedy. In this mood he looked with considerable antipathy at his own shadow for several nights, and it is not to be questioned but that some hard battles would have taken place between them were it not for the cunning of the shadow, which declined to fight him in any other position than with its back to the wall. This occasioned him to pause, for the wall was a fearful antag-

onist, inasmuch that it knew not when it was beaten. But there was still an alternative left. He went to the garden one clear day about noon, and hoped to have a bout with the shade free from interruption. Both approached, apparently eager for the combat and resolved to conquer or die, when a villainous cloud, happening to intercept the light, gave the shadow an opportunity of disappearing; and Neal found himself once more without an opponent.

"It's aisy known," said Neal, "you haven't the blood in you, or you'd come to the scratch like a man."

He now saw that Fate was against him, and that any further hostility toward the shadow was only a tempting of Providence. He lost his health, spirits and everything but his courage. His countenance became pale and peaceful-looking; the bluster departed from him; his body shrunk up like a withered parsnip. Thrice was he compelled to take in his clothes, and thrice did he ascertain that much of his time would be necessarily spent in pursuing his retreating person through the solitude of his almost deserted garments.

It is difficult to form a correct opinion upon a situation so paradoxical as Neal's was. To be reduced to skin and bone by the downright friendship of the world was, as the sagacious reader will admit, next to a miracle. We appeal to the conscience of any man who finds himself without an enemy whether he be not a greater skeleton than the tailor; we will give him fifty guineas provided he can show a calf to his leg. We know he could not; for the tailor had none, and that was because he had not an enemy. No man in friendship with the world ever has calves to

his legs. To sum up all in a paradox of our own invention, for which we claim the full credit of originality, we now assert that more men have risen in the world by the injury of their enemies than have risen by the kindness of their friends. You may take this, reader, in any sense. Apply it to hanging if you like: it is still immutably and immovably true.

One day Neal sat cross-legged, as tailors usually sit, in the act of pressing a pair of breeches; his hands were placed, backs up, upon the handle of his goose, and his chin rested upon the back of his hands. To judge from his sorrowful complexion, one would suppose that he sat rather to be sketched as a picture of misery or of heroism in distress than for the industrious purpose of pressing the seams of a garment. His face, like the times, was rather out of joint. "The sun was just setting, and his golden beams fell with a saddened splendor athwart the tailor's—" The reader may fill up the picture.

In this position sat Neal, when Mr. O'Connor, the schoolmaster, whose inexpressibles he was turning for the third time, entered the workshop. Mr. O'Connor himself was as finished a picture of misery as the tailor. There was a patient, subdued kind of expression in his face which indicated a very fair portion of calamity. His eye seemed charged with affliction of the first water; on each side of his nose might be traced two dry channels, which, no doubt, were full enough while the tropical rains of his countenance lasted. Altogether, to conclude from appearances, it was a dead match in affliction between him and the tailor; both seemed sad, fleshless and unthriving.

"Misther O'Connor," said the tailor, when

the schoolmaster entered, "won't you be pleased to sit down?"

Mr. O'Connor sat, and after wiping his forehead laid his hat upon the lap-board, put his half handkerchief in his pocket and looked upon the tailor. The tailor, in return, looked upon Mr. O'Connor; but neither of them spoke for some minutes. Neal, in fact, appeared to be wrapped up in his own misery, and Mr. O'Connor in his; or, as we often have much gratuitous sympathy for the distresses of our friends, we question but the tailor was wrapped up in Mr. O'Connor's misery, and Mr. O'Connor in the tailor's.

Mr. O'Connor at length said,

"Neal, are my inexpressibles finished?"

"I am now pressin' your inexpressibles," replied Neal; "but, be my sowl, Mr. O'Connor, it's not your inexpressibles I'm thinkin' of. I'm not the ninth part of what I was. I'd hardly make paddin' for a collar now."

"Are you able to carry a staff still, Neal?"

"I've a light hazel one that's handy," said the tailor, "but where's the use of carryin' it, whin I can get no one to fight wid? Sure, I'm disgracin' my relations by the life I'm ladin'. I'll go to my grave widout ever batin' a man or bein' bate myself; that's the vexation. Divil the row ever I was able to kick up in my life; so that I'm fairly blue-mowlded for want of a batin'. But if you have patience—"

"'Patience'!" said Mr. O'Connor, with a shake of the head that was perfectly disastrous even to look at; "'patience,' did you say, Neal?"

"Ay," said Neal; "an', be my sowl, if you deny that I said 'patience,' I'll break your head."

"Ah, Neal," returned the other, "I don't deny it; for though I am teaching philosophy, knowledge and mathematics every day in my life, yet I'm learning patience myself both night and day. No, Neal; I have forgotten to deny anything. I have not been guilty of a contradiction, out of my own school, for the last fourteen years. I once expressed the shadow of a doubt about twelve years ago, but ever since I have abandoned even doubting. That doubt was the last expiring effort at maintaining my domestic authority, but I suffered for it."

"Well," said Neal, "if you have patience, I'll tell you what afflicts me from beginnin' to endin'."

"I will have patience," said Mr. O'Connor; and he accordingly heard a dismal and indignant tale from the tailor.

"You have told me that fifty times over," said Mr. O'Connor, after hearing the story. "Your spirit is too martial for a pacific life. If you follow my advice, I will teach you how to ripple the calm current of your existence to some purpose: marry a wife. For twenty-five years I have given instructions in three branches—viz., philosophy, knowledge and mathematics; I am also well versed in matrimony; and I declare that, upon my misery and by the contents of all my afflictions, it is my solemn and melancholy opinion that if you marry a wife you will, before three months pass over your concatenated state, not have a single complaint to make touching a superabundance of peace and tranquillity or a love of fighting."

"Do you mane to say that any woman would make me afeard?" said the tailor, deliberately rising up and getting his cudgel. "I'll thank you merely to go over the words

agin, till I thrash you widin an inch o' your life. That's all."

"Neal," said the schoolmaster, meekly, "I won't fight; I have been too often subdued ever to presume on the hope of a single victory. My spirit is long since evaporated; I am like one of your own shreds—a mere salvage. Do you not know how much my habiliments have shrunk in even within the last five years? Hear me, Neal, and venerate my words as if they proceeded from the lips of a prophet. If you wish to taste the luxury of being subdued—if you are, as you say, blue-moulded for want of a beating and sick at heart of a peaceful existence—why, marry a wife. Neal, send my breeches home with all haste, for they are wanted. You understand. Farewell!"

Mr. O'Connor, having thus expressed himself, departed, and Neal stood, with the cudgel in his hand, looking at the door out of which he passed with an expression of fierceness, contempt and reflection strongly blended on the ruins of his once heroic visage.

Many a man has happiness within his reach if he but knew it. The tailor had been hitherto miserable because he pursued a wrong object. The schoolmaster, however, suggested a train of thought upon which Neal now fastened with all the ardor of a chivalrous temperament. Nay, he wondered that the family spirit should have so completely seized upon the fighting side of his heart as to preclude all thoughts of matrimony; for he could not but remember that his relations were as ready for marriage as for fighting. To doubt this would have been to throw a blot upon his own escutcheon. He therefore very prudently asked himself to whom, if he did not marry, should he transmit his courage.

He was a single man, and, dying as such, he would be the sole depository of his own valor, which, like Junius's secret, must perish with him. If he could have left it as a legacy to such of his friends as were most remarkable for cowardice, why the case would be altered; but this was impossible, and he had now no other means of preserving it to posterity than by creating a posterity to inherit it. He saw, too, that the world was likely to become convulsed. Wars, as everybody knew, were certainly to break out, and would it not be an excellent opportunity for being father to a colonel, or perhaps a general, that might astonish the world?

The change visible in Neal after the schoolmaster's last visit absolutely thunderstruck all who knew him. The clothes which he had rashly taken in to fit his shrivelled limbs were once more let out. The tailor expanded with a new spirit; his joints ceased to be supple, as in the days of his valor; his eye became less fiery, but more brilliant. From being martial he got desperately gallant; but, somehow, he could not afford to act the hero and the lover both at the same time. This, perhaps, would be too much to expect from a tailor. His policy was better. He resolved to bring all his available energy to bear upon the charms of whatever fair nymph he should select for the honor of matrimony; to waste his spirit in fighting would, therefore, be a deduction from the single purpose in view.

The transition from war to love is by no means so remarkable as we might at first imagine. We quote Jack Falstaff in proof of this, or, if the reader be disposed to reject our authority, then we quote Ancient Pistol himself, both of whom we consider as the

most finished specimens of heroism that ever carried a safe skin. Acres would have been a hero had he worn gloves to prevent the courage from oozing out at his palms, or not felt such an unlucky antipathy to the "snug lying in the abbey," and, as for Captain Bobadil, he never had an opportunity of putting his plan for vanquishing an army into practice. We fear, indeed, that neither his character nor Ben Jonson's knowledge of human nature is properly understood; for it certainly could not be expected that a man whose spirit glowed to encounter a whole host could, without tarnishing his dignity, if closely pressed, condescend to fight an individual. But, as these remarks on courage may be felt by the reader as an invidious introduction of a subject disagreeable to him, we beg to hush it for the present and return to the tailor.

No sooner had Neal begun to feel an inclination to matrimony than his friends knew that his principles had veered, by the change now visible in his person and deportment. They saw he had ratted from courage and joined love. Heretofore his life had been all winter, darkened by storm and hurricane. The fiercer virtues had played the devil with him; every word was thunder, every look lightning; but now all that had passed away. Before, he was the *fortiter in re*; at present, he was the *suaviter in modo*. His existence was perfect spring—beautifully vernal. All the amiable and softer qualities began to bud about his heart; a genial warmth was diffused over him; his soul got green within him; every day was serene; and if a cloud happened to become visible, there was a roguish rainbow astride of it, on which sat a beautiful Iris that

laughed down at him and seemed to say, "Why the dickens, Neal, don't you marry a wife?"

Neal could not resist the afflatus which descended on him. An ethereal light dwelled, he thought, upon the face of nature; the color of the cloth which he cut out from day to day was to his enraptured eye like the color of Cupid's wings—all purple; his visions were worth their weight in gold; his dreams, a credit to the bed he slept on; and his feelings, like blind puppies, young and alive to the milk of love and kindness which they drew from his heart. Most of this delight escaped the observation of the world, for Neal, like your true lover, became shy and mysterious. It is difficult to say what he resembled; no dark-lantern ever had more light shut up within itself than Neal had in his soul, although his friends were not aware of it. They knew, indeed, that he had turned his back upon valor, but beyond this their knowledge did not extend.

Neal was shrewd enough to know that what he felt must be love; nothing else could distend him with happiness until his soul felt light and bladder-like but love. As an oyster opens when expecting the tide, so did his soul expand at the contemplation of matrimony. Labor ceased to be a trouble to him; he sang and sewed from morning to night; his hot goose no longer burned him, for his heart was as hot as his goose; the vibrations of his head at each successive stitch were no longer sad and melancholy. There was a buoyant shake of exaltation in them which showed that his soul was placid and happy within him.

Endless honor be to Neal Malone for the originality with which he managed the tender

sentiment! He did not, like your commonplace lovers, first discover a pretty girl and afterward become enamored of her. No such thing: he had the passion prepared beforehand—cut out and made up, as it were, ready for any girl whom it might fit. This was falling in love in the abstract, and let no man condemn it without a trial; for many a long-winded argument could be urged in its defence. It is always wrong to commence business without capital, and Neal had a good stock to begin with. All we beg is that the reader will not confound it with Platonism, which never marries; but he is at full liberty to call it Socratism, which takes unto itself a wife, and suffers accordingly.

Let no one suppose that Neal forgot the schoolmaster's kindness or failed to be duly grateful for it. Mr. O'Connor was the first person whom he consulted touching his passion. With a cheerful soul he waited on that melancholy and gentleman-like man, and in the very luxury of his heart told him that he was in love.

"In love, Neal!" said the schoolmaster. "May I inquire with whom?"

"Wid nobody in particular yet," replied Neal, "but of late I'm got divilish fond o' the girls in general."

"And do you call that being in love, Neal?" said Mr. O'Connor.

"Why, what else would I call it?" returned the tailor. "Amn't I fond of them?"

"Then it must be what is termed the universal passion, Neal," observed Mr. O'Connor, "although it is the first time I have seen such an illustration of it as you present in your own person."

"I wish you would advise me how to act,"

said Neal. "I'm as happy as a prince since I began to get fond o' them an' to think of marriage."

The schoolmaster shook his head again, and looked rather miserable; Neal rubbed his hands with glee, and looked perfectly happy. The schoolmaster shook his head again, and looked more miserable than before; Neal's happiness also increased on the second rubbing.

Now, to tell the secret at once, Mr. O'Connor would not have appeared so miserable were it not for Neal's happiness, nor Neal so happy were it not for Mr. O'Connor's misery. It was all the result of contrast; but this you will not understand unless you be deeply read in modern novels.

Mr. O'Connor, however, was a man of sense who knew, upon this principle, that the longer he continued to shake his head, the more miserable he must become, and the more also he would increase Neal's happiness; but he had no intention of increasing Neal's happiness at his own expense, for, upon the same hypothesis, it would have been for Neal's interest had he remained shaking his head there and getting miserable until the day of judgment. He consequently declined giving the third shake, for he thought that plain conversation was, after all, more significant and forcible than the most eloquent nod, however ably translated.

"Neal," said he, "could you, by stretching your imagination, contrive to rest contented with nursing your passion in solitude and love the sex at a distance?"

"How could I nurse and mind my business?" replied the tailor. "I'll never nurse so long as I'll have the wife, and as for 'magination it depends upon the grain of it

whether I can stretch it or not. I don't know that I ever made a coat of it in my life."

"You don't understand me, Neal," said the schoolmaster. "In recommending marriage, I was only driving one evil out of you by introducing another. Do you think that if you abandoned all thoughts of a wife you would get heroic again—that is, would you take once more to the love of fighting?"

"There is no doubt but I would," said the tailor. "If I miss the wife, I'll kick up such a dust as never was seen in the parish, an' you're the first man that I'll lick. But now that I'm in love," he continued, "sure, I ought to look out for the wife."

"Ah, Neal," said the schoolmaster, "you are tempting destiny; your temerity be, with all its melancholy consequences, upon your own head."

"Come," said the tailor; "it wasn't to hear you groaning to the tune of 'Dhrim-mindhoo' or 'The Ould Woman Rockin' her Cradle' that I came, but to know if you could help me in makin' out the wife. That's the discourse."

"Look at me, Neal," said the schoolmaster, solemnly; "I am at this moment, and have been any time for the last fifteen years, a living *caveto* against matrimony. I do not think that earth possesses such a luxury as a single, solitary life. Neal, the monks of old were happy men: they were all fat and had double chins; and, Neal, I tell you that all fat men are in general happy. Care cannot come at them so readily as at a thin man; before it gets through the strong outworks of flesh and blood with which they are surrounded, it becomes treacherous to its original purpose, joins the cheerful spirits it meets in the system

and dances about the heart in all the madness of mirth—just like a sincere ecclesiastic who comes to lecture a good fellow against drinking, but who forgets his lecture over his cups, and is laid under the table with such success that he either never comes to finish his lecture or comes often to be laid under the table. Look at me, Neal; how wasted, fleshless and miserable I stand before you! You know how my garments have shrunk in, and what a solid man I was before marriage. Neal, pause, I beseech you; otherwise you stand a strong chance of becoming a nonentity like myself."

"I don't care what I become," said the tailor; "I can't think that you'd be, so unreasonable as to expect that any of the Malones should pass out of the world widout either bein' bate or marrid. Have reason, Mr. O'Connor; an' if you can help me to the wife, I promise to take in your coat the next time for nothin'."

"Well, then," said Mr. O'Connor, "what would you think of the butcher's daughter, Biddy Neil? You have always had a thirst for blood, and here you may have it gratified in an innocent manner should you ever become sanguinary again. 'Tis true, Neal, she is twice your size and possesses three times your strength; but for that very reason, Neal, marry her if you can. Large animals are placid; and Heaven preserve those bachelors whom I wish well from a small wife! 'Tis such who always wield the sceptre of domestic life and rule their husbands with a rod of iron."

"Say no more, Mr. O'Connor," replied the tailor; "she's the very girl I'm in love wid. An' never fear but I'll overcome her heart if it can be done by man. Now, step over the

way, to my house, an' we'll have a sup on the head of it. Who's that calling?"

"Ah, Neal, I know the tones: there's a shrillness in them not to be mistaken. Farewell; I must depart. You have heard the proverb, 'Those who are bound must obey.' Young Jack, I presume, is squalling, and I must either nurse him, rock the cradle or sing comic tunes for him, though Heaven knows with what a disastrous heart I often sing 'Begone, Dull Care!' the 'Rakes of Newcastle' or 'Peas upon a Trencher.' Neal, I say again pause before you take this leap in the dark. Pause, Neal, I entreat you. Farewell!"

Neal, however, was gifted with the heart of an Irishman, and scorned caution as the characteristic of a coward; he had, as it appeared, abandoned all design of fighting, but the courage still adhered to him even in making love. He consequently conducted the siege of Biddy Neil's heart with a degree of skill and valor which would not have come amiss to Marshal Gerald at the siege of Antwerp. Locke or Dugald Stewart, indeed, had they been cognizant of the tailor's triumph, might have illustrated the principle on which he succeeded; as to ourselves, we can only conjecture it. Our own opinion is that they were both animated with a congenial spirit. Biddy was the very pink of pugnacity, and could throw in a body-blow or plant a facer with singular energy and science. Her prowess, hitherto, had, we confess, been displayed only within the limited range of domestic life; but should she ever find it necessary to exercise it upon a larger scale, there was no doubt whatsoever, in the opinion of her mother, brothers and sisters—every one of whom she had successively subdued—that she must

undoubtedly distinguish herself. There was certainly one difficulty which the tailor had not to encounter in the progress of his courtship: the field was his own; he had not a rival to dispute his claim. Neither was there any opposition given by her friends: they were, on the contrary, all anxious for the match; and when the arrangements were concluded, Neal felt his hand squeezed by them in succession with an expression more resembling condolence than joy. Neal, however, had been bred to tailoring, and not to metaphysics; he could cut out a coat very well, but we do not say that he could trace a principle—as what tailor, except Jeremy Taylor, could?

There was nothing particular in the wedding. Mr. O'Connor was asked by Neal to be present at it, but he shook his head and told him that he had not courage to attend it or inclination to witness any man's sorrows but his own. He met the wedding-party by accident, and was heard to exclaim with a sigh, as they flaunted past him in gay exuberance of spirits,

"Ah, poor Neal! He is going like one of her father's cattle to the shambles. Woe is me for having suggested matrimony to the tailor! He will not long be under the necessity of saying that he is blue-moulded for want of a beating. The butcheress will fell him like a Kerry ox, and I may have his blood to answer for, and his discomfiture to feel for, in addition to my own miseries."

On the evening of the wedding-day, about the hour of ten o'clock, Neal, whose spirits were uncommonly exalted, for his heart luxuriated within him, danced with his bridesmaid; after the dance he sat beside her and got eloquent in praise of her beauty; and it

is said, too, that he whispered to her and chucked her chin with considerable gallantry. The *tête-à-tête* continued for some time without exciting particular attention, with one exception; but that exception was worth a whole chapter of general rules. Mrs. Malone rose up, then sat down again and took off a glass of the native. She got up a second time. All the wife rushed upon her heart. She approached them, and in a fit of the most exquisite sensibility knocked the bridesmaid down and gave the tailor a kick of affecting pathos upon the inexpressibles. The whole scene was a touching one on both sides. The tailor was sent on all fours to the floor, but Mrs. Malone took him quietly up, put him under her arm as one would a lap-dog, and with stately step marched away to the conjugal apartment, in which everything remained very quiet for the rest of the night.

The next morning Mr. O'Connor presented himself to congratulate the tailor on his happiness. Neal, as his friend shook hands with him, gave the schoolmaster's fingers a slight squeeze, such as a man gives who would gently entreat your sympathy. The schoolmaster looked at him, and thought he shook his head. Of this, however, he could not be certain; for, as he shook his own during the moment of observation, he concluded that it might be a mere mistake of the eye, or perhaps the result of a mind predisposed to be credulous on the subject of shaking heads.

We wish it were in our power to draw a veil or curtain, or blind of some description, over the remnant of the tailor's narrative that is to follow; but as it is the duty of every faithful historian to give the secret causes of appearances which the world in general do not understand, so we think it but honest to

go on impartially and faithfully, without shrinking from the responsibility that is frequently annexed to truth.

For the first three days after matrimony Neal felt like a man who had been translated to a new and more lively state of existence. He had expected, and flattered himself, that the moment this event should take place he would once more resume his heroism and experience the pleasure of a drubbing. This determination he kept a profound secret, nor was it known until a future period, when he disclosed it to Mr. O'Connor. He intended, therefore, that marriage should be nothing more than a mere parenthesis in his life—a kind of asterisk pointing, in a note at the bottom, to this single exception in his general conduct; a *nota bene* to the spirit of a martial man intimating that he had been peaceful only for a while. In truth, he was during the influence of love over him, and up to the very day of his marriage, secretly as blue-moulded as ever for want of a beating. The heroic *penchant* lay snugly latent in his heart, unchecked and unmodified. He flattered himself that he was achieving a capital imposition upon the world at large, that he was actually hoaxing mankind in general, and that such an excellent piece of knavish tranquillity had never been perpetrated before his time.

On the first week after his marriage there chanced to be a fair in the next market-town. Neal, after breakfast, brought forward a bunch of shillelahs, in order to select the best; the wife inquired the purpose of the selection, and Neal declared that he was resolved to have a fight that day, if it were to be had, he said, for "love or money."

"The thruth is," he exclaimed, strutting

with fortitude about the house—"the thruth is that I've done the whole of yez: I'm as blue-mowlded as ever for want of a batin'."

"Don't go," said the wife.

"I *will* go," said Neal, with vehemence; "I'll go if the whole parish was to go to prevint me."

In about another half hour Neal sat down quietly to his business instead of going to the fair.

Much ingenious speculation might be indulged in upon this abrupt termination to the tailor's most formidable resolution, but, for our own part, we will prefer going on with the narrative, leaving the reader at liberty to solve the mystery as he pleases. In the mean time, we say this much: Let those who cannot make it out carry it to their tailor. It is a tailor's mystery, and no one has so good a right to understand it—except, perhaps, a tailor's wife.

At the period of his matrimony Neal had become as plump and as stout as he ever was known to be in his plumpest and stoutest days. He and the schoolmaster had been very intimate about this time, but we know not how it happened that soon afterward he felt a modest, bridelike reluctance in meeting with that afflicted gentleman. As the eve of his union approached he was in the habit, during the schoolmaster's visits to his workshop, of alluding in rather a sarcastic tone, considering the unthriving appearance of his friend, to the increasing lustiness of his person. Nay, he has often leaped up from his lap-board and in the strong spirit of exultation thrust out his leg in attestation of his assertion, slapping it, moreover, with a loud laugh of triumph that sounded like a knell to the happiness of his emaciated acquaint-

ance. The schoolmaster's philosophy, however, unlike his flesh, never departed from him; his usual observation was,

"Neal, we are both receding from the same point: you increase in flesh, whilst I—Heaven help me!—am fast diminishing."

The tailor received these remarks with very boisterous mirth, whilst Mr. O'Connor simply shook his head and looked sadly upon his limbs, now shrouded in a superfluity of garments, somewhat resembling a slender thread of water in a shallow summer stream, nearly wasted away and surrounded by an unproportionate extent of channel.

The fourth month after the marriage arrived. Neal, one day after its close, began to dress himself in his best apparel. Even then, when buttoning his waistcoat, he shook his head after the manner of Mr. O'Connor, and made observations upon the great extent to which it overfolded him.

"Well," thought he, with a sigh, "this waistcoat certainly did fit me to a T; but it's wonderful to think how cloth stretches."

"Neal," said the wife, on perceiving him dressed, "where are you bound for?"

"Faith, for life," replied Neal, with a mitigated swagger; "and I'd as soon, if it had been the will of Provid—"

He paused.

"Where are you going?" asked the wife, a second time.

"Why," he answered, "only to the dance at Jemmy Connolly's. I'll be back early."

"Don't go," said the wife.

"I'll go," said Neal, "if the whole country was to prevint me. Thunder an' lightnin', woman! who am I?" he exclaimed, in a loud but rather infirm voice. "Amn't I Neal Malone, that never met a man who'd fight

him—Neal Malone, that was never beat by man? Why, tare-an'-ounze, woman! Whoo! I'll get enraged some time, an' play the divil! Who's afeard, I say?"

"Don't go," added the wife, a third time, giving Neal a significant look in the face.

In about another half hour Neal sat down quietly to his business instead of going to the dance.

Neal now turned himself, like many a sage in similar circumstances, to philosophy—that is to say, he began to shake his head upon principle, after the manner of the schoolmaster. He would, indeed, have preferred the bottle upon principle, but there was no getting at the bottle except through the wife; and it so happened that by the time it reached him there was little consolation left in it. Neal bore all in silence; for silence, his friend had often told him, was a proof of wisdom.

Soon after this, Neal one evening met Mr. O'Connor by chance upon a plank which crossed a river. This plank was only a foot in breadth, so that no two individuals could pass each other upon it. We cannot find words in which to express the dismay of both on finding that they absolutely glided past one another without collision. Both paused and surveyed each other solemnly, but the astonishment was all on the side of Mr. O'Connor.

"Neal," said the schoolmaster, "by all the household gods, I conjure you to speak, that I may be assured you live."

The ghost of a blush crossed the churchyard visage of the tailor.

"Oh," he exclaimed, "why the divil did you tempt me to marry a wife?"

"Neal," said his friend, "answer me in

the most solemn manner possible; throw into your countenance all the gravity you can assume; speak as if you were under the hands of the hangman, with the rope about your neck; for the question is indeed a trying one which I am about to put. Are you still blue-moulded for want of a beating?"

The tailor collected himself to make a reply; he put one leg out—the very leg which he used to show in triumph to his friend, but, alas! how dwindled! He opened his waistcoat and lapped it round him until he looked like a weasel on its hind legs. He then raised himself up on his tip-toes and in an awful whisper replied,

"No! The divil a bit I'm blue-mowlded for want of a batin'."

The schoolmaster shook his head in his own miserable manner; but, alas! he soon perceived that the tailor was as great an adept at shaking the head as himself. Nay, he saw that there was a calamitous refinement, a delicacy of shake, in the tailor's vibrations which gave to his own nod a very commonplace character.

The next day the tailor took in his clothes, and from time to time continued to adjust them to the dimensions of his shrinking person. The schoolmaster and he, whenever they could steal a moment, met and sympathized together. Mr. O'Connor, however, bore up somewhat better than Neal. The latter was subdued in heart and spirit—thoroughly, completely and intensely vanquished. His features became sharpened by misery, for a termagant wife is the whetstone on which all the calamities of a henpecked husband are painted by the devil. He no longer strutted as he was wont to do; he no longer carried a cudgel as if he wished to

wage a universal battle with mankind. He was now a married man. Sneakingly and with a cowardly crawl did he creep along, as if every step brought him nearer to the gallows. The schoolmaster's march of misery was far slower than Neal's; the latter distanced him. Before three years passed he had shrunk up so much that he could not walk abroad of a windy day without carrying weights in his pockets to keep him firm on the earth, which he once trod with the step of a giant. He again sought the schoolmaster, with whom, indeed, he associated as much as possible; here he felt certain of receiving sympathy. Nor was he disappointed; that worthy but miserable man and Neal often retired beyond the hearing of their respective wives and supported each other by every argument in their power. Often have they been heard in the dusk of evening singing behind a remote hedge that melancholy ditty "Let us both be unhappy together," which rose upon the twilight breeze with a cautious quaver of sorrow truly heartrending and lugubrious.

"Neal," said Mr. O'Connor on one of those occasions, "here is a book which I recommend to your perusal; it is called *The Afflicted Man's Companion*. Try if you cannot glean some consolation out of it."

"Faith," said Neal, "I'm for ever obliged to you, but I don't want it. I've had the afflicted man's companion too long, and divil an atom of consolation I can get out of it. I have one o' them, I tell you, but, be my sowl, I'll not undhertake a pair o' them. The very name's enough for me."

They then separated.

The tailor's *vis vite* must have been powerful, or he would have died. In two years more his friends could not distinguish him

from his own shadow—a circumstance which was of great inconvenience to him. Several grasped at the hand of the shadow instead of his, and one man was near paying it five and sixpence for making a pair of small-clothes. Neal, it is true, undeceived him with some trouble, but candidly admitted that he was not able to carry home the money. It was difficult indeed for the poor tailor to bear what he felt; it is true he bore it as long as he could, but at length he became suicidal, and often had thoughts of "making his own quietus with his bare bodkin." After many deliberations and afflictions he ultimately made the attempt; but, alas! he found that the blood of the Malones refused to flow upon so ignominious an occasion. So he solved the phenomenon, although the truth was that his blood was not "i' the vein" for't; none was to be had. What, then, was to be done? He resolved to get rid of life by some process, and the next that occurred to him was hanging. In a solemn spirit he prepared a selvage and suspended himself from the rafter of his workshop; but here another disappointment awaited him: he would not hang. Such was his want of gravity that his own weight proved insufficient to occasion his death by mere suspension. His third attempt was at drowning, but he was too light to sink. All the elements, all his own energies, joined themselves, he thought, in a wicked conspiracy to save his life. Having thus tried every avenue to destruction, and failed in all, he felt like a man doomed to live for ever. Henceforward he shrunk and shrivelled by slow degrees, until in the course of time he became so attenuated that the grossness of human vision could no longer reach him.

This, however, could not last always. Though

still alive, he was to all intents and purposes imperceptible. He could now only be heard ; he was reduced to a mere essence—the very echo of human existence, *vox et præterea nihil*. It is true the schoolmaster asserted that he occasionally caught passing glimpses of him, but that was because he had been himself nearly spiritualized by affliction and his visual ray purged in the furnace of domestic tribulation. By and by Neal's voice lessened, got fainter and more indistinct, until at length nothing but a doubtful murmur could be heard, which ultimately could scarcely be distinguished from a ringing in the ears.

Such was the awful and mysterious fate of the tailor, who, as a hero, could not, of course, die : he merely dissolved like an icicle, wasted into immateriality, and finally melted away beyond the perception of mortal sense.

Mr. O'Connor is still living, and once more in the fulness of perfect health and strength. His wife, however, we may as well hint, has been dead more than two years.

WILLIAM CARLETON.

A NOBLE REVENGE.

A YOUNG officer—in what army no matter—had so far forgotten himself in a moment of irritation as to strike a private soldier full of personal dignity, as sometimes happens in all ranks, and distinguished for his courage. The inexorable laws of military discipline forbade to the injured soldier any practical redress : he could look for no retaliation by acts. Words only were at his command, and in a tumult of indignation, as he turned away, the soldier said to his officer that he would make him repent it. This,

wearing the shape of a menace, naturally rekindled the officer's anger and intercepted any disposition which might be rising within him toward a sentiment of remorse ; and thus the irritation between the two young men grew hotter than before,

Some weeks after this a partial action took place with the enemy. Suppose yourself a spectator and looking down into a valley occupied by the two armies. They are facing each other, you see, in martial array. But it is no more than a skirmish which is going on, in the course of which, however, an occasion suddenly arises for a desperate service. A redoubt which has fallen into the enemy's hands must be recaptured at any price, and under circumstances of all but hopeless difficulty. A strong party has volunteered for the service. There is a cry for somebody to head them ; you see a soldier step out from the ranks to assume this dangerous leadership. The party moves rapidly forward ; in a few minutes it is swallowed up from your eyes in clouds of smoke. For one half hour, from behind these clouds you receive hieroglyphic reports of bloody strife—fierce repeating signals, flashes from the guns, rolling musketry and exulting hurrahs advancing or receding, slackening or redoubling. At length all is over ; the redoubt has been recovered ; that which was lost is found again ; the jewel which had been made captive is ransomed with blood. Crimsoned with glorious gore, the wreck of the conquering party is relieved and at liberty to return. From the river you see it ascending.

The plume-crested officer in command rushes forward, with his left hand raising his hat in homage to the blackened fragments of what was once a flag, whilst with his right

hand he seizes that of the leader, though no more than a private from the ranks. That perplexes you not, mystery you see none in that; for distinctions of order perish, ranks are confounded, "high" and "low" are words without a meaning, and to wreck goes every notion or feeling that divides the noble from the noble or the brave man from the brave.

But wherefore is it that now, when suddenly they wheel into mutual recognition, suddenly they pause? This soldier, this officer—who are they? O reader, once before they had stood face to face—the soldier that was struck, the officer that struck him. Once again they are meeting, and the gaze of armies is upon them. If for a moment a doubt divides them, in a moment the doubt has perished. Once glance exchanged between them publishes the forgiveness that is sealed for ever.

As one who recovers a brother whom he has accounted dead the officer sprang forward, threw his arms around the neck of the soldier, and kissed him as if he were some martyr glorified by that shadow of death from which he was returning; whilst, on his part, the soldier, stepping back and carrying his open hand through the beautiful motions of the military salute to a superior, makes this immortal answer—that answer which shut up for ever the memory of the indignity offered to him, even while for the last time alluding to it.

"Sir," he said, "I told you before that I would make you repent it."

THOMAS DE QUINCEY.

THE TRUE AND THE FALSE.

WHERE shall the lover rest
Whom the Fates sever

From his true maiden's breast,
Parted for ever?
Where through groves deep and high
Sounds the far billow,
Where early violets die
Under the willow.
Eleu loro,
Soft shall be his pillow.

There, through the summer day,
Cool streams are laving;
There, while the tempests sway,
Scarce are boughs waving;
There thy rest shalt thou take,
Parted for ever,
Never again to wake—
Never, oh never!
Eleu loro,
Never, oh never!

Where shall the traitor rest,
He, the deceiver,
Who could win maiden's breast,
Ruin and leave her?
In the lost battle,
Borne down by the flying,
Where mingles war's rattle
With groans of the dying,
Eleu loro,
There shall he be lying.

Her wing shall the eagle flap
O'er the false-hearted;
His warm blood the wolf shall lap
Ere life be parted;
Shame and dishonor sit
By his grave ever;
Blessing shall hallow it
Never, oh never!
Eleu loro,
Never, oh never!

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

THE MOUNTAIN-MAID.

I FANCY not the rich and gay,
Nor yet the giddy throng :
The one I love is far away,
The mountain-side along.

Her form is unadorned by art :
Fair Nature's child is she ;
She is the dearest to my heart,
And still to death shall be.

Oft her bright eye on me would beam
With an enchanting power
While wandering by the bubbling stream
To pluck the opening flower,

Or by the mountain's grassy side
At evening's close I strayed,
Or roamed the valley far and wide
With my sweet mountain-maid.

And still since then, when pensive gloom
Her veil o'er me would cast,
I think upon that mountain-bloom—
The days with her I passed.

JOSEPH DICKSON.

LIFE'S CHANGES.

BE not proud, but now incline
Your soft ear to discipline.
You have changes in your life—
Sometimes peace, and sometimes strife ;
You have ebbs of face and flowers,
As your health or comes or goes ;
You have hopes and doubts and fears
Numberless as are your hairs ;
You have pulses that do beat
High, and passions less of heat ;
You are young, but must be old ;
And to these, ye must be told,

Time ere long will come and plough
Loathèd furrows in your brow,
And the dimness of your eye
Will no other thing imply
But you must die
As well as I.

ROBERT HERRICK.

THE ARAB'S FAREWELL TO HIS HORSE.

MY beautiful, my beautiful, that standest
meekly by,
With thy proudly arched and glossy neck
and dark and fiery eye !
Fret not to roam the desert now with all thy
wingèd speed ;
I may not mount on thee again : thou'rt sold,
my Arab steed.
Fret not with that impatient hoof, snuff not
the breezy wind ;
The farther that thou fliest now, so far am I
behind ;
The stranger hath thy bridle-rein, thy master
hath his gold.
Fleet-limbed and beautiful, farewell ! Thou'rt
sold, my steed, thou'rt sold !

Farewell ! Those free, untired limbs full
many a mile must roam
To reach the chill and wintry sky that clouds
the stranger's home ;
Some other hand, less fond, must now thy
corn and bed prepare ;
The silky mane I braided once must be
another's care.
The morning sun shall dawn again, but never-
more with thee
Shall I gallop through the desert paths where
we were wont to be ;



MRS. SEYFFERTH, DEL.

A. L. DICK, SC.

The Mountain Maid.

Evening shall darken on the earth, and o'er
the sandy plain
Some other steed with slower step shall bear
me home again.

Yes, thou must go! The wild, free breeze,
the brilliant sun and sky,
Thy master's home,—from all of these my
exiled one must fly;
Thy proud dark eye will grow less proud, thy
step become less fleet,
And vainly shalt thou arch thy neck thy
master's hand to meet.
Only in sleep shall I behold that dark eye
glancing bright—
Only in sleep shall hear again that step so
firm and light;
And when I raise my dreaming arm to check
or cheer thy speed,
Then must I starting wake to feel thou'rt
sold, my Arab steed!

Ah! rudely then, unseen by me, some cruel
hand may chide
Till foam-wreaths lie like crested waves along
thy panting side,
And the rich blood that's in thee swells in
thy indignant pain
Till careless eyes which rest on thee may
count each started vein.
Will they ill-use thee? If I thought— But
no, it cannot be;
Thou art so swift yet easy curbed, so gentle
yet so free:
And yet if, haply, when thou'rt gone, my
lonely heart should yearn,
Can the hand which casts thee from it now
command thee to return?

Return! Alas, my Arab steed! what shall
thy master do
When thou who wast his all of joy hast van-
ished from his view—
When the dim distance cheats mine eyes, and
through the gathering tears
Thy bright form for a moment like the false
mirage appears?
Slow and unmounted shall I roam with weary
step alone
Where with fleet step and joyous bound thou
oft hast borne me on,
And, sitting down by that green well, I'll
pause and sadly think,
"It was here he bowed his glossy neck when
last I saw him drink."

When last I saw thee drink? Away! the
fevered dream is o'er:
I could not live a day and know that we
should meet no more.
They tempted me, my beautiful, for hunger's
power is strong;
They tempted me, my beautiful, but I have
loved too long.
Who said that I had given thee up? Who
said that thou wast sold?
'Tis false, 'tis false, my Arab steed! I fling
them back their gold!
Thus, thus, I leap upon thy back and scour
the distant plains;
Away! who overtakes us now shall claim
thee for his pains.

CAROLINE E. S. NORTON.

I SAW TWO CLOUDS.

I SAW two clouds at morning
Tinged by the rising sun,
And in the dawn they floated on
And mingled into one.

JOHN G. C. BRAINARD.

COUNT CANDESPINA'S STANDARD.*



CARCE were the splintered
lances dropped,
Scarce were the swords
drawn out,
Ere recreant Lara, sick with
fear,
Had wheeled his steed
about.

His courser reared and
plunged and neighed,
Loathing the fight to yield,
But the coward spurred him to the bone
And drove him from the field.

Gonzalez in his stirrups rose :

“ Turn, turn, thou traitor knight !
Thou bold tongue in a lady's bower,
Thou dastard in a fight ! ”

But vainly valiant Gomez cried
Across the waning fray :
Pale Lara and his craven band
To Burgos scoured away.

* “ The king of Aragon now entered Castile by way of Soria and Osma with a powerful army, and, having been met by the queen's forces, both parties encamped near Sepulveda and prepared to give battle. This engagement, called, from the field where it took place, De la Espina, is one of the most famous of that age. The dastardly count of Lara fled at the first shock and joined the queen at Burgos, where she was anxiously awaiting the issue ; but the brave count of Candespina (Gomez Gonzalez) stood his ground to the last and died on the field of battle. His standard-bearer, a gentleman of the house of Olea, after having his horse killed under him and both hands cut off by sabre-strokes, fell beside his master, still clasping the standard in his arms and repeating his war-cry of ‘ Olea ! ’ ”
—*Annals of the Queens of Spain.*

“ Now, by the God above me, sirs,
Better we all were dead
Than a single knight among ye all
Should ride where Lara led !

“ Yet, ye who fear to follow me,
As yon traitor turn and fly ;
For I lead ye not to win a field :
I lead ye forth to die.

“ Olea, plant my standard here—
Here on this little mound ;
Here raise the war-cry of thy house,
Make this our rallying-ground.

“ Forget not, as thou hop'st for grace,
The last care I shall have
Will be to hear thy battle-cry
And see that standard wave.”

Down on the ranks of Aragon
The bold Gonzalez drove,
And Olea raised his battle-cry
And waved the flag above.

Slowly Gonzalez' little band
Gave ground before the foe ;
But not an inch of the field was won
Without a deadly blow,

And not an inch of the field was won
That did not draw a tear
From the widowed wives of Aragon
That fatal news to hear.

Backward and backward Gomez fought,
And high o'er the clashing steel,

Plainer and plainer, rose the cry,
 "Olea for Castile!"

Backward fought Gomez, step by step,
 Till the cry was close at hand,
 Till his dauntless standard shadowed him;
 And there he made his stand.

Mace, sword and axe rang on his mail,
 Yet he moved not where he stood,
 Though each gaping joint of armor ran
 A stream of purple blood.

As, pierced with countless wounds, he fell,
 The standard caught his eye,
 And he smiled, like an infant hushed asleep,
 To hear the battle-cry.

Now one by one the wearied knights
 Have fallen or basely flown,
 And on the mound where his post was fixed
 Olea stood alone.

"Yield up thy banner, gallant knight!
 Thy lord lies on the plain;
 Thy duty has been nobly done;
 I would not see thee slain."

"Spare pity, king of Aragon;
 I would not hear thee lie:
 My lord is looking down from heaven
 To see his standard fly."

"Yield, madman, yield! Thy horse is down;
 Thou hast nor lance nor shield.
 Fly! I will grant thee time."—"This flag
 Can neither fly nor yield."

They girt the standard round about,
 A wall of flashing steel;

But still they heard the battle-cry,
 "Olea for Castile!"

And there against all Aragon,
 Full-armed with lance and brand,
 Olea fought until the sword
 Snapped in his sturdy hand.

Among the foe, with that high scorn
 Which laughs at earthly fears,
 He hurled the broken hilt, and drew
 His dagger on the spears.

They hewed the hauberk from his breast,
 The helmet from his head;
 They hewed the hands from off his limbs:
 From every vein he bled.

Clasping the standard to his heart,
 He raised one dying peal,
 That rang as if a trumpet blew:
 "Olea for Castile!"

GEORGE H. BOKER.

THE ENGINEER'S STORY.

WE were driving the down express—
 Will at the steam, I at the coal;
 Over the valleys and villages,
 Over the marshes and coppices,
 Over the river, deep and broad,
 Through the mountain, under the road,
 Flying along, tearing along,
 Thunderbolt engine, swift and strong,
 Fifty tons she was, whole and sole.

I had been promoted to the express:
 I warrant you I was proud and gay.
 It was the evening that ended May,
 And the sky was a glory of tenderness.

We were thundering down to a midland town :

It makes no matter about the name,
For we never stopped there, or anywhere
For a dozen of miles on either side ;
So it's all the same.

Just there you slide,
With your steam shut off and your brakes in hand,
Down the steepest and longest grade in the land

At a pace that I promise you is grand.
We were just there with the express,
When I caught sight of a muslin dress
On the bank ahead, and as we passed—
You have no notion of how fast—
A girl shrank back from our baleful blast.

We were going a mile and a quarter a minute

With vans and carriages down the incline,
But I saw her face and the sunshine in it ;
I looked in her eyes and she looked in mine
As the train went by like a shot from a mortar,

A roaring hell-breath of dust and smoke ;
And I mused for a minute and then awoke,
And she was behind us—a mile and a quarter.

And the years went on, and the express
Leaped in her black resistlessness,
Evening by evening, England through.
Will—God rest him!—was found a mash
Of bleeding rags in a fearful smash

He made with a Christmas train at Crewe.
It chanced I was ill the night of the mess,
Or I shouldn't now be here alive,
But thereafter the five-o'clock out-express
Evening by evening I used to drive,

And I often saw her—that lady, I mean,
That I spoke of before. She often stood
Atop o' the bank : it was pretty high—
Say twenty feet—and backed by a wood.

She would pick the daisies out of the green
To fling down at us as we went by.
We had got to be friends, that girl and I,
Though I was a rugged, stalwart chap,
And she a lady. I'd lift my cap,
Evening by evening, when I'd spy
That she was there, in the summer air,
Watching the sun sink out of the sky.

Oh, I didn't see her every night—

Bless you, no!—just now and then,
And not at all for a twelvemonth quite.

Then, one evening, I saw her again,
Alone, as ever, but deadly pale,
And down on the line, on the very rail,
While a light as of hell from our wild
wheels broke,
Tearing down the slope with their devilish
clamors

And deafening din, as of giants' hammers
That smote in a whirlwind of dust and
smoke

All the instant or so that we sped to meet
her.

Never—oh, never—had she seemed sweeter.
I let yell the whistle, reversing the stroke
Down that awful incline, and signalled the
guard

To put on his brakes at once, and hard,
Though we couldn't have stopped. We tattered the rail

Into splinters and sparks, but without avail.

We couldn't stop, and she wouldn't stir,
Saying to turn us her eyes and stretch
Her arms to us ; and the desperate wretch
I pitied, comprehending her,

So the brakes let off, and, the steam full again,
Sprang down on the lady the terrible train.
She never flinched. We beat her down
And ran on through the lighted length of the
town

Before we could stop to see what was done.

Oh, I've run over more than one—
Dozens of 'em, to be sure—but none
That I pitied as I pitied her.
If I could have stopped, with all the spur
Of the train's weight on, and cannily—
But it wouldn't do with a lad like me
And she a lady, or had been. Sir?
Who was she? Best say no more of her.
The world is hard, but I'm her friend—
Staunch, sir—down to the world's end.
It is a curl of her sunny hair
Set in this locket that I wear.
I picked it off the big wheel there.—
Time's up, Jack.—Stand clear, sir. Yes;
We're going out with the express.

W. WILKINS.

PURSUITS OF MEN.

FROM THE LATIN OF VIRGIL.

SOME with bold labor plough the faithless
main,
Some rougher storms in princes' courts sus-
tain;
Some swell up their slight sails with popular
fame,
Charmed with the foolish whistlings of a
name;
Some their vain wealth to earth again com-
mit;
With endless cares some brooding o'er it sit;
Country and friends are by some wretches sold
To lie on Tyrian beds and drink in gold;

No price too high for profit can be shown—
Not brothers' blood, nor hazards of their own;
Around the world in search of it they roam;
It makes even their antipodes their home.
Meanwhile, the prudent husbandman is found
In mutual duties striving with his ground,
And half the year he care of that does take
That half the year grateful returns does make.

Translation of ABRAHAM COWLEY

OH, TELL ME NOT OF LOFTY FATE.

OH, tell me not of lofty fate,
Of glory's deathless name:
The bosom love leaves desolate
Has naught to do with fame.

Vainly philosophy would soar;
Love's height it may not reach;
The heart soon learns a sweeter lore
Than ever sage could teach.

The cup may bear a poisoned draught,
The altar may be cold,
But yet the chalice will be quaffed,
The shrine sought, as of old.

Man's sterner nature turns away
To seek ambition's goal;
Wealth's glittering gifts and pleasure's ray
May charm his weary soul;

But woman knows one only dream:
That broken, all is o'er;
For on life's dark and sluggish stream
Hope's sunbeam rests no more.

EMMA C. EMBURY.

INCIDENTS IN THE LIFE OF WILLIAM COBBETT.

PARENTAGE AND YOUTH.



WITH respect to my ancestors, I shall go no farther back than my grandfather, and for this plain reason—that I never heard talk of any prior to him. He was a day-laborer, and I have heard my father say that he worked for one farmer from the day of his marriage to that of his death—upward of forty years. He died before I was born, but I have often slept beneath the same roof that had sheltered him, and where his widow dwelt for several years after his death. It was a little thatched cottage with a garden before the door. It had but two windows; a damson tree shaded one, and a clump of filberts the other. Here I and my brothers went every Christmas and Whitsuntide to spend a week or two and torment the poor old woman with our noise and dilapidations. She used to give us milk and bread for breakfast, an apple-pudding for our dinner and a piece of bread and cheese for supper. Her fire was made of turf cut from the neighboring heath, and her evening light was a rush dipped in grease.

My father, when I was born, was a farmer. The reader will easily believe, from the poverty of his parents, that he had received no very brilliant education; he was, however, learned for a man in his rank of life. When a little boy, he drove the plough for two-

pence a day, and these his earnings were appropriated to the expenses of an evening-school. What a village schoolmaster could be expected to teach he had learned, and had, besides, considerably improved himself in several branches of the mathematics. He understood land-surveying well, and was often chosen to draw the plans of disputed territory. In short, he had the reputation of possessing experience and understanding, which never fails in England to give a man in a country-place some little weight with his neighbors. He was honest, industrious and frugal; it was not, therefore, wonderful that he should be situated in a good farm and happy in a wife of his own rank, like him beloved and respected.

A father like ours, it will be readily supposed, did not suffer us to eat the bread of idleness. I do not remember the time when I did not earn my living. My first occupation was driving the small birds from the turnip-seed and the rooks from the pease. When I first trudged afield with my wooden bottle and my satchel swung over my shoulders, I was hardly able to climb the gates and stiles, and at the close of the day to reach home was a task of infinite difficulty. My next employment was weeding wheat and leading a single horse at harrowing barley. Hoeing pease followed, and hence I arrived at the honor of joining the reapers in harvest, driving the team and holding the plough. We were all of us strong and laborious, and my father used to boast that he had four

boys, the eldest of whom was but fifteen years old, who did as much work as any three men in the parish of Farnham. Honest pride and happy days! I have some faint recollection of going to school to an old woman, who, I believe, did not succeed in learning me my letters. In the winter evenings my father learned us all to read and write and gave us a pretty tolerable knowledge of arithmetic. Grammar he did not perfectly understand himself, and therefore his endeavors to learn us that necessarily failed; for though he thought he understood it, and though he made us get the rules by heart, we learned nothing at all of the principles.

AMERICAN REVOLUTIONARY WAR.

As to politics, we were like the rest of the country-people in England—that is to say, we neither knew nor thought anything about the matter. The shouts of victory or the murmurs at a defeat would now and then break in upon our tranquillity for a moment, but I do not remember ever having seen a newspaper in the house; and most certainly that privation did not render us less industrious, happy or free. After, however, the American war had continued for some time, and the cause and nature of it began to be understood, or rather misunderstood, by the lower classes of the people in England, we became a little better acquainted with subjects of this kind. It is well known that the people were, as to numbers, nearly equally divided in their opinions concerning that war and their wishes respecting the result of it. My father was a partisan of the Americans; he used frequently to dispute on the subject with the gardener of a nobleman who

lived near us. This was generally done with good humor over a pot of our best ale, yet the disputants sometimes grew warm and gave way to language that could not fail to attract our attention. My father was worsted, without doubt, for he had for an antagonist a shrewd and sensible old Scotchman far his superior in political knowledge; but he pleaded before a partial audience: we thought there was but one wise man in the world, and that that one was our father.

PURCHASES THE "TALE OF A TUB."

At eleven years of age my employment was clipping of box-edgings and weeding beds of flowers in the garden of the bishop of Winchester, at the castle of Farnham. I had always been fond of beautiful gardens, and the gardener, who had just come from the king's gardens at Kew, gave such a description of them as made me instantly resolve to work in these gardens. The next morning, without saying a word to any one, off I set, with no clothes except those upon my back, and with thirteen halfpence in my pocket. I found that I must go to Richmond, and I accordingly went from place to place, inquiring my way thither. A long day—it was in June—brought me to Richmond in the afternoon. Two pennyworth of bread and cheese and a pennyworth of small beer, which I had on the road, and a halfpenny which I had lost somehow or other, left threepence in my pocket. With this for my whole fortune, I was trudging through Richmond in my blue smock-frock and my red garters tied under my knees, when, staring about me, my eye fell upon a little book in a bookseller's window, on the outside of which was written: "*Tale of a Tub*. Price,

3d." The title was so odd that my curiosity was excited. I had the threepence, but then I could have no supper. In I went and got the little book, which I was so impatient to read that I got over into a field at the upper corner of Kew Gardens, where there stood a haystack; on the shady side of this I sat down to read. The book was so different from anything that I had read before, it was something so new to my mind, that, though I could not at all understand some of it, it delighted me beyond description, and it produced what I have always considered a birth of intellect. I read on till it was dark, without any thought about supper or bed. When I could see no longer, I put my little book in my pocket and tumbled down by the side of the stack, where I slept till the birds in Kew Gardens awaked me in the morning, when off I started to Kew reading my little book. The singularity of my dress, the simplicity of my manner, my confident and lively air, and, doubtless, his own compassion besides, induced the gardener, who was a Scotchman, to give me victuals, find me lodging and set me to work. And it was during the period that I was at Kew that the present king (George IV.) and two of his brothers laughed at the oddness of my dress while I was sweeping the grass-plot round the foot of the pagoda. The gardener, seeing me fond of books, lent me some gardening-books to read, but these I could not relish after my *Tale of a Tub*, which I carried about with me wherever I went; and when I, at about twenty years old, lost it in a box that fell overboard in the Bay of Fundy, in North America, the loss gave me greater pain than I have ever felt at losing thousands of pounds. This circumstance, trifling

as it was, and childish as it may seem to relate it, has always endeared the recollection of Kew to me.

HIS FIRST VIEW OF SHIPS.

The grand fleet was riding at anchor at Spithead. I had heard of the wooden walls of Old England; I had formed my ideas of a ship and of a fleet; but what I now beheld so far surpassed what I had ever been able to form a conception of that I stood lost between astonishment and admiration. I had heard talk of the glorious deeds of our admirals and sailors, of the defeat of the Spanish Armada, and of all those memorable combats that good and true Englishmen never fail to relate to their children about a hundred times a year. The brave Rodney's victories over our natural enemies, the French and Spaniards, had been the theme of our praise and the burden of our songs. [This was written in 1796.] My heart was inflated with national pride. The sailors were my countrymen, the fleet belonged to my country, and surely I had my part in it and in all its honors; yet these honors I had not earned. I took to myself a sort of reproach for possessing what I had no right to, and resolved to have a just claim by sharing in the hardships and dangers.

A LAWYER'S CLERK AT GRAY'S INN.

No part of my life has been totally unattended with pleasure except the eight or nine months I passed in Gray's Inn. The office—for so the dungeon where I wrote was called—was so dark that on cloudy days we were obliged to burn candles. I worked like a galley-slave from five in the morning till eight or nine at night, and sometimes all

night long. How many quarrels have I assisted to foment and perpetuate between those poor innocent fellows John Doe and Richard Roe! How many times—God forgive me!—have I set them to assault each other with guns, swords, staves and pitchforks, and then brought them to answer for their misdeeds before our sovereign lord the king, seated in his court of Westminster! When I think of the saids and soforths and the counts of tautology that I scribbled over, when I think of those sheets of seventy-two words and those lines two inches apart, my brain turns. Gracious Heaven! if I am doomed to be wretched, bury me beneath Iceland snows and let me feed on blubber; stretch me under the burning line and deny me thy propitious dew; but save me from the desk of an attorney.

COURTSHIP AND MARRIAGE.

When I first saw my wife, she was thirteen years old and I was within a month of twenty-one. She was the daughter of a sergeant-major of artillery and I was the sergeant-major of a regiment of foot, both stationed in forts near the city of St. John, in the province of New Brunswick. I sat in the same room with her for about an hour, in company with others, and I made up my mind that she was the very girl for me. That I thought her beautiful is certain, for that I had always said should be an indispensable qualification; but I saw in her what I deemed marks of that sobriety of conduct of which I have said so much, and which has been by far the greatest blessing of my life. It was now dead of winter, and of course the snow several feet deep on the ground and the weather piercing cold. It

was my habit, when I had done my morning's writing, to go out at break of day to take a walk on a hill at the foot of which our barracks lay. In about three mornings after I had first seen her I had by an invitation to breakfast got up two young men to join me in my walk, and our road lay by the house of her father and mother. It was hardly light, but she was out on the snow scrubbing out a washing-tub. "That's the girl for me," said I when we had got out of her hearing. One of these young men came to England soon afterward, and he who kept an inn in Yorkshire came over to Preston at the time of the election to verify whether I was the same man. When he found that I was, he appeared surprised; but what was his surprise when I told him that those tall young men whom he saw around me were the sons of that pretty little girl that he and I saw scrubbing out the washing-tub on the snow in New Brunswick at daybreak in the morning! •

From the day that I first spoke to her I never had a thought of her ever being the wife of any other man, more than I had a thought of her being transformed into a chest of drawers, and I formed my resolution at once to marry her as soon as we could get permission and to get out of the army as soon as I could; so that this matter was at once settled as firmly as if written in the book of Fate. At the end of about six months my regiment, and I along with it, were removed to Frederickton—a distance of one hundred miles up the river St. John—and, which was worse, the artillery were expected to go off a year or two before our regiment. The artillery went, and she along with them; and now it was that I acted a part

becoming a real and sensible lover. I was aware that when she got to that gay place Woolwich, the house of her father and mother, necessarily visited by numerous persons not the most select, might become unpleasant to her, and I did not like, besides, that she should continue to work hard. I had saved one hundred and fifty guineas, the earnings of my early hours in writing for the paymaster, the quartermaster, and others, in addition to the savings of my own pay. I sent her all my money before she sailed, and wrote to her to beg of her if she found her home uncomfortable to hire a lodging with respectable people, and, at any rate, not to spare the money by any means, but to buy herself good clothes and to live without hard work until I arrived in England; and I, in order to induce her to lay out the money, told her that I should get plenty more before I came home.

We were kept abroad two years later than our time, Mr. Pitt—England not being then so tame as she is now—having knocked up a dust with Spain about Nootka Sound. Oh how I cursed Nootka Sound! and poor bawling Pitt too, I am afraid. At the end of four years, however, home I came, landed at Portsmouth and got my discharge from the army by the great kindness of poor Lord Edward Fitzgerald, who was then the major of my regiment. I found my little girl a servant-of-all-work—and hard work it was—in the house of a Captain Brisac, and without hardly saying a word about the matter she put into my hands the whole of my one hundred and fifty guineas unbroken. Need I tell the reader what my feelings were? Need I tell kind-hearted English parents what effect this anecdote must have

produced on the minds of our children? Need I attempt to describe what effect this example ought to have on every young woman who shall do me the honor to read this book? Admiration of her conduct and self-gratulation on this indubitable proof of the soundness of my own judgment were now added to my love of her beautiful person.

Now, I do not say that there are not many young women of this country who would, under similar circumstances, have acted as my wife did in this case; on the contrary, I hope, and sincerely do believe, that there are. But when her age is considered; when we reflect that she was living in a place crowded—literally crowded—with gayly-dressed and handsome young men, many of whom really were far richer and in higher rank than I was and scores of them ready to offer her their hand; when we reflect that she was living amongst young women who put upon their backs every shilling that they could come at; when we see her keeping the bag of gold untouched and working hard to provide herself with but mere necessary apparel, and doing all this while she was passing from fourteen to eighteen years of age; when we view the whole of the circumstances,—we must say that here is an example which, while it reflects honor on her sex, ought to have weight with every young woman whose eyes or ears this relation shall reach.

HIS RESIDENCE IN PHILADELPHIA, PENNA., IN THE OLDEN TIME.

Never in my whole life did I live in a house so clean, in such trim order, and never have I eaten or drunk or slept or dressed in a manner so perfectly to my taste, as I did

then. I had a great deal of business to attend to that took me a great part of the day from home; but whenever I could spare a minute from business, the child was in my arms. I rendered the mother's labor as light as I could; any bit of food satisfied me. When watching was necessary, we shared it between us; that famous grammar for teaching French people English—which has been for thirty years, and still is, the great work of the kind throughout all America and in every nation in Europe—was written by me in hours not employed in business, and in great part during my share of the night-watchings over a sick, and then only, child, who, after lingering many months, died in my arms. This was the way that we went on; this was the way that we began our married life.

WILLIAM COBBETT.

DEDICATION OF "THE DREAM."

TO THE DUCHESS OF SUTHERLAND.

ONCE more, my harp, once more! Although I thought

Never to wake thy silent strings again,
A soothing dream thy gentle chords have wrought,

And my sad heart, which long hath dwelt in pain,
Soars like a wild bird from a cypress-bough
Into the poet's heaven, and leaves dull grief below.

And unto thee, the beautiful and pure,
Whose lot is cast amid that busy world
Where only sluggish Dulness dwells secure
And Fancy's generous wing is faintly furled,

To thee, whose friendship kept its equal truth
Through the most dreary hour of my embittered youth,—

I dedicate the lay. Ah! never bard

In days when Poverty was twin with Song,
Nor wandering harper, lonely and ill-starred,

Cheered by some castle's chief and harbored long,

Not Scott's Last Minstrel in his trembling lays,

Woke with a warmer heart the earnest meed of praise.

For easy are the alms the rich man spares

To sons of Genius by misfortune bent,
But thou gavest me what woman seldom dares—

Belief, in spite of many a cold dissent,
When, slandered and maligned, I stood apart
From those whose bounded power hath wrung,
not crushed, my heart.

Then, then, when cowards lied away my name

And scoffed to see me feebly stem the tide,
When some were kind on whom I had no claim,

And some forsook on whom my love relied,
And some who might have battled for my sake

Stood off in doubt to see what turn "the world" would take,—

Thou gavest me that the poor do give the poor—

Kind words and holy wishes and true tears;



Sir Thomas Lawrence, pinx.

J.A. Deane sculp.

Dutchess of Sutherland.

The loved, the near of kin, could do no more,
 Who changed not with the gloom of vary-
 ing years,
 But clung the closer when I stood forlorn,
 And blunted Slander's dart with their indig-
 nant scorn.

For they who credit crime are they who feel
 Their own hearts weak to unresisted sin ;
 Mem'ry, not judgment, prompts the thoughts
 which steal
 O'er minds like these an easy faith to win,
 And tales of broken truth are still believed
 Most readily by those who have themselves
 deceived.

But like a white swan down a troubled
 stream,
 Whose ruffling pinion hath the power to
 fling
 Aside the turbid drops which darkly gleam
 And mar the freshness of her snowy wing,
 So thou, with queenly grace and gentle pride,
 Along the world's dark waves in purity dost
 glide.

Thy pale and pearly cheek was never made
 To crimson with a faint, false-hearted
 shame ;
 Thou didst not shrink, of bitter tongues
 afraid,
 Who hunt in packs the object of their
 blame ;
 To thee the sad denial still held true,
 For from thine own good thoughts thy heart
 its mercy drew.

And though my faint and tributary rhymes
 Add nothing to the glory of thy day,

Yet every poet hopes that after-times
 Shall set some value on his votive lay,
 And I would fain one gentle deed record
 Among the many such with which thy life
 is stored.

So, when these lines, made in a mournful
 hour,
 Are idly opened to the stranger's eye,
 A dream of thee, aroused by Fancy's power,
 Shall be the first to wander floating by,
 And they who never saw thy lovely face
 Shall pause to conjure up a vision of its grace.
CAROLINE E. S. NORTON.

A HUNDRED YEARS TO COME.

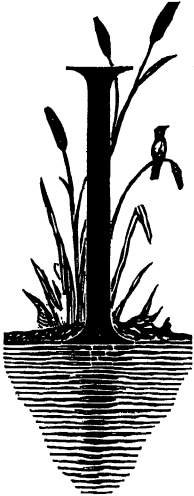
WHO'LL press for gold this crowded
 street,
 A hundred years to come ?
 Who'll tread yon church with willing feet,
 A hundred years to come ?
 Pale, trembling age and fiery youth,
 And childhood with his brow of truth,
 The rich and poor, on land, on sea,—
 Where will the mighty millions be
 A hundred years to come ?

We all within our graves shall sleep,
 A hundred years to come ;
 No living soul for us will weep,
 A hundred years to come.
 But other men our land will till,
 And others then our streets will fill,
 And other words will sing as gay,
 And bright the sunshine as to-day,
 A hundred years to come.

WILLIAM GOLDSMITH BROWN.

WHAT IS POETRY?

FROM RECOLLECTIONS OF A BUSY LIFE.



UNDERSTAND by poetry that mode of expression or averment that lifts the soul above the region of mere sense—which reaches beyond the merely physical or mechanical aspects of the truth affirmed and apprehends that truth in its universal character and all-pervading relations, so that our own natures are exalted or purified

by its contemplation.

For instance, I affirm that the creation was a wondrous, beneficent work which all intelligent moral beings cognizant thereof must have regarded with admiration, but that the plans and purposes of God are entirely above the comprehension of man: that is plain prose. Now let us see a poetic statement of that same truth, and mark its immensely superior vividness and force:

“Then the Lord answered Job out of a whirlwind, and said,
Where wast thou when I laid the foundations of the earth?
Declare, if thou hast understanding!
Who hath laid the measures thereof? If thou knowest?
Or who hath stretched the line upon it?
Whereupon are the foundations thereof fastened?
Or who laid the corner-stone thereof,
When the morning stars sang together,
And all the sons of God shouted for joy?”

Or I am impelled to observe that the creations of the mind, unlike all corporeal existences, are essentially indestructible, and

so fitted to abide and exert influence for ever: that is a prosaic statement of an obvious fact. Let us note how Byron presents it in poetry:

“The beings of the mind are not of clay;
Essentially immortal, they create
And multiply in us a brighter ray;
And more beloved existence—that which Fate
Prohibits to dull life in this our state
Of mortal bondage—by these spirits supplied,
First exiles, then replaces, what we hate,
Watering the hearts whose early flowers have died,
And with a greener growth replenishing the void.”

Or I observe that the midnight thunder during a violent summer tempest is echoed from mountain-top to mountain-top, forming a chorus of awful sublimity; but the poet seizes the thought and fuses it in the glowing alembic of his numbers thus:

“Far along,
From crag to crag, the rattling peaks among,
Leaps the live thunder—not from one lone cloud,
But *every* mountain now hath found a tongue;
And Jura answers, through his misty shroud,
Back to the joyous Alps, that call to her aloud.”

Such instances speak more clearly than the plainest or the subtlest definitions. They show that to the poetic conception Nature is no huge aggregation of senseless matter warmed into fitful vitality by sunbeams only to die and be resolved into its elements, but a living, conscious, vital universe quivering with deathless aspiration because animated by the breath of God.

Nor must we regard poetry merely as an *intellectual* achievement—a trophy of human genius, an utterance from the heart of Nature fitted to solace its votaries and strengthen them for the battle of life. Poetry is essentially, inevitably, the friend of virtue and merit, the foe of oppression and wrong, the champion of justice and freedom. Wherever the good suffer from the machinations and malevolence of the evil, wherever vice riots or corruption festers or tyranny afflicts and degrades, there Poetry is heard as an accusing angel, and her breath sounds the trump of impending doom. She cannot be suborned nor perverted to the service of the powers of darkness: a Dante or a Körner lured or bribed to sing the praises of a despot or glorify the achievements of an Alva or a Cortes could only stammer out feeble, halting stanzas, which mankind would first despise, then compassionately forget. But to the patriot in his exile, the slave in his unjust bondage, the martyr at the stake, the voice of Poetry comes freighted with hope and cheer, giving assurance that, while evil is but for a moment, good is for ever and ever; that all the forces of the universe are at last on the side of justice; that the seeming triumphs of iniquity are but a mirage divinely permitted to test our virtue and our faith; and that all things work together to fulfil the counsels and establish the kingdom of the all-seeing and omnipotent God.

HORACE GREELEY.

WOMEN.

TO the disgrace of men, it is seen that there are women both more wise to judge what evil is expected, and more constant to bear it when it is happened.

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY.

DUTY OF A MINORITY IN A STATE OF WAR.

FROM A SPEECH DELIVERED IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES, FEBRUARY 25, 1814.

HOW far the minority, in a state of war, may justly oppose the measures of government is a question of the greatest delicacy. On the one side, an honest man, if he believe the war to be unjust or unwise, will not disavow his opinion. But, on the other hand, an upright citizen will do no act, whatever he may think of the war, to put his country in the power of the enemy. It is this double aspect of the subject which indicates the course that reason approves. Among ourselves, at home, we may contend; but, whatever may be requisite to give the reputation and arms of the republic a superiority over its enemy, it is the duty of all—the minority no less than the majority—to support. Like the system of our State and general governments—within they are many, to the world but one—so it ought to be with parties: among ourselves we may divide, but in relation to other nations there ought to be only the American people. In some cases it may possibly be doubtful, even to the most conscientious, how to act. This is one of the misfortunes of differing from the rest of the community on the subject of war. Government can command the arm and hand, the bone and muscle, of the nation; but these are powerless, nerveless, without the concurring good wishes of the community. He who, in estimating the strength of a people, looks only to their numbers and physical force, leaves out of the reckoning the most material elements of power—union and zeal. Without these the former

is inert matter; without these a free people is degraded to the miserable rabble of a despotism; but with these they are irresistible.

JOHN C. CALHOUN.

CONJUGAL LOVE.

I READ of the emperor Conrad the Third
As pleasing a story as ever I heard;
As it may not have happened to come in
your way,
Perhaps you'll allow me to tell it to-day.

"The city of Wensburg I mean to besiege,"
He said; and his soldiers said, "Do you, my
liege?

We are all at your service; command, we
obey."

So "blockade and bombard" was the rule of
the day.

I can't avoid saying I think it a pity
A king should seek fame by destroying a
city;

What a very small portion of glory he shares!
And how it deranges the city's affairs!

Think of peaceable citizens all at their duties,
Their wives at their needlework (bless 'em!
the beauties!),

To be frightened and have the house broken
to bits,

And, maybe, the little ones thrown into fits,

For the purpose of raising an emperor's fame!
I hope 'tis no treason to say, "It's a shame."

You will pardon, I trust, this parenthesis
long,

But one cannot be silent when people do
wrong.

The firing continued, the famine began;
For all had good appetites there to a man,
And, because of the noise, as they slept not a
wink,

They had more time remaining to eat and to
drink.

That Conrad would conquer, the ladies knew
then,

For the women oft see twice as far as the
men;

So their tongues and their heads then to-
gether they laid,

And an active and eloquent senate they made.

They remained full two hours in close con-
sultation,

And during the whole of their confabulation
No noise did they hear of ram, mortar or
ball:

Could it be the fair council was louder than
all?

No, bless their kind hearts! not a word let
us hear

Against ladies whose memories all must
revere;

These excellent women, my story will show,
All talked to some purpose (most women do
so).

To Conrad they sent a well-written petition
To beg him to pity their hapless condition;
Their city (and welcome) to take and to sack,
So each lady pass free—with a load on her
back.

"Yes, dear little creatures," the emperor
said;

"To be sure: let each load both her back
and her head.

The contents of their bandboxes cannot be
much ;
Let them take what they will : not a thing
will I touch ;
They may take their whole wardrobe, and
welcome, for me ;
All shall pass unmolested. I sign the de-
cree."

In beautiful order, the army, arrayed
In two lines, a magnificent spectacle made ;
Impatient, the emperor cried out, " Who
waits ?
A flourish of trumpets, and open the gates !"

The gates were thrown wide ; the procession
began—
Five hundred fair ladies, each bearing a
man :
'Twas her husband, her person thus proud to
bedeck,
With his arms—where they ought to be—
round his wife's neck.

'Tis said that the emperor, melted to tears
At the sight of these ladies thus saving their
dears,
Relinquished his spoils, spared the citizens'
lives,
And pardoned the men for the sake of their
wives.

My story is finished ; I must not im-
pair
The beautiful truth 'tis intended to bear—
That the " wealth of the mind " is all other
above,
And the richest of treasures is conjugal love.

R. S. SHARPE.

KIT CARSON'S RIDE.

RUN? Now, you bet you, I rather guess
so !

But's he's as blind as a badger.—Whoa,
Paché boy, whoa !—

No, you wouldn't believe it, to look at his
eyes,

But he is badger-blind, and it happened this
wise.

We lay in the grasses and the sunburnt clover
That spread on the ground like a great brown
cover

Northward and southward, and west and
away

To the Brazos, to where our lodges lay—
One broad and unbroken sea of brown,
Awaiting the curtains of night to come down
To cover us over and conceal our flight
With my brown bride, won from an Indian
town

That lay in the rear the full ride of a night.

We lounged in the grasses ; her eyes were in
mine,

And her hands on my knee, and her hair was
as wine

In its wealth and its flood, pouring on and
all over

Her bosom wine-red, and pressed never by
one ;

And her touch was as warm as the tinge of
the clover

Burnt brown as it reached to the kiss of the
sun ;

And her words were as low as the lute-
throated dove,

And as laden with love as the heart when it
beats



Painted by J. Northcote. R.A.

Engraved by Edw. Smith.

The Prairie Bride.

In its hot eager answer to earliest love,
Or the bee hurried home by its burden of
sweets.

We lay low in the grass on the broad plain
levels,
Old Revels and I and my stolen brown bride,
And the heavens of blue and the harvest of
brown

And beautiful clover were welded as one,
To the right and the left, in the light of the
sun.

"Forty full miles, if a foot to ride—
Forty full miles, if a foot; and the devils
Of red Camanches are hot on the track
When once they strike it. Let the sun go
down

Soon, very soon," muttered bearded old Revels
As he peered at the sun, lying low on his
back,

Holding fast to his lasso. Then he jerked at
his steed,

And he sprang to his feet and glanced swiftly
around,

And then dropped as if shot, with his ear to
the ground;

Then again to his feet, and to me, to my
bride,

While his eyes were like fire, his face like a
shroud,

His form like a king, and his beard like a
cloud,

And his voice loud and shrill, as if blown
from a reed:

"Pull! pull in your lassos and bridle to steed,
And speed you if ever for life you would
speed,

And ride for your lives: for your lives you
must ride,

For the plain is aflame, the prairie on fire,

And feet of wild horses hard flying before
I hear like a sea breaking high on the shore,
While the buffalo come like a surge of the
sea,

Driven far by the flame, driving fast on us
three
As a hurricane comes, crushing palms in his
ire."

We drew in the lassos, seized saddle and rein,
Threw them on, sinched them on, sinched
them over again,

And again drew the girth, cast aside the
macheers,

Cut away tapidaros, loosed the sash from its
fold,

Cast aside the catenas red-spangled with gold,
And gold-mounted Colts—the companions of
years—

Cast the silken serapes to the wind in a
breath,

And so, bared to the skin, sprang all haste to
the horse—

As bare as when born, as when new from the
hand

Of God—without word, or one word of com-
mand.

Turned head to the Brazos in a red race with
death;

Turned head to the Brazos with a breath in
the hair

Blowing hot from a king leaving death in his
course;

Turned head to the Brazos with a sound in
the air

Like the rush of an army, and a flash in the
eye

Of a red wall of fire reaching up to the sky,
Stretching fierce in pursuit of a black rolling
sea

Rushing fast upon us, as the wind sweeping
free

And afar from the desert blew hollow and
hoarse.

Not a word, not a wail, from a lip was let
fall ;

Not a kiss from my bride, not a look nor low
call

Of love-note or courage ; but on o'er the plain
So steady and still, leaning low to the mane,
With the heel to the flank and the hand to
the rein,

Rode we on, rode we three, rode we nose and
gray nose,

Reaching long, breathing loud, as a creviced
wind blows ;

Yet we broke not a whisper, we breathed not
a prayer :

There was work to be done, there was death
in the air,

And the chance was as one to a thousand for
all.

Gray nose to gray nose, and each steady
mustang

Stretched neck and stretched nerve till the
arid earth rang,

And the foam from the flank and the croup
and the neck

Flew around like the spray on a storm-driven
deck.

Twenty miles ! Thirty miles ! A dim dis-
tant speck,

Then a long-reaching line, and the Brazos in
sight,

And I rose in my seat with a shout of delight.
I stood in my stirrup and looked to my right,
But Revels was gone. I glanced by my
shoulder

And saw his horse stagger ; I saw his head
drooping

Hard down on his breast, and his naked
breast stooping

Low down to the mane, as so swifter and
bolder

Ran reaching out for us the red-footed fire.

To right and to left the black buffalo came,

A terrible surf on a red sea of flame,

Rushing on in the rear, reaching high, reach-
ing higher,

And he rode neck to neck to a buffalo bull,

The monarch of millions, with shaggy mane
full

Of smoke and of dust, and it shook with
desire

Of battle, with rage and with bellowings
loud

And unearthly, and up through its lowering
cloud

Came the flash of his eyes like a half-hidden
fire,

While his keen crooked horns, through the
storm of his mane,

Like black lances lifted and lifted again ;

And I looked but this once, for the fire
licked through,

And he fell and was lost as we rode two and
two.

I looked to my left then, and nose, neck and
shoulder

Sank slowly, sank surely, till back to my
thighs,

And up through the black blowing veil of
her hair

Did beam full in mine her two marvellous
eyes

With a longing and love, yet a look of de-
spair

And of pity for me as she felt the smoke
fold her,
And flames reaching far for her glorious hair.
Her sinking steed faltered; his eager ears fell
To and fro and unsteady, and all the neck's
swell
Did subside and recede and the nerves fall
as dead.
Then she saw sturdy Paché still lorded his
head,
With a look of delight; for nor courage nor
bribe,
Nor naught but my bride, could have brought
him to me.
For he was her father's, and at South Santafee
Had once won a whole herd, sweeping every-
thing down
In a race where the world came to run for
the crown.
And so, when I won the true heart of my
bride—
My neighbor's and deadliest enemy's child,
And child of the kingly war-chief of his
tribe—
She brought me this steed to the border the
night
She met Revels and me in her perilous flight
From the lodge of the chief to the North
Brazos side,
And said, so half guessing of ill as she smiled,
As if jesting, that I, and I only, should ride
The fleet-footed Paché, so if kin should pur-
sue
I should surely escape without other ado
Than to ride, without blood, to the North
Brazos side,
And await her, and wait till the next hollow
moon
Hung her horn in the palms, when surely
and soon

And swift she would join me, and all would
be well
Without bloodshed or word. And now, as
she fell
From the front and went down in the ocean
of fire,
The last that I saw was a look of delight
That I should escape—a love, a desire,
Yet never a word, not one look of appeal,
Lest I should reach hand, should stay hand
or stay heel
One instant for her in my terrible flight.

Then the rushing of fire around me and
under,
And the howling of beasts and a sound as of
thunder—
Beasts burning and blind and forced onward
and over
As the passionate flame reached around them,
and wove her
Red hands in their hair, and kissed hot till
they died,
Till they died with a wild and a desolate
moan,
As a sea heartbroken on the hard brown
stone.
And into the Brazos I rode all alone—
All alone, save only a horse long-limbed,
And blind and bare and burnt to the skin.
Then, just as the terrible sea came in
And tumbled its thousands hot into the tide,
Till the tide blocked up and the swift stream
brimmed
In eddies, we struck on the opposite side.

Sell Paché—blind Paché? Now, mister,
look here!
You have slept in my tent and partook of
my cheer

Many days, many days, on this rugged frontier,
 For the ways they were rough and the Camanches were near,
 But you'd better pack up, sir: that tent is too small
 For us two after this. Has an old mountaineer,
 Do you book-men believe, got no tum-tum at all?
 Sell Paché! You buy him! A bag full of gold!
 You show him! Tell of him the tale I have told!
 Why, he bore me through fire, and is blind, and is old!
 Now pack up your papers and get up and spin
 To them cities you tell of. Blast you and your tin!

JOAQUIN MILLER.

THE LAMENT OF THE IRISH EMIGRANT.

I'M sitting on the stile, Mary, where we sat side by side,
 On a bright May morning long ago, when first you were my bride;
 The corn was springing fresh and green and the lark sang loud and high,
 And the red was on your lip, Mary, and the lovelight in your eye.
 The place is little changed, Mary, the day is bright as then,
 The lark's loud song is in my ear and the corn is green again;
 But I miss the soft clasp of your hand and your breath warm on my cheek,
 And I still keep listening for the words you nevermore may speak.

'Tis but a step down yonder lane, and the little church stands near—
 The church where we were wed, Mary: I see the spire from here;
 But the graveyard lies between, Mary, and my step might break your rest,
 For I've laid you, darling, down to sleep, with your baby on your breast.

I'm very lonely now, Mary, for the poor make no new friends,
 But oh, they love the better far the few our Father sends;
 And you were all I had, Mary, my blessing and my pride:
 There's nothing left to care for now, since my poor Mary died.

Yours was the brave, good heart, Mary, that still kept hoping on
 When the trust in God had left my soul and my arm's young strength was gone;
 There was comfort ever on your lip and the kind look on your brow;
 I bless you for the same, Mary, though you cannot hear me now.

I thank you for the patient smile when your heart was like to break,
 When the hunger-pain was gnawing there and you hid it for my sake;
 I bless you for the pleasant word when your heart was sad and sore;
 Oh, I'm thankful you are gone, Mary, where grief can sting no more.

I'm bidding you a long farewell, my Mary kind and true,
 But I'll not forget you, darling, in the land I'm going to;

They say there's bread and work for all and
the sun shines always there,
But I'll not forget Old Ireland were it fifty
times as fair.

And often, in those grand old woods, I'll sit
and shut my eyes,
And my heart will travel back again to the
place where Mary lies;
And I'll think I see that little stile where we
sat side by side,
And the springing corn, and the bright May
morn, when first you were my bride.

LADY DUFFERIN.

THE YOUNG AMERICAN.

SCION of a mighty stock,
Hands of iron, heart of oak,
Follow with unflinching tread
Where the noble fathers led.

Craft and subtle treachery,
Gallant youth, are not for thee:
Follow thou in word and deeds
Where the God within thee leads.

Honesty with steady eye,
Truth and pure simplicity,
Love that gently winneth hearts,—
These shall be thy only arts.

Prudent in the council-train,
Dauntless on the battle-plain,
Ready at thy country's need
For her glorious cause to bleed.

Where the dews of night distil
Upon Vernon's holy hill,
Where above it gleaming far
Freedom lights her guiding-star,

Thither turn the steady eye,
Flashing with a purpose high;
Thither with devotion meet
Often turn the pilgrim feet.

Let the noble motto be
"God, the Country, Liberty!"
Planted on Religion's rock,
Thou shalt stand in every shock.

Laugh at danger far or near;
Spurn at baseness, spurn at fear;
Still with persevering might
Speak the truth and do the right.

So shall Peace—a charming guest—
Dove-like in thy bosom rest,
So shall Honor's steady blaze
Beam upon thy closing days,

Happy if celestial favor
Smile upon the high endeavor;
Happy if it be thy call
In the holy cause to fall.

ALEXANDER H. EVERETT.

ALL SAINTS'.

IN a church which is furnished with mul-
lion and gable,
With altar and reredos, with gargoyle and
groin,

The penitents' dresses are sealskin and sable,
The odor of sanctity's eau-de-Cologne.
But only could Lucifer, flying from Hades,
Gaze down on this crowd with its paniers
and paints,

He would say as he looked at the lords and
the ladies,

"Oh, where is All Sinners', if this is All
Saints'?"

EDMUND YATES.

MODESTY.

FROM AN INDIAN MANUSCRIPT WRITTEN BY AN ANCIENT BRAHMIN.



HO art thou, O man, that presumest on thine own wisdom? or why dost thou vaunt thyself on thine own acquirements?

The first step toward being wise is to know that thou art ignorant; and if thou wouldst not be esteemed foolish in the judgment of others, cast off the folly of being wise in thine own conceit.

As a plain garment best adorneth a beautiful woman, so a decent behavior is the greatest ornament of wisdom.

The speech of a modest man giveth lustre to truth, and the diffidence of his words absolveth his error.

He relieth not on his own wisdom; he weigheth the counsels of a friend and receiveth the benefit thereof.

He turneth away his ear from his own praise and believeth it not; he is the last in discovering his own perfections.

Yet, as a veil addeth to beauty, so are his virtues set off by the shade which his modesty casteth upon them.

But behold the vain man and observe the arrogant! He clotheth himself in rich attire; he walketh in the public street; he casteth round his eyes and courteth observation.

He tosseth up his head and overlooketh the poor; he treateth his inferiors with in-

solence, and his superiors, in return, look down on his pride and folly with laughter.

He despiseth the judgment of others; he relieth on his own opinion, and is confounded.

He is puffed up with the vanity of his imagination; his delight is to hear, and to speak, of himself all the day long.

He swalloweth with greediness his own praise, and the flatterer, in return, eateth him up.

Translation of ROBERT DODSLEY.

USES OF KNOWLEDGE.

LEARNING taketh away the wildness and barbarism and fierceness of men's minds, though a little superficial learning doth rather work a contrary effect. It taketh away all levity, temerity and insolency by copious suggestion of all doubts and difficulties, and acquainting the mind to balance reasons on both sides, and to turn back the first offers and conceits of the kind, and to accept of nothing but the examined and tried. It taketh away vain admiration of anything which is the root of all weakness, for all things are admired either because they are new or because they are great. For novelty no man wadeth in learning or contemplation thoroughly, but will find printed in his heart, "I know nothing." Neither can any man marvel at the play of puppets that goeth behind the curtain

and adviseth well of the motion. And for magnitude, as Alexander the Great, after that he was used to great armies and the great conquests of the spacious provinces in Asia, when he received letters out of Greece of some fights and services there which were commonly for a passage or a fort, or some walled town at the most, he said, "It seemed to him that he was advertised of the battle of the frogs and the mice, that the old tales went off." So, certainly, if a man meditate upon the universal frame of nature, the earth with men upon it, the divineness of souls excepted, will not seem much other than an ant-hill, where some ants carry corn, and some carry their young, and some go empty, and all to and fro a little heap of dust. It taketh away or mitigateth fear of death or adverse fortune, which is one of the greatest impediments of virtue and imperfections of manners. For if a man's mind be deeply seasoned with the consideration of the mortality and corruptible nature of things, he will easily concur with Epictetus, who went forth one day and saw a woman weeping for her pitcher of earth that was broken, and went forth the next day and saw a woman weeping for her son that was dead, and thereupon said, "Yesterday I saw a fragile thing broken; to-day I have seen a mortal thing die." And therefore Virgil did excellently and profoundly couple the knowledge of causes and the conquest of all fears together.

It were too long to go over particular remedies which learning doth minister to all the diseases of the mind, sometimes purging the ill-humors, sometimes opening the obstructions, sometimes helping the digestion, sometimes increasing the appetite, sometimes heal-

ing the wounds and the ulcerations thereof and the life; and therefore I will conclude with the chief reason of all, which is that it disposeth the constitution of the mind not to be fixed or settled in the defects thereof, but still to be capable and susceptible of reformation. For the unlearned man knows not what it is to descend into himself or to call himself to account, nor the pleasure of that most pleasant life which consists in our daily feeling ourselves to become better. The good parts he hath he will learn to show to the full and use them dextrously, but not much to increase them; the faults he hath he will learn how to hide and color them, but not much to amend them, like an ill-mower that mows on still and never whets his scythe. Whereas, with the learned man it fares otherwise, that he doth ever intermix the correction and amendment of his mind with the use and employment thereof.

FRANCIS BACON.

LIFE.

LIFE, I know not what thou art,
But know that thou and I must part;
And when or how or where we met
I own to me's a secret yet.

Life, we've been long together,
Through pleasant and through cloudy weather;

'Tis hard to part when friends are dear:
Perhaps 'twill cost a sigh, a tear.

Then steal away, give little warning,
Choose thine own time;
Say not "Good-night," but in some brighter
clime

Bid me "Good-morning."

ANNA LÆTITIA BARBAULD.

NOVELS.

FROM TROLLOPE'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY.



NO man can work long at any trade without being brought to consider much whether that which he is daily doing tends to evil or to good. I have written many novels, and have known many writers of novels, and I can assert that such thoughts have been strong with them and with myself. But in acknowledging that these writers have received from the public a full measure of credit for such genius, ingenuity or perseverance as each may have displayed, I feel that there is still wanting to them a just appreciation of the excellence of their calling and a general understanding of the high nature of the work which they perform.

By the common consent of all mankind who have read, poetry takes the highest place in literature. That nobility of expression and all but divine grace of words which she is bound to attain before she can make her footing good is not compatible with prose. Indeed, it is that which turns prose into poetry. When that has been in truth achieved, the reader knows that the writer has soared above the earth and can teach his lessons somewhat as a god might teach. He who sits down to write his tale in prose makes no such attempt, nor does he dream that the poet's honor is within his reach; but his teaching is of the same nature, and his lessons all tend to the same end. By either,

false sentiments may be fostered, false notions of humanity may be engendered, false honor, false love, false worship, may be created; by either, vice instead of virtue may be taught; but by each, equally, may true honor, true love, true worship and true humanity be inculcated, and that will be the greatest teacher who will spread such truth the widest. But at present, much as novels, as novels, are bought and read, there exists still an idea, a feeling, which is very prevalent, that novels at their best are but innocent. Young men and women, and old men and women too, read more of them than of poetry, because such reading is easier than the reading of poetry; but they read them as men eat pastry after dinner—not without some inward conviction that the taste is vain, if not vicious. I take upon myself to say that it is neither vicious nor vain.

But all writers of fiction who have desired to think well of their own work will probably have had doubts on their minds before they have arrived at this conclusion. Thinking much of my own daily labor and of its nature, I felt myself at first to be much afflicted, and then to be deeply grieved, by the opinion expressed by wise and thinking men as to the work done by novelists. But when, by degrees, I dared to examine and sift the sayings of such men, I found them to be sometimes silly, and often arrogant. I began to inquire what had been the nature of English novels since they first became common in our own language, and to be de-

siours of ascertaining whether they had done harm or good. I could well remember that in my own young days they had not taken that undisputed possession of drawing-rooms which they now hold. Fifty years ago, when George IV. was king, they were not, indeed, treated as Lydia had been forced to treat them in the preceding reign, when, on the approach of elders, *Peregrine Pickle* was hidden beneath the bolster and *Lord Ainsworth* put away under the sofa. But the families in which an unrestricted permission was given for the reading of novels were very few, and from many they were altogether banished. The high poetic genius and correct morality of Walter Scott had not altogether succeeded in making men and women understand that lessons which were good in poetry could not be bad in prose. I remember that in those days an embargo was laid upon novel-reading as a pursuit, which was to the novelist a much heavier tax than that want of full appreciation of which I now complain.

There is, we all know, no such embargo now. May we not say that people of an age to read have got too much power into their own hands to endure any very complete embargo? Novels are read right and left, above stairs and below, in town houses and in country parsonages, by young countesses and by farmers' daughters, by old lawyers and by young students. It has not only come to pass that a special provision of them has to be made for the godly, but that the provision so made must now include books which a few years since the godly would have thought to be profane. It was this necessity which a few years since induced the editor of *Good Words* to apply to me

for a novel—which, indeed, when supplied was rejected, but which now, probably, owing to further change in the same direction, would have been accepted.

If such be the case—if the extension of novel-reading be so wide as I have described it—then very much good or harm must be done by novels. The amusement of the time can hardly be the only result of any book that is read, and certainly not so with a novel which appeals especially to the imagination and solicits the sympathy of the young. A vast proportion of the teaching of the day—greater, probably, than many of us have acknowledged to ourselves—comes from these books, which are in the hands of all readers. It is from them that girls learn what is expected from them and what they are to expect when lovers come, and also from them that young men unconsciously learn what are or should be or may be the charms of love, though I fancy that few young men will think so little of their natural instincts and powers as to believe that I am right in saying so. Many other lessons also are taught. In these times, when the desire to be honest is pressed so hard, is so violently assaulted by the ambition to be great; in which riches are the easiest road to greatness; when the temptations to which men are subjected dull their eyes to the perfected iniquities of others; when it is so hard for a man to decide vigorously that the pitch which so many are handling will defile him if it be touched,—men's conduct will be actuated much by that which is from day to day depicted to them as leading to glorious or inglorious results. The woman who is described as having obtained all that the world holds to be precious by lavishing

her charms and her caresses unworthily and heartlessly will induce other women to do the same with theirs, as will she who is made interesting by exhibitions of bold passion teach others to be spuriously passionate. The young man who in a novel becomes a hero, perhaps a member of Parliament, and almost a prime-minister, by trickery, falsehood and flash cleverness, will have many followers whose attempts to rise in the world ought to lie heavily on the conscience of the novelists who create fictitious Cagliostro. There are Jack Sheppards other than those who break into houses and out of prisons, Macheaths who deserve the gallows more than Gay's hero.

Thinking of all this, as a novelist surely must do—as I certainly have done through my whole career—it becomes to him a matter of deep conscience how he shall handle those characters by whose words and doings he hopes to interest his readers. It will very frequently be the case that he will be tempted to sacrifice something for effect, to say a word or two here or to draw a picture there for which he feels that he has the power, and which, when spoken or drawn, would be alluring. The regions of absolute vice are foul and odious. The savor of them, till custom has hardened the palate and the nose, is disgusting. In these he will hardly tread. But there are outskirts on these regions on which sweet-smelling flowers seem to grow and grass to be green. It is in these borderlands that the danger lies. The novelist may not be dull; if he commit that fault, he can do neither harm nor good. He must please, and the flowers and the grass in these neutral territories sometimes seem to give him so easy an opportunity of pleasing.

The writer of stories must please, or he will be nothing. And he must teach, whether he wish to teach or no. How shall he teach lessons of virtue and at the same time make himself a delight to his readers? That sermons are not in themselves often thought to be agreeable we all know, nor are disquisitions on moral philosophy supposed to be pleasant reading for our idle hours; but the novelist, if he have a conscience, must preach his sermons with the same purpose as the clergyman, and must have his own system of ethics. If he can do this efficiently, if he can make virtue alluring and vice ugly, while he charms his readers instead of wearying them, then I think Mr. Carlyle need not call him distressed, nor talk of that long ear of fiction, nor question whether he be or not the most foolish of existing mortals.

I think that many have done so—so many that we English novelists may boast, as a class, that such has been the general result of our own work. Looking back to the past generation, I may say with certainty that such was the operation of the novels of Miss Edgeworth, Miss Austen and Walter Scott. Coming down to my own times, I find such to have been the teaching of Thackeray, of Dickens and of George Eliot. Speaking—as I shall speak to any who may read these words—with that absence of self-personality which the dead may claim, I will boast that such has been the result of my own writing. Can any one, by search through the works of the six great English novelists I have named, find a scene, a passage or a word that would teach a girl to be immodest or a man to be dishonest? When men in their pages have been described as

dishonest and women as immodest, have they not ever been punished? It is not for the novelist to say baldly and simply, "Because you lied here or were heartless there, because you, Lydia Bennet, forgot the lessons of your honest home, or you, Earl Leicester, were false through your ambition, or you, Beatrix, loved too well the glitter of the world, therefore you shall be scourged with scourges either in this world or in the next;" but it is for him to show, as he carries on his tale, that his Lydia or his Leicester or his Beatrix will be dishonored in the estimation of all readers by his or her vices. Let a woman be drawn clever, beautiful, attractive—so as to make men love her and women almost envy her—and let her be made also heartless, unfeminine and ambitious of evil grandeur, as was Beatrix, what a danger is there not in such a character! To the novelist who shall handle it, what peril of doing harm! But if at last it have been so handled that every girl who reads of Beatrix shall say, "Oh, not like that! let me not be like that!" and that every youth shall say, "Let me not have such a one as that to press to my bosom! anything rather than that!"—then will not the novelist have preached his sermon as perhaps no clergyman can preach it?

Very much of a novelist's work must appertain to the intercourse between young men and young women. It is admitted that a novel can hardly be made interesting or successful without love. Some few might be named, but even in those the attempt breaks down, and the softness of love is found to be necessary to complete the story. *Pickwick* has been named as an exception to the rule, but even in *Pickwick* there are three or four sets of lovers whose little amatory longings

give a softness to the work. I tried it once with Miss Mackenzie, but I had to make her fall in love at last. In this frequent allusion to the passion which most stirs the imagination of the young there must be danger; of that the writer of fiction is probably well aware. Then the question has to be asked whether the danger may not be so averted that good may be the result—and to be answered.

In one respect, the necessity of dealing with love is advantageous—advantageous from the very circumstance which has made love necessary to all novelists. It is necessary because the passion is one which interests, or has interested, all. Every one feels it, has felt it or expects to feel it, or else rejects it with an eagerness which still perpetuates the interest. If the novelist, therefore, can so handle the subject as to do good by his handling, as to teach wholesome lessons in regard to love, the good which he does will be very wide. If I can teach politicians that they can do their business better by truth than by falsehood, I do a great service; but it is done to a limited number of persons. But if I can make young men and women believe that truth in love will make them happy, then, if my writings be popular, I shall have a very large class of pupils. No doubt the cause for that fear which did exist as to novels arose from an idea that the matter of love would be treated in an inflammatory and generally unwholesome manner. "Madam," says Sir Anthony, in the play, "a circulating library in a town is an ever-green tree of diabolical knowledge. It blossoms through the year; and depend on it, Mrs. Malaprop, that they who are so fond of handling the leaves will long for the fruit

at last." Sir Anthony was no doubt right, but he takes it for granted that the longing for the fruit is an evil. The novelist who writes of love thinks differently, and thinks that the honest love of an honest man is a treasure which a good girl may fairly hope to win, and that if she can be taught to wish only for that she will have been taught to entertain only wholesome wishes.

I can easily believe that a girl should be taught to wish to love by reading how Laura Bell loved Pendennis. Pendennis was not, in truth, a very worthy man, nor did he make a very good husband; but the girl's love was so beautiful, and the wife's love, when she became a wife, so womanlike, and at the same time so sweet, so unselfish, so wifely, so worshipful in the sense in which wives are told that they ought to worship their husbands, that I cannot believe that any girl can be injured, or even not benefited, by reading of Laura's love.

There once used to be many who thought, and probably there still are some even here in England who think, that a girl should hear nothing of love till the time come in which she is to be married. That, no doubt, was the opinion of Sir Anthony Absolute and of Mrs. Malaprop. But I am hardly disposed to believe that the old system was more favorable than ours to the purity of manners. Lydia Languish, though she was constrained by fear of her aunt to hide the book, yet had *Peregrine Pickle* in her collection. While human nature talks of love so forcibly it can hardly serve our turn to be silent on the subject. "*Naturam expellas furcâ, tamen usque recurret.*" There are countries in which it has been in accordance with the manners of the upper classes that the girl should be

brought to marry the man almost out of the nursery—or rather, perhaps, out of the convent—without having enjoyed that freedom of thought which the reading of novels and of poetry will certainly produce; but I do not know that the marriages so made have been thought to be happier than our own.

Among English novels of the present day, and among English novelists, a great division is made. There are sensational novels and anti-sensational, sensational novelists and anti-sensational, sensational readers and anti-sensational. The novelists who are considered to be anti-sensational are generally called realistic. I am realistic; my friend Wilkie Collins is generally supposed to be sensational. The readers who prefer the one are supposed to take delight in the elucidation of character; those who hold by the other are charmed by the continuation and gradual development of a plot. All this is, I think, a mistake; which mistake arises from the inability of the imperfect artist to be at the same time realistic and sensational. A good novel should be both, and both in the highest degree. If a novel fail in either, there is a failure in art. Let those readers who believe that they do not like sensational scenes in novels think of some of those passages from our great novelists which have charmed them most—of Rebecca in the castle with Ivanhoe; of Burley in the cave with Morton; of the mad lady tearing the veil of the expectant bride in *Jane Eyre*; of Lady Castlewood as, in her indignation, she explains to the duke of Hamilton Henry Esmond's right to be present at the marriage of His Grace with Beatrix. May I add, of Lady Mason as she makes her confession at the feet of Sir Peregrine Orme? Will any

one say that the authors of these passages have sinned in being over-sensational? No doubt a string of horrible incidents bound together without truth in detail and told as affecting personages without character—wooden blocks who cannot make themselves known to the reader as men and women—does not instruct or amuse, or even fill the mind with awe. Horrors heaped upon horrors, and which are horrors only in themselves and not as touching any recognized and known person, are not tragic, and soon cease even to horrify. And such would-be tragic elements of a story may be increased without end and without difficulty. I may tell you of a woman murdered—murdered in the same street with you, in the next house; that she was a wife murdered by her husband—a bride not yet a week a wife. I may add to it for ever. I may say that the murderer roasted her alive. There is no end to it. I may declare that a former wife was treated with equal barbarity, and may assert that as the murderer was led away to execution he declared his only sorrow, his only regret, to be that he could not live to treat a third wife after the same fashion. There is nothing so easy as the creation and the cumulation of fearful incidents after this fashion. If such creation and cumulation be the beginning and the end of the novelist's work—and novels have been written which seem to be without other attractions—nothing can be more dull or more useless. But not on that account are we averse to tragedy in prose fiction. As in poetry, so in prose, he who can deal adequately with tragic elements is a greater artist and reaches a higher aim than the writer whose efforts never carry him above the mild walks of every-day life. The *Bride*

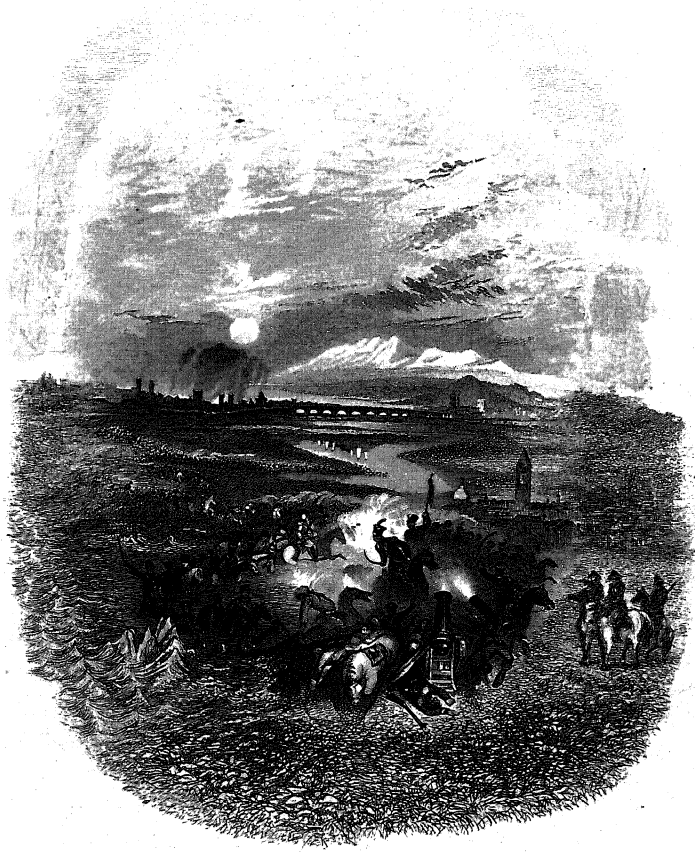
of *Lammermoor* is a tragedy throughout, in spite of its comic elements; the life of Lady Castlewood, of whom I have spoken, is a tragedy; Rochester's wretched thralldom to his mad wife in *Jane Eyre* is a tragedy; but these stories charm us not simply because they are tragic, but because we feel that men and women with flesh and blood—creatures with whom we can sympathize—are struggling amid their woes. It all lies in that. No novel is anything for the purposes either of comedy or tragedy unless the reader can sympathize with the characters whose names he finds upon the pages. Let an author so tell his tale as to touch his reader's heart and draw his tears, and he has so far done his work well. Truth let there be—truth of description, truth of character, human truth as to men and women. If there be such truth, I do not know that a novel can be too sensational.

ANTHONY TROLLOPE.

THE CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE.

HALF a league, half a league,
Half a league onward,
All in the valley of Death
Rode the Six Hundred.
"Forward, the Light Brigade!
Charge for the guns!" he said:
Into the valley of Death
Rode the Six Hundred.

"Forward, the Light Brigade!"
Was there a man dismayed?
Not though the soldier knew
Some one had blundered.



The Valley of Death.

Theirs not to make reply,
 Theirs not to reason why ;
 Theirs but to do or die,
 Into the valley of Death
 Rode the Six Hundred.

Cannon to right of them,
 Cannon to left of them,
 Cannon in front of them,
 Volleyed and thundered ;
 Stormed at with shot and shell,
 Boldly they rode, and well,
 Into the jaws of Death,
 Into the mouth of Hell
 Rode the Six Hundred.

Flashed all their sabres bare,
 Flashed as they turned in air,
 Sabring the gunners there,
 Charging an army, while
 All the world wondered.
 Plunged in the battery-smoke,
 Right through the line they broke ;
 Cossack and Russian
 Reeled from the sabre-stroke
 Shattered and sundered.
 Then they rode back, but not—
 Not the Six Hundred.

Cannon to right of them,
 Cannon to left of them,
 Cannon behind them,
 Volleyed and thundered ;
 Stormed at with shot and shell,
 While horse and hero fell,
 They that had fought so well
 Came through the jaws of Death
 Back from the mouth of Hell,
 All that was left of them,
 Left of six hundred.

When can their glory fade ?
 Oh, the wild charge they made !
 All the world wondered.
 Honor the charge they made !
 Honor the Light Brigade,
 Noble Six Hundred !

ALFRED TENNYSON.

MUSINGS IN A LIBRARY.

SPEAK low ; tread softly through these
 halls :

Here Genius lives enshrined ;
 Here reign in silent majesty
 The monarchs of the mind.

A mighty spirit-host, they come
 From every age and clime ;
 Above the buried wrecks of years
 They breast the tide of Time.

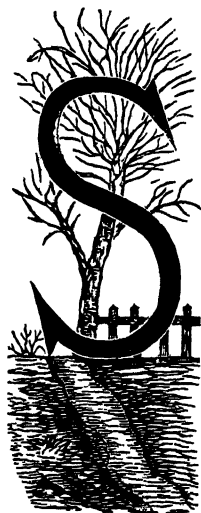
And in their presence-chamber here
 They hold their regal state,
 And round them throng a noble train,
 The gifted and the great.

O child of Earth, when round thy path
 The storms of life arise,
 And when thy brothers pass thee by
 With stern, unloving eyes,

Here shall the poets chant for thee
 Their sweetest, loftiest lays,
 And prophets wait to guide thy steps
 In Wisdom's pleasant ways.

Come ! with these God-anointed kings
 Be thou companion here,
 And in the mighty realm of mind
 Thou shalt go forth a peer.

ANNE C. LYNCH BOTTA.



HIS LOVE ADMITS NO RIVAL.

HALL I like a hermit
 dwell
 On a rock or in a cell,
 Calling home the smallest
 part
 That is missing of my
 heart,
 To bestow it where I may
 Meet a rival every day?
 If she undervalue me,
 What care I how fair she
 be?

Were her tresses angel-gold,
 If a stranger may be bold,
 Unrebukèd, unafraid,
 To convert them to a braid,
 And with little more ado
 Work them into bracelets, too,
 If the mine be grown so free,
 What care I how rich it be?

Were her hand as rich a prize
 As her hair or precious eyes,
 If she lay them out to take
 Kisses for good manners' sake,
 And let every lover skip
 From her hand unto her lip,
 If she seem not chaste to me,
 What care I how chaste she be?

No; she must be perfect snow
 In effect as well as show,
 Warming but as snowballs do,
 Not, like fire, by burning too;
 But when she by charge hath got
 To her heart a second lot,

Then, if others share with me,
 Farewell her, whate'er she be!

JOSHUA SYLVESTER.

THE RABBI'S VISION.

BEN LEVI sat with his books alone
 At the midnight's solemn chime,
 And the full-orbed moon through his lattice
 shone
 In the power of autumn's prime;
 It shone on the darkly-learnèd page
 And the snowy locks of the lonely sage,
 But he sat and marked not its silvery light,
 For his thoughts were on other themes that
 night.

Wide was the learned Ben Levi's fame
 As the wanderings of his race,
 And many a seeker of wisdom came
 To his lonely dwelling-place;
 For he made the darkest symbols clear
 Of ancient doctor and early seer,
 Yet a question asked by a simple maid
 He met that eve in the linden's shade
 Had puzzled his matchless wisdom more
 Than all that it ever found before;
 And this it was: "What path of crime
 Is darkliest traced on the map of Time?"

The rabbi pondered the question o'er
 With a calm and thoughtful mind,
 And searched the depths of the Talmud's
 lore,

But an answer he could not find;
 Yet a maiden's question might not foil
 A sage inured to wisdom's toil,

And he leant on his hand his aged brow,
For the current of thought ran deeper now ;

When, lo ! by his side Ben Levi heard
A sound of rustling leaves,
But not like those of the forest stirred
By the breath of summer eves,
That comes through the dim and dewy
shades

As the golden glow of the sunset fades,
Bringing the odors of hidden flowers
That bloom in the greenwood's secret bowers,

But the leaves of a luckless volume turned
By the swift impatient hand
Of student young or of critic learned
In the lore of the Muse's land.

The rabbi raised his wondering eyes :
Well might he gaze in mute surprise,
For, opened wide to the moon's cold ray,
A ponderous volume before him lay.

Old were the characters, and black
As the soil when seared by the lightning's
track,

But broad and full, that the dimmest sight
Might clearly read by the moon's pale light.
But oh, 'twas a dark and fearful theme

That filled each crowded page—
The gathered records of human crime
From every race and age ;

All the blood that the earth had seen
Since Abel's crimsoned her early green ;
All the vice that had poisoned life
Since Lamech wedded his second wife ;
All the pride that had mocked the skies
Since they built old Babel's wall ;
But the page of the broken promises
Was the saddest page of all.

It seemed a fearful mirror made
For friendship ruined and love betrayed,
For toil that had lost its fruitless pain,
And hope that had spent its strength in
vain ;

For all who sorrowed o'er broken faith,
Whate'er their fortunes in life or death,
Were there in one ghastly pageant blent
With the broken reeds on which they
leant.

And foul was many a noble crest
By the nations deemed unstained,
And deep on brows which the Church had
blessed

The traitor's brand remained ;
For vows in that blackened page had place

Which time had ne'er revealed,
And many a faded and furrowed face
By death and dust concealed,

Eyes that had worn their light away
In weary watching from day to day,
And tuneful voices which time had heard
Grow faint with the sickness of hope de-
ferred.

The rabbi read till his eyes grew dim
With the mist of gathering tears,
For it woke in his soul the frozen stream
Which had slumbered there for years ;
And he turned, to clear his clouded sight,
From that blackened page to the sky so
bright,

And joyed that the folly, crime and care
Of earth could not cast one shadow there.

For the stars had still the same bright look
That in Eden's youth they wore ;
And he turned again to the ponderous book,
But the book he found no more :

Nothing was there but the moon's pale
beam ;
And whence that volume of wonder came,
Or how it passed from his troubled view,
The sage might marvel, but never knew.

Long and well had Ben Levi preached
Against the sins of men,
And many a sinner his sermons reached
By the power of page and pen :
Childhood's folly and manhood's vice,
And age with its boundless avarice—
All were rebuked, and little ruth
Had he for the venial sins of youth ;

But never again to mortal ears
Did the rabbi preach of aught
But the mystery of trust and tears
By that wondrous volume taught.
And if he met a youth and maid
Beneath the linden boughs,
Oh, never a word Ben Levi said
But "Beware of broken vows!"

FRANCES BROWN.

THERE'S NAE LUCK ABOUT THE HOUSE.

AND are ye sure the news is true?
And are ye sure he's weel?
Is this a time to think o' wark?
Ye jauds, fling by your wheel!
Is this a time to think o' wark,
When Colin's at the door?
Rax me my cloak: I'll to the quay,
And see him come ashore.
For there's nae luck about the house,
There's nae luck at a',

There's little pleasure in the house,
When our gudeman's awa'.

And gi'e to me my biggonet,
My bishops' satin gown,
For I maun tell the baillie's wife
That Colin's come to town.
My Turkey slippers maun gae on,
My hosen o' pearl blue:
'Tis a' to please my ain gudeman,
For he's baith leal and true.
For there's nae luck about the house,
There's nae luck at a',
There's little pleasure in the house,
When our gudeman's awa'.

Rise up and mak' a clean fireside ;
Put on the muckle pot ;
Gi'e little Kate her cotton gown,
And Jock his Sunday coat ;
And mak' their shoon as black as slaes,
Their hose as white as snaw :
It's a' to please my ain gudeman,
For he's been long awa'.
For there's nae luck about the house,
There's nae luck at a',
There's little pleasure in the house,
When our gudeman's awa'.

There's twa fat hens upon the bauk :
They've fed this month and mair ;
Mak' haste and thraw their necks about,
That Colin weel may fare ;
And spread the table neat and clean,
Gar ilka thing look braw ;
For wha can tell how Colin fared
When he was far awa' ?
For there's nae luck about the house,
There's nae luck at a',

There's little pleasure in the house,
When our gudeman's awa'.

Sae true his heart, sae smooth his speech,
His breath like caller air;
His very foot has music in't
As he comes up the stair.
And will I see his face again?
And will I hear him speak?
I'm downright dizzy wi' the thought;
In troth, I'm like to greet.
For there's nae luck about the house,
There's nae luck at a',
There's little pleasure in the house,
When our gudeman's awa'.

Since Colin's weel, I'm weel content;
I ha'e nae mair to crave;
Could I but live to mak' him blest,
I'm blest aboon the lave.
And will I see his face again?
And will I hear him speak?
I'm downright dizzy wi' the thought:
In troth, I'm like to greet.
For there's nae luck about the house,
There's nae luck at a',
There's little pleasure in the house,
When our gudeman's awa'.

JEAN ADAMS.

THE FAITHFUL LOVERS.

TWAS by the chimney-corner we were
sitting;

"Mary," said I, "have you been always
true?"—

"Frankly," says she, just pausing in her
knitting,

"I don't think I've unfaithful been to you.
But for the three years past I'll tell you what
I've done; then say if I've been true or not.

"When first you left, my grief was uncon-
trollable;

Alone I mourned my miserable lot,
And all who saw me thought me inconsol-
able,

Till Captain Clifford came from Alder-
shott.

To flirt with him amused me while 'twas
new;

I don't count that unfaithfulness. Do you?

"The next—oh! let me see—was Frankie
Phipps:

I met him at my uncle's Christmas-tide,
And 'neath the mistletoe, where lips meet
lips,

He gave me his first kiss;" and here she
sighed.

"We stayed six weeks at uncle's. How
time flew!

I don't count that unfaithfulness. Do you?

"Lord Cecil Fossmore—only twenty-one—
Lent me his horse. Oh how we rode and
raced!

We scoured the downs; we rode to hounds—
such fun!—

And often was his arm around my waist:
That was to lift me up or down. But who
Would count that unfaithfulness? Do you?

"Do you know Reggy Vere? Ah, how
he sings!

We met: 'twas at a picnic. Ah, such
weather!

He gave me—look!—the first of these two
rings

When we were lost in Cliefden woods to-
gether.

Ah, what happy times we spent, we two!
I don't count that unfaithfulness to you.

"I've got another ring from him. D'you
see

The plain gold circle that is shining here?"
I took her hand: "Oh, Mary, can it be
That you—" Quoth she, "That I am
Mrs. Vere?"

I don't count that unfaithfulness? Do
you?"—

"No," I replied, "for I am married too."

ANON.

BORRIOBOOLA GHA.

A STRANGER preached last Sunday,
And crowds of people came
To hear a two hours' sermon
On a theme I scarce can name;
'Twas all about some heathen,
Thousands of miles afar,
Who live in a land of darkness
Called Borrioboola Gha.

So well their wants he pictured
That when the box was passed
Each listener felt his pocket,
And goodly sums were cast;
For all must lend a shoulder
To push the rolling car
That carries light and comfort
To Borrioboola Gha.

That night their wants and sorrows
Lay heavy on my soul,
And deep in meditation
I took my morning stroll,
When something caught my mantle
With eager grasp and wild,
And, looking down in wonder,
I saw a little child—

A pale and puny creature,
In rags and dirt forlorn.
"What do you want?" I asked her,
Impatient to be gone.
With trembling voice she answered,
"We live just down the street,
And mamma she's a-dying,
And we've nothing left to eat."

Down in a dark, damp cellar
With mould o'er all the walls,
Through whose half-buried windows
God's sunlight never falls,
Where cold and want and hunger
Crouched near her as she lay,
I found that poor child's mother
Gasping her life away.

A chair, a broken table,
A bed of mouldy straw,
A hearth all dark and fireless;
But these I scarcely saw,
For the mournful sight before me,
So sad and sickening— Oh,
I had never, never pictured
A scene so full of woe!

The famished and the naked,
The babe that pined for bread,
The squalid group that huddled
Around that dying-bed,—
All this distress and sorrow
Should be in lands afar:
Was I suddenly transported
To Borrioboola Gha.

Ah, no! The poor and wretched
Were close beside my door,
And I had passed them heedless
A thousand times before.

Alas for the cold and hungry
That met me every day,
While all my tears were given
To the suffering far away!

There's work enough for Christians
In distant lands, we know;
Our Lord commands his servants
Through all the world to go,
Not only to the heathen;
This was his command to them:
"Go, preach the word, beginning
Here, at Jerusalem."

O Christian, God has promised
Whoe'er to such has given
A cup of pure cold water
Shall find reward in heaven.
Would you secure this blessing?
You need not seek it far:
Go find in yonder hovel
A Borriboola Gha.

ORRIN GOODRICH.

NOBODY'S CHILD.

ALONE in the dreary, pitiless street,
With my torn old dress and bare cold
feet,

All day I've wandered to and fro,
Hungry and shivering and nowhere to go.
The night's coming on in darkness and dread,
And the chill sleet beating upon my bare
head;
Oh, why does the wind blow upon me so
wild?
Is it because I am nobody's child?

Just over the way there's a flood of light,
And warmth and beauty, and all things
bright;

Beautiful children, in robes so fair,
Are carolling songs in rapture there.
I wonder if they, in their blissful glee,
Would pity a poor little beggar like me,
Wandering alone in the merciless street,
Naked and shivering and nothing to eat?

Oh, what shall I do when the night comes
down

In its terrible blackness all over the town?
Shall I lay me down 'neath the angry sky,
On the cold hard pavement alone to die,
When the beautiful children their prayers
have said,

And mammas have tucked them up snugly
in bed?

No dear mother ever upon me smiled:
Why is it, I wonder, that I'm nobody's child?

No father, no mother, no sister, not one
In all the world, loves me; e'en the little dogs
run

When I wander too near them; 'tis won-
drous to see

How everything shrinks from a beggar like
me.

Perhaps 'tis a dream, but sometimes when I
lie

Gazing far up in the dark-blue sky,
Watching for hours some large bright star,
I fancy the beautiful gates ajar,

And a host of white-robed, nameless things
Come fluttering o'er me in gilded wings;
A hand that is strangely soft and fair
Caresses gently my tangled hair,
And a voice like the carol of some wild
bird—

The sweetest voice that ever was heard—
Calls me many a dear pet name,
Till my heart and spirits are all aflame,

And tells me of such unbounded love,
 And bids me come up to their home above,
 And then, with such pitiful, sad surprise,
 They look at me with their sweet blue eyes,
 And it seems to me out of the dreary night
 I'm going up to the world of light,
 And away from the hunger and storms so
 wild:

I am sure, I shall then be somebody's child.

PHILA H. CASE.

SOMEBODY'S MOTHER.

THE woman was old and ragged and
 gray,
 And bent with the chill of a winter's day;
 The streets were white with a recent snow,
 And the woman's feet with age were slow.
 At the crowded crossing she waited long,
 Jostled aside by the careless throng
 Of human beings, who passed her by
 Unheeding the glance of her anxious eye.

Down the street with laughter and shout,
 Glad in the freedom of "school let out,"
 Came happy boys like a flock of sheep,
 Hailing the snow piled white and deep;
 Past the woman so old and gray
 Hastened the children on their way.
 None offered a helping hand to her,
 So weak and timid, afraid to stir
 Lest the carriage-wheels or the horses' feet
 Should trample her down in the slippery
 street.

At last came out of the merry troop
 The gayest boy of all the group;
 He paused beside her, and whispered low,
 "I'll help you across, if you wish to go."

Her aged hand on his strong young arm
 She placed, and so, without hurt or harm,
 He guided the trembling feet along,
 Proud that his own were young and strong.
 Then back again to his friends he went,
 His young heart happy and well content:
 "She's somebody's mother, boys, you know,
 For all she's aged and poor and slow,
 And some one, some time, may lend a hand
 To help my mother—you understand?—
 If ever she's poor and old and gray,
 And her own dear boy so far away."

"Somebody's mother" bowed low her head
 In her home that night, and the prayer she
 said

Was, "God be kind to that noble boy,
 Who is somebody's son and pride and joy."
 Faint was the voice, and worn and weak,
 But Heaven lists when its chosen speak;
 Angels caught the faltering word,
 And "somebody's mother's" prayer was
 heard. ANON.

THE FELON.

OH, mark his wan and hollow cheeks,
 And mark his eyeball glare,
 And mark his teeth in anguish clenched—
 The anguish of despair.

Know, three days since, his penance o'er,
 Yon culprit left a jail,
 And since three days no food has passed
 His lips so parched and pale.

"Where shall I turn?" the wretch exclaims;
 "Where hide my shameful head?
 How fly from scorn, or how contrive
 To earn my honest bread?"

"This branded hand would gladly toil;
But where for work I pray,
Who views this mark, 'A felon!' cries,
And, loathing, turns away.

"My heart has greatly erred, but now
Would fain return to good;
My hand has deeply sinned, but yet
Has ne'er been stained with blood.

"For alms or work in vain I sue:
The scorers both deny.
I starve! I starve! Then what remains?
This choice: to sin or die!

"Here Virtue spurns me with disdain,
There Pleasure spreads her snare;
Strong habit drives me back to vice,
And, urged by fierce despair,

"I strive, while hunger gnaws my heart,
To fly from shame in vain.
World, 'tis thy cruel will! I yield,
And plunge in guilt again.

"There's mercy in each ray of light
That mortal eyes e'er saw;
There's mercy in each breath of air
That mortal lips e'er draw;

"There's mercy both for bird and beast
In Heaven's indulgent plan;
There's mercy in each creeping thing;
But man has none for man.

"Ye proudly honest, when you heard
My wounded conscience groan,
Had generous hand or feeling heart
One glimpse of mercy shown,

"That act had made from burning eyes
Sweet tears of virtue roll—
Had fixed my heart, assured my faith;
And heaven had gained a soul."

M. G. LEWIS.

THE COLISEUM.

TYPE of the antique Rome! Rich
reliquary

Of lofty contemplation left to Time
By buried centuries of pomp and power!
At length, at length, after so many days
Of weary pilgrimage and burning thirst—
Thirst for the springs of lore that in thee
lie—

I kneel, an altered and a humble man,
Amid thy shadows, and so drink within
My very soul thy grandeur, gloom and glory.

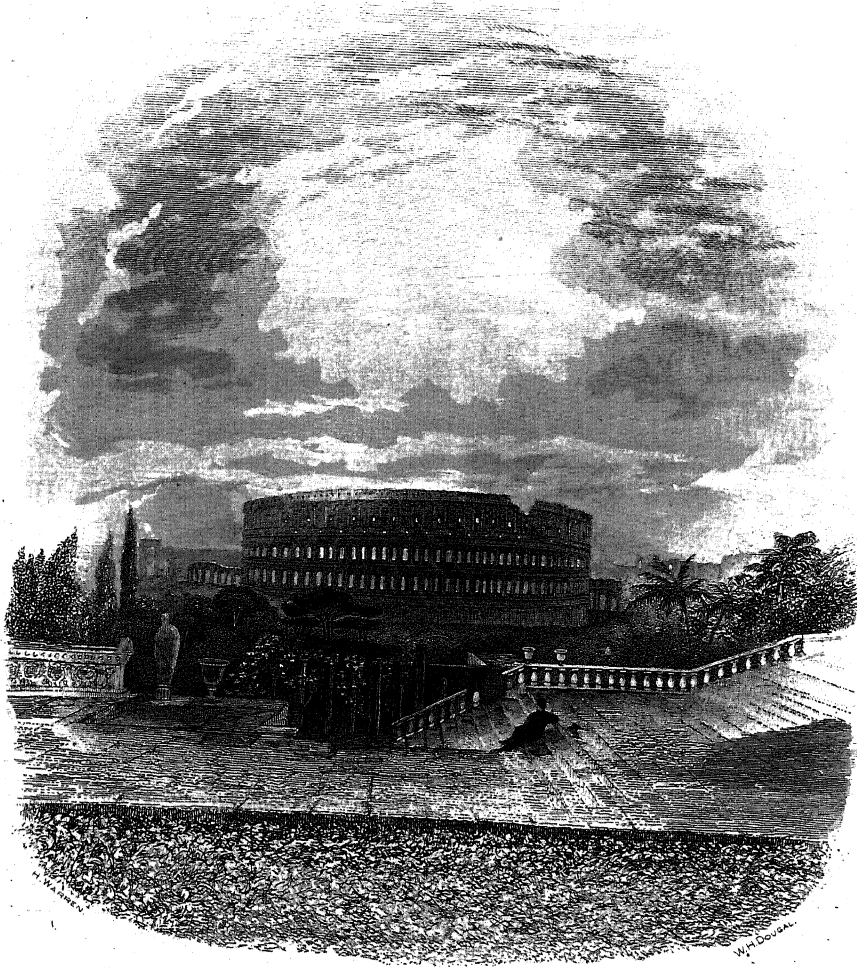
Vastness and age and memories of eld,
Silence and desolation and dim night,
I feel ye now—I feel ye in your strength!
O spells more sure than e'er Judæan king
Taught in the gardens of Gethsemane!
O charms more potent than the rapt Chaldee
Ever drew down from out the quiet stars!

Here, where a hero fell, a column falls;
Here, where the mimic eagle glared in gold,
A midnight vigil holds the swarthy bat;
Here, where the dames of Rome their gilded
hair

Waved to the wind, now wave the reed and
thistle;

Here, where on golden throne the monarch
loll'd,

Glides spectre-like unto his marble home,
Lit by the wan light of the hornèd moon,
The swift and silent lizard of the stones.



The Coliseum.

But stay! These walls, these ivy-clad
 arcades,
 These mouldering plinths, these sad and
 blackened shafts,
 These vague entablatures, this crumbling
 frieze,
 These shattered cornices, this wreck, this ruin,
 These stones—alas! these gray stones,—are
 they all,
 All of the famed and the colossal left
 By the corrosive hours to fate and me?

“Not all,” the echoes answer me—“not all!
 Prophetic sounds, and loud, arise for ever
 From us, and from all ruin, unto the wise,
 As melody from Memnon to the sun.
 We rule the hearts of mightiest men; we rule
 With a despotic sway all giant minds.
 We are not impotent, we pallid stones;
 Not all our power is gone, not all our fame,
 Not all the magic of our high renown,
 Not all the wonder that encircles us,
 Not all the mysteries that in us lie,
 Not all the memories that hang upon
 And cling around about us as a garment,
 Clothing us in a robe of more than glory.”

EDGAR ALLAN POE.

DEATH OF GAUDENTIS.

The following inscription was found in the Catacombs by Mr. Perret upon the tomb of the architect of the Coliseum: “Thus thou keepest thy promises, O Vespasian! the rewarding with death him the crown of thy glory in Rome. Do rejoice, O Gaudentis! The cruel tyrant promised much, but Christ gave thee all, who prepared thee such a mansion.”—PROFESSOR J. DE LAUNAY’S LECTURES ON THE CATACOMBS.

BEFORE Vespasian’s regal throne
 Skilful Gaudentis stood;
 “Build me,” the haughty monarch cried,
 “A theatre for blood:

I know thou’rt skilled in mason’s work;
 Thine is the power to frame
 Rome’s Coliseum vast and wide,
 An honor to thy name.

“Over seven acres spread thy work,
 And, by the gods of Rome,
 Thou shalt hereafter by my side
 Have thy resplendent home.
 A citizen of Roman rights,
 Silver and golden store—
 These shall be thine let Christian blood
 But stain the marble floor.”

So rose the amphitheatre,
 Tower and arch and tier.
 There dawned a day when martyrs stood
 Within that ring of fear;
 But, strong their quenchless trust in God,
 And strong their human love,
 Their eyes of faith, undimmed, were fixed
 On temples far above.

And thousands gazed, in brutal joy,
 To watch the Christians die,
 But one beside Vespasian leaned
 With a strange light in his eye.
 What thoughts welled up within his breast
 As on that group he gazed?
 What gleams of holy light from heaven
 Upon his dark soul blazed?

Had he by password gained access
 To the dark catacomb,
 And learned the hope of Christ’s beloved
 Beyond the rack, the tomb?
 The proud Vespasian o’er him bends:
 “My priceless architect,
 To-day I will announce to all
 Thy privilege elect—

"A free-made citizen of Rome."

Calmly Gaudentis rose,
And, folding o'er his breast his arms,
Turned to the Saviour's foes ;
And in a strength not all his own,
With life and death in view,
The fearless architect exclaimed,
"I am a Christian too."

Only a few brief moments passed,
And brave Gaudentis lay
Within the amphitheatre,
A lifeless mass of clay.
Vespasian promised him the rights
Of proud imperial Rome,
But Christ with martyrs crowned him king
Beneath heaven's cloudless dome.

ANNE HARRIET.

THE KNIFE-GRINDER.

FRIEND OF HUMANITY.

NEEDY Knife-Grinder, whither are you
going?

Rough is the road ; your wheel is out of order ;
Bleak blows the blast ; your hat has got a
hole in't ;

So have your breeches.

Weary Knife-grinder, little think the proud
ones

Who in their coaches roll along the turnpike-
Road what hard work 'tis crying all day,
"Knives and

Scissors to grind O !"

Tell me, Knife-grinder, how you came to
grind knives?

Did some rich man tyrannically use you ?
Was it the squire ? or parson of the parish ?
Or the attorney ?

Was it the squire for killing of his game, or
Covetous parson for his tithes distraining,
Or roguish lawyer, made you lose your little
All in a lawsuit?

(Have you not read *The Rights of Man*, by
Tom Paine ?)

Drops of compassion tremble on my eyelids,
Ready to fall as soon as you have told your
Pitiful story.

KNIFE-GRINDER.

"Story" ! God bless you, I have none to
tell, sir ;

Only last night, a-drinking at the Chequers,
This poor old hat and breeches, as you see,
were

Torn in a scuffle.

Constables came up for to take me into
Custody ; they took me before the justice ;
Justice Oldmixon put me in the parish-
Stocks for a vagrant.

I should be glad to drink Your Honor's
health in

A pot of beer, if you will give me sixpence ;
But, for my part, I never love to meddle
With politics, sir.

. FRIEND OF HUMANITY.

I give thee sixpence ? I will see thee hanged
first !

Wretch, whom no sense of wrongs can rouse
to vengeance !

Sordid, unfeeling, reprobate, degraded,
Spiritless outcast !

GEORGE CANNING.



JOHN FREDERICK HERRING.

HERRING was the son of a native of New York, of Dutch descent, but was born in Surrey, England, in 1795. He was for some years a leading member of the Society of British Artists, at whose exhibitions, as likewise those of the British Institution, he principally appeared before the public. He was entirely self-taught. His desire to depict the English race-horse was kindled by the first sight he had of a race—the St. Leger at Doncaster—when he was nineteen years of age. He painted the winner of that important race for thirty-three years in succession, and thus obtained a wide connection in the sporting world. Yet, although he continued to paint the St. Leger winners and studies of other celebrated thoroughbreds, he did not feel quite competent to carry out what he had thus begun. He took to driving, and was nearly four years on the road, finishing his career as coachman on the old and celebrated coach the “York and London Highflyer.” While thus engaged he was continually requested to relinquish that occupation and resume the pencil. At length Mr. Frank Hawke promised him if he would give up driving he would ensure him full employment for a twelvemonth in painting hunters and hounds; on the strength of this offer he at once abandoned the ribbons for the easel, and innumerable were his racing scenes and portraits of high-mettled racers.

Her Majesty had eight horses painted by him; he was also sent for by august personages in France to paint their favorite horses. More interesting compositions, however, to the lover of art are his richly-colored studies from the farm-yard, with its motley population of horses, cows, pigs and poultry. Many of his choicest productions have been purchased for America, where he is held in as high esteem as Sir Edwin Landseer is in England. Amongst his last works are his “Returning from Epsom,” “Derby Day,” “The Scene near the Windmill Inn on Clapham Common,” “Market-Day,” “Horse Fair” on a heath near a town, also a “Horse Fair” in a country village, “The Road,” anterior to rails, likewise four pictures of “Spring,” “Summer,” “Autumn” and “Winter.” Died 1865.

EDWARD WALFORD.

[In this work we give two pictures by Herring, “The Long Drop” and “The Last Leap.”]

RODRICK.

BRAVE Rodrick was the hero of a wild—

No tribute paid, no man as master styled,
Nor favor sought, nor mercy from a lord;
His wild dominion held he by his sword.
The gallant leader of an outlawed band,
The rude defender of his native land,
By mountain-pass and steep cliff's rugged way
The tyrant's minions kept he still at bay.



J.F. Herring Junr

J.H. Englehart.

The Long Drop.

But Rodrick once had home and wife and
child,

A peaceful man, was loving, gentle, mild,
A neighbor kind, a friend without a peer.
Most happy passed his days from year to year
Till foemen came; a fierce, a foreign band
By ruthless war subdued his native land,
His home destroyed, destroyed his child, his
wife,
Naught leaving but his courage and his life.

Deep buried in his inmost soul his woes,
With dauntless breast he met his country's
foes,

And vengeance dealt on many a battle-day,
In many a struggle fierce and bloody fray.
His comrades true obeyed his every call—
A hero band, his will the law of all;
The rustic patriot loved to sound his fame,
The tyrant trembled when he heard his name.

His faithful comrades, one by one they fell,
By rocky pass, by mountain-stream and dell;
Yet unsubdued remain a valiant few,
Whose dauntless deeds attest what man may
do.

Though history's page records not now their
name

In living letters of undying fame,
Not Greece's heroes in her brightest days
More worthy were of never-ending praise.

"Here perish we," said Rodrick, "one by
one,

And none may live to see our freedom won;
One daring deed for liberty and right,
Our country save or fall in manly fight."
Thus spoke the chieftain to that remnant
band,

The last defenders of a conquered land.

"Let traitors leave us and let cowards fly;
We go," he cried, "to conquer or to die."

II.

The monarch grand, within his castle wall,
Held festival in his great banquet-hall,
And proudly smiled upon that bright array
Of chieftains brave and ladies fair and gay;
His sceptre holding with an iron hand,
He sternly stretched it o'er a conquered land,
All fearless now of chief in wilds afar
Who unsubdued maintained guerilla-war.

That festive hall, what signal now alarms?
"The rebel foe!" they cry; "to arms! to
arms!"

With terror hear resounding Rodrick's
name.

The walls are gained, the castle is on flame,
And now, amidst confusion and dismay,
The chieftains arm and mingle in the fray,
And the proud monarch trembling on his
throne

In his great banquet-hall is left alone.

Brave Rodrick! This the hour to vengeance
due,

To right thy wrongs and save thy people
too—

That sacred hour thou long hast prayed to
see,

Thy country's chain to break, proclaim her
free.

What bravest yet may dare thou dar'st to
do,

And fighting by thy side are comrades true;
For unto thee their trust and lives are given:

Thy country's only hope is thee and Heav'n.

Oh, fruitless now is valor, vain the strife :
 These valiant rustics can but yield their life,
 There fighting, not to conquer, but to die,
 And from their country's foes they will not
 fly ;

They bravely fall beneath the conqueror's
 blade.

A captive now their gallant chief is made :
 No mercy unto him will foeman give,
 For what were conquest worth if Rodrick
 live ?

III.

Life's closing day ! Brave chief, the die is
 cast :

The trumpet's call proclaims this hour thy
 last.

But who would live a captive and a slave ?

Oh, better far the gibbet and the grave !

Thy gallant steed—the charger which thee
 bore

In bloody fray throughout this vengeful war—
 Shall carry thee to where thy death shall
 show

A tyrant's hatred toward a noble foe.

The captive chief to see, the people throng
 As onward unto death he rides along,
 Low murmuring they, like waves upon the
 shore,

Forerunners of the billows' angry roar.
 Upon the guards they dash, that living tide,
 Like rushing torrents down the mountain-
 side ;

With patriotic hate, with fury blind,
 They scatter them like chaff before the wind.

Quake, guilty tyrant ! Though upon a
 throne,

A nation's wrongs thy blood may yet atone,

For Rodrick speeds once more to open war ;
 And if he only reach those wilds afar,
 That spirit brave may yet thy conqueror be—
 In coming time may hail his people free.
 Thy minions send in hot pursuit to fly :
 That rebel chief will vanquish thee or die.

Fast through the city gates the riders go.
 Pursuing, all, a solitary foe ;
 And as the walls they pass their ranks
 divide,

That warrior in to hem on either side.

Oh, brave is Rodrick, fleet and stanch his
 steed,

But naught avails it in this hour of need :

He may not reach that solitary wild,

His mountain-home, where cliffs on cliffs are
 piled.

That swift pursuit began with midday sun,
 Nor was it ended when the day was done :
 Ere they arrived on Elward's giddy height
 The moon on its dark cliff shed forth her
 light.

No bridle checked that rider brave, with speed
 Still pressing forward on his noble steed,
 While on the quiet hillside just below
 Half circling him advance his warrior-foe.

A gulf before thee, Rodrick, dread and deep ;
 Behind, surrounding thee, thy foemen sweep :
 The lion strong is caged ; they have thee
 there,

And with wild shouts of triumph rend the
 air.

But Rodrick, ever calm, no look behind,
 Rides as unconscious of their fury blind,
 Raises his charger for the dreadful leap,
 And, bounding onward, passes o'er the steep.

IV.

Though many years have passed by Elward's
tide,

The rustic yet will speak of Rodrick's ride,
And strangers tell how, at a furious speed,
Again appears that chieftain on his steed ;
And coming always in the moon's full light,
That gallant horse and rider drop each night
O'er Elward's cliff down to the depths below,
There disappearing ; but how, none may
know.

They tell that Rodrick never can know rest
While by the foe his people are oppressed—
How yet a coming chief with valiant band
Will drive oppressors from their native land,
And to the patriot dead will honor give :
On history's brightest page their names will
live.

Then shall the nightly apparition cease,
And then shall gallant Rodrick rest in peace.

JOSEPH DICKSON.

FAME.

OF all the phantoms fleeting in the mist
Of Time, though meagre all, and ghostly
thin,

Most unsubstantial, unessential shade
Was earthly Fame. She was a voice alone,
And dwelt upon the noisy tongues of men.
She never thought, but gabbled ever on,
Applauding most what least deserved ap-
plause ;

The *motive*, the *result*, was naught to her :
The *deed* alone, though dyed in human gore,
And steeped in widows' tears, if it stood out
To prominent display, she talked of much,
And roared around it with a thousand tongues.

As changed the wind her organ, so she changed
Perpetually ; and whom she praised to-day,
Vexing his ear with acclamation loud,
To-morrow blamed, and hissed him out of
sight.

ROBERT POLLOCK.

AT LAST.

THE old, old story o'er again,
Made up of passion, parting, pain :
He fought and fell to live in fame,
But dying only breathed her name.

Some tears most sad and innocent,
Some rebel thoughts, but all unmeant,
Then, with a silent, shrouded heart,
She turned to life and played her part.

Another man, who vowed and loved,
Her patient, pitying spirit moved ;
Sweet hopes the dread of life beguiled :
The lost love sighed, the new love smiled.

So she was wed, and children bore,
And then her widowed sables wore ;
Her eyes grew dim, her tresses gray,
And dawned at length her dying-day.

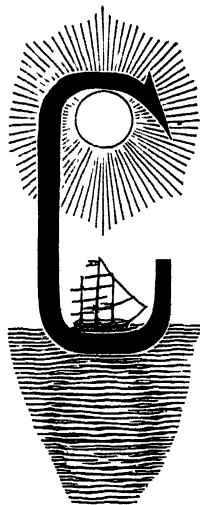
Her children gather : some are gone,
Asleep beneath a lettered stone ;
The living, cold with grief and fear,
Stoop down her whispering speech to hear.

No child she calls, no husband needs :
At Death's sharp touch the old wound bleeds.
" Call him ! " she cried. Her first love's
name

Leapt from her heart with life's last flame.

ROSE TERRY.

THOMAS CAMPBELL.



CAMPBELL is the family-name of the house of Argyle, in Scotland, and the distinguished poet was of a younger branch of this house. His father was a merchant who was not very well to do, especially as he had to support and bring up a family of ten children. The poet was born in Glasgow on the 27th day of July, 1777, and very early displayed literary aptitudes. He was educated in the University of Glasgow, where he received numerous prizes, especially for his proficiency in Greek. Immediately after his graduation he became a tutor in the Isle of Mull, where the impressive scenery and interesting traditions aroused all the poetry in his nature and impelled him to give it utterance. Unable to settle down to the study of one of the learned professions, he surprised the world and settled his career by the unexpected issue, in 1799, of "The Pleasures of Hope," a descriptive and didactic poem of wonderful beauty. He had just completed his twenty-first year, and the additional marvel was that so young a man could have produced such a poem. It at once became very popular, and was regarded as a promise of many and greater poetic efforts—a promise which was not to be completely realized. In December, 1800, he saw, from the roof of a Bavarian monastery, a portion of the celebrated battle of

Hohenlinden, between the French and the Austrians, and gave it an additional claim to immortality by the battle-lyric struck off under the electric inspiration—

"On Linden, when the sun was low."

In 1801 he wrote "The Exile of Erin," "Ye Mariners of England" and "Lochiel's Warning," the words of which were soon on everybody's lips, and have been ever since. In 1803 he settled in London as a writer of history and criticism, as well as of poetry, but he earned only a precarious support, until in 1805 he received from the government an annual pension of two hundred pounds. This partial relief was greatly increased by the success of his "Gertrude of Wyoming," which, in addition to its merits of versification, had the charm of telling of the New World, in which English civilization was making head against the scalping-knife and the tomahawk.

In 1820, Campbell gave a course of lectures on English literature, which were well received, and in the same year became editor of the *New Monthly Magazine*—a post which he held for ten years. In 1827 he received the great but merited honor of election as lord-rector of the University of Glasgow. After that he accomplished little. His wife and children died; he became gloomy, melancholy, suspicious of the world; so frightened at his own fame, and so indolent withal, that he was unwilling to do the literary work which the publishers were always ready to offer him. He drank too much; his friends

became tired of his repinings and grievances, and he led a long blank remnant of life until 1844, when he died at Boulogne.

The high and yet splendid ornaments of the "Pleasures of Hope" have never palled upon the public. If "Gertrude" is an ideal without a model, and "Susquehanna's side" a fairy-picture, the tenderness and pathos of the poem are real, human and very touching. But his chief glory, the field in which Campbell has absolutely no rival, is that of his martial lyrics, "Linden," "Ye Mariners of England," and, superior to both, "The Battle of the Baltic." To have written that alone would have immortalized him. Entirely *sui generis* and splendidly sonorous is his "Hallowed Ground." Every stanza is a poem in itself—an embalmed thought; and the whole is a classic, and will be to the latest generations. Having written very much less than his poetical contemporaries, he still occupies a very high and secure place among the English poets of all ages.

LAST WORDS OF JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.

WHAT means, then, this abrupt and fearful silence? What unlooked-for calamity has quelled the debates of the Senate and calmed the excitement of the people? An old man whose tongue once, indeed, was eloquent, but now through age had wellnigh lost its cunning, has fallen into the swoon of death. He was not an actor in the drama of conquest, nor had his feeble voice yet mingled in the lofty argument—

"A gray-haired sire, whose eye intent
Was on the visioned future bent."

In the very act of rising to debate, he fell into the arms of Conscript Fathers of the republic. A long lethargy supervened and oppressed his senses. Nature rallied the wasting powers on the verge of the grave for a brief space. But it was long enough for him. The rekindled eye showed that the re-collected mind was clear, calm and vigorous. His weeping family and his sorrowing compeers were there. He surveyed the scene, and knew at once its fatal import. He had left no duty unperformed; he had no wish unsatisfied, no ambition unattained, no regret, no sorrow, no fear, no remorse. He could not shake off the dews of death that gathered on his brow. He could not pierce the thick shades that rose up before him. But he knew that Eternity lay close by the shores of Time. He knew that his Redeemer lived. Eloquence even in that hour inspired him with his ancient sublimity of utterance. "This," said the dying man—"this is the end of earth." He paused for a moment, and then added, "I am content." Angels might well draw aside the curtains of the skies to look down on such a scene—a scene that approximated even to that scene of unapproachable sublimity not to be recalled without reverence when in mortal agony. One who spake as never man spake said, "It is finished!"

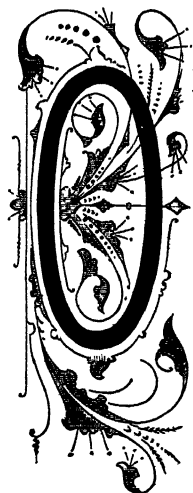
WILLIAM H. SEWARD.

INDUSTRY.

IF you have great talents, industry will improve them; if moderate abilities, industry will supply their deficiency. Nothing is denied to well-directed labor; nothing is ever to be attained without it.

SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.

MANY, MANY YEARS AGO.



H, my golden days of childhood,

Many, many years ago!

Ah! how well do I remember

What a pride it was to know,

When my little playmates mustered

On this old familiar spot
To select their infant pastimes,

That my name was ne'er forgot;
When with merry, rosy faces
They so eagerly would come,
Boasting of the longest top-string
Or a top of loudest hum,
Or, as proud and prancing horses,
Chase each other to and fro,
In my golden days of childhood,
Many, many years ago!

Oh, my balmy days of boyhood,
Many, many years ago,
When I ranged at will the wildwood
For the berry or the sloe,
Or the gentle, blue-eyed violet,
Traced by its own perfume sweet,
Or with light and cautious footstep
Sought the linnet's snug retreat,
Or with little blooming maidens
To the nutting groves repaired,
And in warmth of purest boy-love
The rich clusters with them shared!
Or when hoary-headed Winter
Brought his welcome frost and snow,

How we thronged the frozen streamlets
Many, many years ago!

Then my days of dawning manhood,
Many, many years ago,
When the future seemed all brightness,
Lit with Love's enchanting glow,
When what hopes and blissful day-dreams
Would my buoyant bosom crowd
As I forth led my beloved one,
She as fair as I was proud—
Led her forth with lightsome footstep
Where some happy rustic throng
To old Robin's merry music
Would so gladly dance along!
Or when round came joyous Christmas,
Oft beneath the mistletoe
Have I toyed with blushing maidens,
Many, many years ago.

Ah, ye golden days! Departed,
Yet full oft on Memory's wing
Ye return like some bright vision,
And both joy and sorrow bring.
Where are now my boy-companions,
Those dear friends of love and truth?
Death hath sealed the lips of many
Fair and beautiful in youth.
Robin's lute has long been silent,
And the trees are old and bare;
Silent too the rippling brooklets;
The old playground is not there;
Time hath stolen my fair one's beauty,
And he will soon strike the blow
That will break those ties that bound us
Many, many years ago.

T. LOKER.

THE CHARCOAL-MAN.

THOUGH rudely blows the wintry blast
 And sifting snows fall white and fast,
 Mark Haley drives along the street
 Perched high upon his wagon-seat;
 His sombre face the storm defies,
 And thus from morn till eve he cries:

“Charco’! charco’!”

While echo faint and far replies,

“Hark, O! hark, O!”

“Charco’!”—“Hark, O!” Such cheery sounds
 Attend him on his daily rounds.

The dust begrimes his ancient hat;
 His coat is darker far than that;
 ’Tis odd to see his sooty form
 All speckled with the feathery storm;
 Yet in his honest bosom lies
 Nor spot nor speck, though still he cries,
 “Charco’! charco’!”

And many a roguish lad replies,

“Ark, ho! ark, ho!”

“Charco’!”—“Ark, ho!” Such various
 sounds

Announce Mark Haley’s morning rounds.

Thus all the cold and wintry day
 He labors much for little pay,
 Yet feels no less of happiness
 Than many a richer man, I guess,
 When through the shades of eve he spies
 The light of his own home, and cries,

“Charco’! charco’!”

And Martha from the door replies,

“Mark, ho! Mark, ho!”

“Charco’!”—“Mark, ho!” Such joy abounds
 When he has closed his daily rounds.

The hearth is warm, the fire is bright;
 And while his hand, washed clean and white,

Holds Martha’s tender hand once more,
 His glowing face bends fondly o’er
 The crib wherein his darling lies,
 And in a coaxing tone he cries,

“Charco’! charco’!”

And baby with a laugh replies,

“Ah, go! ah, go!”

“Charco’!”—“Ah, go!” While at the sounds
 The mother’s heart with gladness bounds.

Then honored be the charcoal-man!

Though dusky as an African,

’Tis not for you, that chance to be

A little better clad than he,

His honest manhood to despise,

Although from morn till eve he cries,

“Charco’! charco’!”

While mocking echo still replies,

“Hark, O! hark, O!”

“Charco’!”—“Hark, O!” Long may the
 sounds

Proclaim Mark Haley’s daily rounds!

JAMES T. TROWBRIDGE.

OVER THE RIVER.

OVER the river they beckon to me,
 Loved ones who’ve crossed to the
 farther side;

The gleam of their snowy robes I see,

But their voices are lost in the dashing
 tide.

There’s one with ringlets of sunny gold,

And eyes the reflection of heaven’s own
 blue:

He crossed in the twilight gray and cold,

And the pale mist hid him from mortal
 view.

We saw not the angels who met him there,

The gates of the city we could not see:

Over the river, over the river,
My brother stands waiting to welcome me.

Over the river the boatman pale
Carried another—the household pet;
Her brown curls waved in the gentle gale;
Darling Minnie! I see her yet.
She crossed on her bosom her dimpled hands
And fearlessly entered the phantom bark;
We felt it glide from the silver sands,
And all our sunshine grew strangely dark.
We know she is safe on the farther side,
Where all the ransomed and angels be:
Over the river, the mystic river,
My childhood's idol is waiting for me.

For none return from those quiet shores
Who cross with the boatman cold and pale;
We hear the dip of the golden oars
And catch a gleam of the snowy sail,
And, lo! they have passed from our yearning hearts,
They cross the stream and are gone for aye.
We may not sunder the veil apart
That hides from our vision the gates of day;
We only know that their barks no more
May sail with us o'er life's stormy sea;
Yet somewhere, I know, on the unseen shore,
They watch and beckon and wait for me.

And I sit and think, when the sunset's gold
Is flushing river and hill and shore,
I shall one day stand by the water cold
And list for the sound of the boatman's oar;
I shall watch for a gleam of the flapping sail,
I shall hear the boat as it gains the strand,

I shall pass from sight with the boatman pale
To the better shore of the spirit-land;
I shall know the loved who have gone before—
And joyfully sweet will the meeting be—
When over the river, the peaceful river,
The Angel of Death shall carry me.

NANCY WOODBURY PRIEST.

A LEAVETAKING.

LET us go hence, my songs: she will not hear;
Let us go hence together without fear;
Keep silence now, for singing-time is over,
And over all old things and all things dear.
She loves not you nor me as all we love her;
Yea, though we sang as angels in her ear,
She would not hear.

Let us rise up and part: she will not know;
Let us go seaward as the great winds go,
Full of blown sand and foam; what help is here?
There is no help, for all these things are so,
And all the world is bitter as a tear;
And how these things are, though ye strove to show,
She would not know.

Let us go home and hence: she will not weep.
We gave love many dreams and days to keep,
Flowers without scent, and fruits that would not grow,
Saying, "If thou wilt, thrust in thy sickle and reap."
All is reaped now: no grass is left to mow;
And we that sowed, though all we fell on sleep,
She would not weep.

Let us go hence and rest : she will not love.
 She shall not hear us if we sing hereof,
 Nor see love's ways, how sore they are and
 steep.
 Come hence, let be, lie still ; it is enough.
 Love is a barren sea, bitter and deep ;
 And, though she saw all heaven in flower
 above,
 She would not love.

Let us give up, go down : she will not care.
 Though all the stars made gold of all the air,
 And the sea moving saw before it move
 One moon-flower making all the foam-flowers
 fair,
 Though all those waves went over us and
 drove
 Deep down the stifling lips and drowning
 hair,
 She would not care.

Let us go hence, go hence : she will not see.
 Sing all once more together ; surely she,
 She too, remembering days and words that
 were,
 Will turn a little toward us, sighing, but we,
 We are hence, we are gone, as though we
 had not been there.
 Nay, and, though all men seeing had pity on
 me,
 She would not see.

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE.

ADVICE TO LAWYERS.

IN Justice Story's memorandum-book of arguments before the Supreme Court in 1831 and 1832, the following fragments are written on the fly-leaf:

You wish the court to hear and listen too ?
 Then speak with point, be brief, be close, be
 true ;
 Cite well your cases : let them be in point,
 Not learned rubbish, dark and out of joint ;
 And be your reasoning clear and closely
 made,
 Free from false taste and verbiage and pa-
 rade.

Stuff not your speech with every sort of law :
 Give us the grain, and throw away the straw.

Books should be read ; but if you can't di-
 gest,
 The same's the surfeit, take the worst or best.

Clear heads, sound hearts, full minds, with
 point may speak ;
 All else how poor in fact ! in law how weak !

Who's a great lawyer ? He who aims to say
 The least his cause requires, not all he may.

Greatness ne'er grew from soils of spongy
 mould,
 All on the surface dry, beneath all cold ;
 The generous plant from rich and deep must
 rise,
 And gather vigor as it seeks the skies.

Whoe'er in law desires to win his cause
 Must speak with point, not measure out
 " wise saws,"

Must make his learning apt, his reasoning
 clear,

Pregnant in matter, but in style severe,
 But never drawl, nor spin the thread so fine
 That all becomes an evanescent line.

JOSEPH STORY.



EDWARD YOUNG.

YOUNG'S satires have at least the merit of containing a number of epigrams, and, as they appeared rather earlier than those of Pope, they may boast of having afforded that writer some degree of example. The opinion of Swift concerning them, however, seems to us not to be an unjust one—that they should have either been more merry or more angry. One of his tragedies is still popular on the stage, and his *Night Thoughts* have many admirers both at home and abroad. Of his lyrical poetry he had himself the good sense to think but indifferently. In none of his works is he more spirited and amusing than in his “*Essay on Original Composition*,” written at the age of eighty.

The *Night Thoughts* have been translated into more than one foreign language, and it is usual for foreigners to regard them as eminently characteristic of the peculiar temperament of English genius. Madame de Staël has, indeed, gravely deduced the genealogy of our national melancholy from Ossian and the Northern Scalds down to Dr. Young. Few Englishmen, however, will, probably, be disposed to recognize the author of the *Night Thoughts* as their national poet by way of eminence. His devotional gloom is more in the spirit of St. Francis of Assisi than of an English divine, and his austerity is blended with a vein of whimsical conceit that is still more unlike the plainness of English charac-

ter. The *Night Thoughts* certainly contain many splendid and happy conceptions, but their beauty is thickly marred by false wit and overlabored antithesis. Indeed, his whole ideas seem to have been in a state of antithesis while he composed the poem. One portion of his fancy appears devoted to aggravate the picture of his desolate feelings, and the other half to contradict that picture by eccentric images and epigrammatic ingenuities. As a poet he was fond of exaggeration but it was that of the fancy more than of the heart. This appears no less in the noisy hyperboles of his tragedies than in the studied melancholy of the *Night Thoughts*, in which he pronounces the simple act of laughter to be half immoral. That he was a pious man, and had felt something from the afflictions described in the *Complaint*, need not be called in question; but he seems covenanting with himself to be as desolate as possible, as if he had continued the custom, ascribed to him at college, of studying with a candle stuck in a human skull, while, at the same time, the feelings and habits of a man of the world, which still adhere to him, throw a singular contrast over his renunciations of human vanity. He abjures the world in witty metaphors, commences his poem with a sarcasm on sleep, deploras his being neglected at court, compliments a lady of quality by asking the moon if she would choose to be called “the fair Portland of the skies,” and dedicates to the patrons of “a much-indebted Muse,” one of whom (Lord Wilmington) on some occasion he puts in the balance of

antithesis as a counterpart to Heaven. He was, in truth, not so sick of life as of missing its preferments, and was still ambitious not only of converting Lorenzo, but of shining before this utterly worthless and wretched world as a sparkling, sublime and witty poet. Hence his poetry has not the majestic simplicity of a heart abstracted from human vanities, and, while the groundwork of his sentiments is more darkly shaded than is absolutely necessary either for poetry or religion, the surface of his expression glitters with irony and satire, and with thoughts sometimes absolutely approaching to pleasantry. His ingenuity in the false sublime is very peculiar. In Night IX. he concludes his description of the day of judgment by showing the just and the unjust consigned respectively to their "sulphureous or ambrosial seats," while

"Hell through all her glooms
Returns in groans a melancholy roar."

This is aptly put under the book of Consolation. But, instead of winding up his labors, he proceeds through a multitude of reflections, and amidst many comparisons assimilates the constellations of heaven to gems of immense weight and value on a ring for the finger of their Creator. Conceit could hardly go farther than to ascribe finery to Omnipotence. The taste of the French artist was not quite so bold when, in the picture of Belshazzar's feast, he put a ring and ruffle on the hand that was writing on the wall.

Here, however, he was in earnest, comparatively, with some other passages—such as that in which he likens Death to Nero driving a phaeton in a female guise, or where he describes the same personage, Death, borrowing the "cockaded brow of a spendthrift"

in order to gain admittance to "a gay circle." Men, with the same familiarity, are compared to monkeys before a looking-glass, and at the end of the eighth book Satan is roundly denominated a "dunce"—the first time, perhaps, that his abilities were ever seriously called in question.

Shall we agree with Dr. Johnson when he affirms of the Night Thoughts that particular lines are not to be regarded, that the power is in the whole and that in the whole there is a magnificence like that which is ascribed to a Chinese plantation—the magnificence of vast extent and endless diversity? Of a Chinese plantation few men have, probably, a very distinct conception, but, unless that species of landscape be an utterly capricious show of objects—in which case even extent and variety will hardly possess magnificence—it must possess amusement and vicissitude arising from the relation of parts to each other. But there is nothing of entertaining succession of parts in the Night Thoughts; the poem excites no anticipation as it proceeds. One book bespeaks no impatience for another, nor is found to have laid the smallest foundation for new pleasure when the succeeding Night sets in. The poet's fancy discharges itself on the mind in short *ictuses* of surprise which rather lose than increase their force by reiteration, but he is remarkably defective in progressive interest and collective effect. The power of the poem, instead of being in the whole, lies in short, vivid and broken gleams of genius; so that, if we disregard particular lines, we shall but too often miss the only gems of ransom which the poet can bring as the price of his relief from surrounding tedium. Of any long work where the character really lies in the whole we feel reluctant

to hazard the character by a few short quotations, because a few fragments can convey no adequate idea of the architecture; but the directly reverse of this is the case with the *Night Thoughts*, for by selecting particular beauties of the poem we should delight and electrify a sensitive reader, but might put him to sleep by a perusal of the whole. This character of detached felicities unconnected with interesting progress or reciprocal animation of parts may be likened to a wilderness without path or perspective—or to a Chinese plantation, if the illustration be more agreeable—but it does not correspond with our idea of the magnificence of a great poem of which it can be said that the power is in the whole. After all, the variety and extent of reflection in the *Night Thoughts* is, to a certain degree, more imposing than real. They have more metaphorical than substantial variety of thought. Questions which we had thought exhausted and laid at rest in one book are called up again in the next in a Proteus metamorphosis of shape and a chameleon diversity of color. Happily, the awful truths which they illustrate are few and simple. Around these truths the poet directs his course with innumerable sinuosities of fancy, like a man appearing to make a long voyage, while he is in reality only crossing and recrossing the same expanse of water. He has been well described in a late poem as one in whom

“Still gleams and still expires the cloudy day
Of genuine poetry.”

The above remarks have been made with no desire to depreciate what is genuine in his beauties. The reader most sensitive to his faults must have felt that there is in him a spark of originality which is never long ex-

tinguished, however far it may be from vivifying the entire mass of his poetry. Many and exquisite are his touches of sublime expression, of profound reflection and of striking imagery. It is recalling but a few of these to allude to his description, in the eighth book, of the man whose thoughts are not of this world, to his simile of the traveller at the opening of the ninth book, to his spectre of the antediluvian world, and to some parts of his very unequal description of the conflagration; above all, to that noble and familiar image,

“When final Ruin fiercely drives
Her ploughshare o’er creation.”

It is true that he seldom, if ever, maintains a flight of poetry long free from oblique associations, but he has individual passages which Philosophy might make her texts and Experience select for her mottoes.

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

[Young was born at Upham, Hampshire, England, in 1684. He received his education at Winchester School and at Corpus Christi College, Oxford. He obtained a law-fellowship at All Souls’ College, Oxford, and in 1719 took the degree of Doctor of Laws at that institution. He was a candidate for Parliament at Cirencester, but failed to receive sufficient votes to elect him. He took orders in the Church of England in 1727, was appointed a royal chaplain in 1728, and in 1731 married a daughter of the earl of Lichfield, whom he survived, her death occurring in 1741. Besides *Night Thoughts*, he was author of several successful satires and dramas and of some volumes of political essays. He died at Welwyn, Hertfordshire, on the 12th of April, 1765.]

WILLIAM FALCONER.



FALCONER was born in Edinburgh in the year 1736.* He was the son of a poor barber in the Netherbow who had two other children, both deaf and dumb, who ended their days in a poor-house. He early, through frequent visits to Leith, came in contact with that tremendous element which he was to sing so powerfully, and in which he was to sink at last—which was to give him at once his glory and his grave. While a mere boy he went, by his own account, reluctantly on board a Leith merchant-ship, and was afterward in the royal navy. Of his early education or habits very little is known. He had all his scholarship from one Webster. We figure him (after the similitude of a dear lost sailor-boy, a relative of our own) as a stripling with curling hair, ruddy cheek, form prematurely developed into round robustness, frank, free and manly bearing, returning ever and anon from his ocean-wanderings and bearing to his friends some rare bird or shell of the tropics as a memorial of his labors and his love. Before he was eighteen years of age Providence supplied him with the materials whence he was to pile up the monument of his future fame. He became second mate in the ship *Britannia*, a vessel trading in the Levant. This vessel was shipwrecked off Cape Colonna exactly in the manner described in the

poem, which is just a colored photograph of the adventures, difficulties, dangers and disastrous result of the voyage. In 1751 we find him living in Edinburgh and publishing his first poem; this was an elegy on the death of Frederick, prince of Wales. It was followed by other pieces, which appeared in the *Gentleman's Magazine*. Some have claimed for him the authorship of the favorite sea-song "Cease, Rude Boreas," but this seems uncertain.

Falconer is supposed to have continued in the merchant-service (one of his biographers maintains that he was for some time in the *Ramilies*, a man-of-war which suffered shipwreck in the Channel) till 1762, when he published his "Shipwreck." This poem was dedicated to the duke of York, who had newly become rear-admiral of the Blue on board the *Princess Amelia*, attached to the fleet under Sir Edward Hawke. The duke was not a Solomon, but he had sense enough to perceive that the sailor who could produce such a poem was no ordinary man, and generous enough to offer him promotion if he should leave the merchant-service for the royal navy. Falconer, accordingly, was promoted to be a midshipman on board the *Royal George* (Sir Edward Hawke's ship)—the same, we believe, which afterward went down in such a disastrous manner and furnished a subject for one of Cowper's boldest little poems. "The Shipwreck" was highly commended by the *Monthly Review*—then the leading literary organ—and became widely popular.

While in the *Royal George*, Falconer con-

* Other authorities place the year of his birth A. D. 1730.

trived to find time for his poetical studies. Retiring sometimes from his messmates into a small space between the cable-trees and the ship's side, he wrote his "Ode on the Duke of York's Second Departure from England as Rear-Admiral." This poem was severely criticised in the *Critical Review*. It has certainly much 'pomp and thundering sound of language and versification, but wants the genuine Pindaric inspiration.

At the peace of 1763 the Royal George was paid off, and Falconer became purser of the Glory frigate of thirty-two guns. About this time he married a young lady named Hicks, daughter of a surgeon in Sheerness-yard—a lady more distinguished by her mental than her physical qualities. The poet dubbed her in his verses "Miranda." It is hinted that he had some difficulty in procuring her consent to marry him, and was forced to lay regular siege to her in rhyme. At length she capitulated, and the marriage was eminently happy. She survived her husband many years, lived at Bath, and enjoyed a comfortable livelihood on the proceeds of her husband's *Marine Dictionary*.

When the Glory was laid up at Chatham, Commissioner Hanway, brother of the once celebrated Jonas Hanway (whom Dr. Johnson so justly chastised for his diatribe against tea), showed much interest in the pursuits and person of our poet. He even ordered the captain's cabin to be fitted up with every comfort, that Falconer might pursue his studies without expense and with all convenience. Here he brought his *Marine Dictionary* to a conclusion—a work which had occupied him for years, and which supplied a desideratum in the literature of the profession.

Falconer left his cabin-study with its many pleasant accommodations, and became a scribbler-of-all-work in a London garret. Here his existence ran on for a while in an obscure, and probably miserable, current. It is said that Murray, the bookseller, the father of the John Murray, of Albemarle street, wished to take the poet into partnership upon terms of great advantage, but that Falconer, for reasons which are not known, declined the offer.

Falconer had undoubtedly thought the sea a hard and sickening profession, but latterly found that writing for the booksellers was a slavery still more abject and unendurable. He resolved once more to embark upon the "melancholy main." Often as he had hugged its horrors, laid his hand on its mane and narrowly escaped its devouring jaws, he was drawn in again as by the fatal suction of a whirlpool into its power. Perhaps he had imbibed a passion for the sea. At all events, he accepted the office of purser to the Aurora frigate, which was going out to India, and on the 30th of September, 1769, he left England for ever: the Aurora was never heard of more. Some vague rumors, indeed, prevailed of a contradictory character—that she had been burned, that she had foundered in the Mozambique Channel, that she had been cast away on a reef of rocks near Macao, that five persons had been saved from her wreck—but nothing certain transpired except that she was lost, and this fine singer of the sea along with her. Unfortunate Aurora! dawn soon overcast! Unfortunate poet, so speedily removed!

"It was that fatal and perfidious bark,
Built i' the eclipse and rigged with curses dark,
That laid so low that sacred head of thine."

REV. GEORGE GILFILLAN.

MEASURING THE BABY.

WE measured the riotous baby
 Against the cottage-wall;
 A lily grew at the threshold,
 And the boy was just as tall—
 A royal tiger-lily
 With spots of purple and gold,
 And the heart of a jewelled chalice
 The fragrant dew to hold.

Without, the bluebirds whistled
 High up in the old roof-trees,
 And to and fro at the window
 The red rose rocked her bees;
 And the wee pink fists of the baby
 Were never a moment still,
 Snatching at shine and shadow
 That danced at the lattice-sill.

His eyes were as wide as bluebells,
 His mouth like a flower unblown;
 Two little bare feet like funny white mice
 Peeped out from his snowy gown;
 And we thought, with a thrill of rapture
 That yet had a touch of pain,
 "When June rolls around with her roses,
 We'll measure the boy again."

Ah me! in a darkened chamber,
 With the sunshine shut away,
 Through tears that fell like a bitter rain,
 We measured the boy to-day;
 And the little bare feet that were dimpled,
 And sweet as a budding rose,
 Lay side by side together
 In the hush of a long repose.

Up from the dainty pillow,
 White as the risen dawn,
 The fair little face lay smiling,
 With the light of heaven thereon;
 And the dear little hands, like rose-leaves
 Dropped from a rose, lay still,
 Never to catch at the sunshine
 That crept to the shrouded sill.

We measured the sleeping baby
 With ribbons white as snow
 For the shining rosewood casket
 That waited him below;
 And out of the darkened chamber
 We went with a childless moan:
 To the height of the sinless angels
 Our little one had grown.

EMMA ALICE BROWN.

THE LAST SERENADE.

FROM THE GERMAN OF LUDWIG UHLAND.

"WHAT sounds of music waken me
 From out my slumbers sweet?
 Oh, mother, look! who may it be
 That comes so late to greet?"

"I hear not aught, nor aught I see;
 Oh, slumber on so mild:
 They bring thee now no serenade,
 Thou poor dear sickly child."

"Oh no, they are not earthly strains
 That give me such delight:
 With music angels call me hence;
 Oh, mother dear, good-night!"

Translation of ALFRED BASKERVILLE.

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